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THE PLAYGROUND OF THE FAR EAST

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I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

TO

MY FRIENDS

IN THE

JAPANESE ALPINE CLUB.

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PREFACE

"THE Japan of picturesque romance is passing away, and is being replaced by a land of materialism, which, however prosperous, powerful, and wealthy it may be, can no longer be the universally lovely fairyland that it was when first we knew it."

These words form the conclusion and the summing-up of an interesting and sympathetic review of one of the most recent works on Japan (*Japan: The Rise of a Modern Power*, by R. P. Porter, *Times Literary Supplement*, 18th February 1918). Yet, true as the writer's lament may be of the effects wrought by the unpleasing changes that have followed in the wake of modern industrialism in Tokyo and other large cities on the coast, the transformation is far more restricted in its extent than is at all realised by the outside world. For it is possible in a few short hours to pass from the beaten tracks of tourist traffic into what is virtually another state of existence.

There the old order still abides unchanged, in the quaint and picturesque open-air life of the streets, and in that simple courtesy and friendliness of the kindly country folk which helps to make travel in the interior of Japan a thing almost apart;

for to them Western "civilisation" is scarcely even a name, and their normal thoughts and ways are often those of nearly a thousand years ago. Beyond the varied beauties of the Miyanoshita valleys and the "sunlit splendour" of the Nikkō hills, there lies a region of hundreds of square miles of almost Alpine grandeur—mountain ranges whose lower slopes, clothed in majestic virgin forests, rise from the solitudes of romantic glens even yet almost unknown to the Western world.

Over twenty years ago I sought to attract attention to these splendid but unfamiliar scenes in an earlier volume (*The Japanese Alps*), and the following pages mainly represent a further attempt to repeat the call. Meanwhile, the active youth of educated Japan have heard and heeded, and a growing literature of great variety and interest has begun to testify to a new form of mountain-love on the part of the one race which is above all others most sensitive to the fascination of the beauties of Nature.

More than forty years have passed since an eminent and industrious German geographer, referring to the journeys of Sir Ernest Satow and other early English travellers in the Hida-Shinshū "Alpine" regions (styled by him the "Snow Mountains"), spoke of a fuller investigation of them as a *pium desiderium* (J. J. Rein, *Japan*, p. 74). The present volume is offered, partly in the nature of a supplement to the former one, as a contribution to that object, the complete realisation of which, however, is only to be hoped for from my Japanese colleagues who have taken up the quest with such ardour and thorough-

ness. It is to them I have the privilege of dedicating this book, mainly as my own share in their happy and congenial task.

To those of them who have helped me with photographs, or in other ways, I offer my warmest thanks, especially to Usui Kojima, Shigekichi Kondo, Jūkō Shiga, Takazo Takano, and Isuke Tsujimura; to my friend "Chester" Poole, the European *doyen* of artistic landscape photography in the Kamikōchi region; to Viscount Bryce, O.M., etc.; Basil Hall Chamberlain, F.R.G.S.; Sir J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., etc.; Prof. H. A. Giles, LL.D., etc.; Prof. W. Gowland, F.R.S.; Sir Ernest Satow, G.C.M.G., etc.; Prof. T. G. Tucker, Litt.D.; and to others who have helped me in various ways, as indicated in the text; above all, to Mr Douglas Freshfield, late President R.G.S., for much kind counsel and encouragement during many years.

The substance of several chapters has appeared in the Journal of the Alpine Club, and in that of the Royal Geographical Society. To the latter I am indebted for the use of the maps originally drawn for the papers read at its meetings.

The device on the cover forms the badge of the Japanese Alpine Club, with its representation of a mountain peak and snow crystals.

FOREWORD

BY

PROFESSOR SHIGETAKA (JŪKŌ) SHIGA

To the Members of the Japanese Alpine Club.

WHOSOEVER residing in Japan or in other lands studies mountains or mountaineering in the Japanese Empire can hardly pass without noticing, or referring to, something written by Rev. Walter Weston; for he has climbed almost all the prominent peaks in the islands, and has written on these subjects for a quarter of a century continuously. Through the energetic and enterprising spirit of our intrepid climber, that is, Rev. Weston, so-called "Japanese Alps" have become known world-wide, and by the influences of his ardent exploitation the Nippon Sangaku-Kwai, or "Japanese Alpine Club," had been founded some twelve years ago. The organisation is the first club of the kind ever formed in Japan, and is now the most authoritative source on the subject. It was only proper that Rev. Weston had been elected the first Honorary Member of the society, he being the only foreign-born member. There are at present only two Honorary Members in the club, Rev. Weston being one and the other my humble self, although the society has in its rolls

some seven hundred members, and may, according its constitution and by-laws, elect any deserving person to such honour, not only amongst its members but outside of it.

Apart from these, the name of Rev. Walter Weston is well known amongst the educated class in Japan from the fact that he is not only the first foreign climber of the most prominent Japanese mountains, numbering at least fifteen, but he has trodden many a path on these mountains entirely unbeaten even by the native Japanese themselves.

We are convinced thus that his new work on Japanese mountains, to be published at his home place, London, will be so instructive as well as so popular that the "price of paper in the capital will be enhanced" owing to immense circulation of the book.

PROF. SHIGETAKA (JŪKŌ) SHIGA,
Hon. Mem. the Japanese Alpine Club, Tokyo; Hon. Cor. Mem. the Royal Geographical Society, London; Hon. Cor. Mem. the Geographical Society, Rio de Janeiro.

TOKYO, 1918.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	INTRODUCTORY	1
II.	MOUNTAINS AND MANKIND IN JAPAN	14
III.	ANNALS OF FUJI-SAN (I.) Fuji in Literature, Legend, and Art.	37
IV.	ANNALS OF FUJI-SAN (II.) In Sunshine and in Storm.	52
V.	EXPLORATION IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS OF JAPAN (I.) The Great White Mountain of Kōshū.	65
VI.	EXPLORATION IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS OF JAPAN (II.) The Hayakawa Valley and the Kōshū Komagatake.	89
VII.	EXPLORATION IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS OF JAPAN (III.) A Virgin Peak—The Conquest of Hō-wō-zan.	111
VIII.	THE NORTHERN ALPS REVISITED (I.) New Faces of Old Friends.	135
IX.	THE NORTHERN ALPS REVISITED (II.) Shirouma — "The White Horse Mountain"—Glacial Phenomena in Japan?	181
X.	THE NORTHERN ALPS REVISITED (III.) Tateyama—Harinoki—Ōtenjō.	197
XI.	THE HUMAN INTEREST	229
XII.	THE MAKING OF THE SOLDIER IN MODERN JAPAN	242
XIII.	SPORTS AND PASTIMES IN ANCIENT AND MODERN JAPAN	255

CHAP.		PAGE
XIV.	RURAL JAPAN ALL THE YEAR ROUND . . .	270
XV.	THE GRÈECE OF THE FAR EAST . . . . Modern Japan and Ancient Greece — Parallelisms in their Scenery, Superstitions, Folklore, and Social Life.	292
XVI.	"ENVOY" TO THE MOUNTAINEERS OF JAPAN .	319
	INDEX	329

ILLUSTRATIONS

	Face Page
Yarigatake, from the S.E.	5
Fuji-san from Lake Yamanaka	38
Lava Stream from Fuji-san, with Shōji Lake	46
Observatory on Summit of Fuji-san Pilgrim Worshipping the Rising Sun on the Summit of Fuji-san	64
Kōshū Shirane (Kaigane, 10,470 ft., on right)	82
The Fujikawa	98
Hō-wō-zan	111
Map of the Southern Japanese Alps	134
Shimajima	135
Shrine of the Mountain Divinity at the Foot of Hodaka Kamikōchi Onsen	152
Snow Couloir on N.E. face of Yarigatake Bōzu-goya on Yarigatake	164
Hodaka, from near the Summit of the Tokugō Pass	178
Snow Crevasse on Shirouma	190
Shrine on Summit of Tateyama	202
Shirahone Onsen	216
Map of the Northern Japanese Alps	228
Kamonji at his "Bessō," near Hodaka	230
Shirouma Range from near Ōmachi	302
Northern Ridge of Yarigatake	319

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE FAR EAST

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THE islands of the Japanese Archipelago have been likened by the fertile fancy of its native geographers and poets to a garland of flowers or a girdle of jewels adorning the western margin of those far Eastern Seas. In prosaic fact they really form the summit ridge of a stupendous mountain chain that rears itself from the profoundest ocean depths yet fathomed. The main features of this gigantic mass quite clearly prove its geological kinship with the Asiatic mainland. The long, sinuous crest of these mountain islands of Japan is nothing less than the advanced frontier of Eastern Asia. The bed of the ocean between Korea and Japan, near the Tsushima Straits, is so shallow that a comparatively slight upheaval of it would afford dry-land communication from one to the other.

The mountain ranges of Japan may roughly be divided into two main systems — Northern and Southern.

The Northern—or Russian—is known to Japanese

geographers as the Karafuto system. Karafuto is the Japanese name for Saghalien, a word representing the aboriginal Ainu term Saharin, or "wave-land," in allusion to its mountainous appearance.

The Southern—or Chinese—belongs, geologically, to S.E. China, and runs north-east up through Formosa into the Japanese mainland, or Hondō, as it is now usually known.

These two systems, then, meet in the broadest part of Hondō; and it is here where the deepest and widest valleys are cleft and the mountain peaks rise to their loftiest heights in the varied and picturesque ranges now known as the "Japanese Alps."

The meeting of these two great systems has resulted in terrific upheavals, and here a vast transverse fissure has been formed which crosses Hondō from the Sea of Japan to the Pacific.

It is known to geologists as the *Fossa Magna*, and through its whole length a line of erupted peaks have thrust themselves up, of which the loftiest is Fujiyama, or Fuji-san (12,400 ft.). This "Fuji Belt," as it is called, passes out of the mainland southwards, by way of the Hakone hills, into the Pacific Ocean, under the name of the *Shichi-to*, or "Seven Islands" of Idzu. The most striking of the group is the active volcano of Mihara, on Ōshima, or Vries Island, off the coast of Idzu, about 50 miles south-west of Yokohama. The Fossa Magna forms a geological dividing line between the northern and southern parts of the mainland of Japan, whose characteristic features exhibit striking and well-defined contrasts. Whilst the northern region is comparatively low and open, the southern, more

particularly in its eastern portion, includes the wildest and most magnificent scenery in the Empire.

The general direction of the great mass of mountains forming the Japanese Alps runs nearly north and south. The northern end rises in steep granite cliffs from the Sea of Japan west of Naoetsu, exactly on the 37th parallel of N. latitude.

The general elevation is about that of the Spanish Sierra Nevada, which it closely resembles in altitude, and distant outline as viewed from the south. Tokyo is on practically the same latitude as Gibraltar. The granite cliffs at the northern end are called *Oya shirazu Ko shirazu, i.e.* "knowing neither parents nor children." In ancient times there was neither the modern road cut in the face of the cliffs nor the new railway (opened in 1913) that now pierces them, and therefore the shortest way between the fishing villages on the beach was by making a desperate dash along the shore while the tide was still out. It was a case of *sauve qui peut*, with no time to help even one's nearest and dearest—hence the name. Roughly speaking, there is a marked difference in the climatic conditions prevailing at the northern and southern ends of the main chain of the Japanese Alps. In the case of the northern portion, the cold, dry north-westerly winds of winter, that sweep across from Siberia, gather up the moisture over the Japan Sea, and deposit it in a heavy snowfall that frequently buries whole villages. Intercommunication between house and house is then maintained by means of arcades, and the more important buildings are usually identified by means of sign-posts stuck in the snow that covers and conceals the roofs, such

as, "The Post Office is below"—"The Police Station will be found underneath this spot."

Further south, however, near the Pacific coast, a great contrast is met with, for, in place of snow-storms, leaden skies, and biting winds, the winter weather is usually delightfully bright and sunny, and snowfalls are seldom seen.

In spite of the heavy fall of winter snow, which never quite melts in many of the deep and sheltered ravines and near the summits of the higher peaks, no actual glaciers are to be found in the Japanese Alps. An interesting discussion has been going on for some years past as to evidences of glacial action, particularly in the northern range. Notes on this will be found elsewhere in this book, but it may suffice for the present to mention that in the view of the present writer it is a case of "not proven," as the phenomena on which the glacial theory is based are not only slight and inconclusive, but they also seem capable of explanation by other agencies than the action of actual glaciers in bygone times.

In a delightful paper[1] by Mr Douglas W. Freshfield (President, R.G.S., 1914-1917) on his visit to some of these regions in 1913, he compares the general appearance of the main chain to the view of the Bergamasque Alps from the plain of Lombardy. While the upper glens and the forms of the peaks themselves cannot vie with those of the Central Alps of Switzerland, they are more on a level, literally as well as picturesquely, with those of the Alpes Maritimes. A closer view reveals the great influence of an excessive rainfall in modelling the surface of the hills, with

[1] *The Alpine Journal*, vol. xxviii.

O. M. Poole, Phot.]

Yarigatake, from the S.E.

[To face p. 5.

their deep and narrow valleys and their sides torn and gashed by waterfalls and streams. The distinctive charm of the scenery mainly lies in the richly wooded gorges, with their exquisite combinations of crag and brilliantly coloured foliage. Only an autumn expedition can reveal these charms in all their varied perfections.

The Japanese Alps comprise two main groups, which I have ventured to call the Northern and Southern Alps, respectively. These terms have now been generally accepted by Japanese geographers and mountaineers.

In the Northern group I have included the great mass which runs nearly north and south, for a distance of nearly 100 miles, from the Sea of Japan to the great sacred volcanic peak of Ontake-san, on the Nakasendō. It is bounded on the west by the provinces of Etchū and Hida, on the east by Echigo and Shinshū. The Southern Alps form the natural boundary between the lower part of Shinshū and Kōshū. While the mountains of the Southern range are more massive and densely wooded, it is the peaks of the Northern which exhibit to the highest degree that wonderful variety of form and outline which give to Japanese mountain scenery its most characteristic charm and romance. Mighty volcanoes—extinct, quiescent, or active—alternate with great granite battlements and spires, or with isolated sharp-pointed monoliths. It is here, moreover, that one receives the most vivid illustrations of those other factors to which that scenery owes so much—the extreme variations of temperature, the abundance of moisture, and the erosive power of the mountain

torrents, whose waters rise with extraordinary suddenness, often causing widespread destruction in their lower courses on the melting of the snows in early summer, or, still more, through those typhoons with which the transition from summer to autumn is invariably accompanied.

Add to these factors the effect of a clear sky and brilliant sunshine during a considerable portion of the year, more especially in spring and autumn, and we have the secret of most of those romantic and varied charms of which one of England's most distinguished travellers and mountaineers has declared that there is probably "no other country that exhibits such an endless variety of natural beauty in the shapes of the mountains and in the rich luxuriance of the trees and flowers." (Lord Bryce in the *Alpine Journal*, vol. xxix., p. 277.)

The mineral products of the Alpine regions of Japan are varied but not very abundant. A certain amount of silver is found in the north, and smaller quantities of gold in the south, both in "placer" and in quartz veins. A gold mine has been worked for many years in the Hayakawa valley, a tributary of the Fujikawa. In the bed of the Saigawa, near Matsumoto, and at Ōhinata a little farther south, asbestos has been found, and is known to have been used for centuries in the manufacture of fire-proof paper, and, more recently, of surgical bandages. To the north-east of the Japanese Alps, in the province of Echigo, between Naoetsu and Niigata, are found the principal oil-fields of Japan, which produce nearly half the total quantity of petroleum used in the Empire. The remaining part comes chiefly from Java.

In the Southern Alps, on Kimpuzan, are found opals, copper, and the finest crystals in Japan, while gypsum and alabaster are quarried near Toyuka; and from Suzuri-jima comes the best of the clay slate used for the *suzuri* or "ink stones" on which the "Chinese ink" is rubbed when writing with the *fude* or native pen.

Of the numerous mineral springs found in all parts of the Japanese Alps, which form a valuable and welcome compensation for the presence of active volcanoes such as Yakedake, Asamayama, etc., more will be said later on. They are a great asset to the country folk in those regions, who resort to them in their thousands for the sake of health, or to kill time pleasantly in the company of their friends. Whatever else may be thought of the alleged fickleness of the Japanese character, it is certain that their love for hot water has never grown cold. Of one of the most noted sulphur-springs it is maintained that all ailments are curable there, with the exception of the disease of love! Whilst in some places one now finds separate compartments reserved for those who prefer to bathe more privately, it is usual for both sexes to do so together promiscuously, and there is here no longer found the dividing cord stretched across the big tank to denote "This side for ladies, that for gentlemen," which at one time, in some of the larger towns, was employed out of consideration for the feelings of "foreigners" on the subject. All is conducted with complete decorum and propriety.

The mountain *Fauna* is interesting and varied. A black bear, sometimes measuring 6 ft. from muzzle to tail, is found all over the Japanese Alps. Boars

and wolves are sometimes seen, and the Japanese chamois[1] is frequently met with. It is a sturdier and less graceful creature than the European variety, and has a bigger head with smaller horns. Badgers, foxes, and hares (which turn white in winter) are quite common, also martens, weasels, and a beautiful little brown squirrel. The badgers and foxes are greatly feared for their powers of bewitching people. In the great pine forests an ugly red-faced monkey has his home. He is extraordinarily cunning, and is said to defend himself by throwing sticks and stones at his pursuers. His dark grey winter fur is beautifully soft and thick.

Birds are not numerous nor very varied, but occasionally a splendid golden eagle is seen among the higher peaks, and in the forests a handsome copper pheasant. Ptarmigan, which turn white in winter, abound in the creeping pine at a height of 8000 or 9000 ft. They are known as *rai-chō* or "thunder-bird," and are sacred to the God of Thunder. Pictures of them are often hung up in farmers' cottages, as a charm against lightning. The Japanese robin "red-beard" of the Kisogawa region is highly valued as a pet. The *uguisu*, or so-called Japanese nightingale, a greenish brown bird with white breast, has a full sweet note, and is found all over the moorlands and forests. Its song is not, however, usually associated with night. The best specimens are highly prized, and some fetch as much as 1000 yen (£100).

A romantic legend tells of a *samurai* who became a monk and retired to the monastery of Koya-san, famed for the cult of Kōbō-Daishi, which no woman

[1] *Capricornus Crispa.*

was allowed to enter. His wife, Yokobune, deserted, died of a broken heart, whereupon her spirit, embodied in the form of an *uguisu*, flew away to find a home in the great cryptomeria forest close by Koya-san. It made its nest in a tree overshadowing the cell of the priest himself, into whose ears it poured forth songs of entrancing sweetness unceasingly, until at last one day its strength finally failed and the bird fell dead in his lap as he kneeled at prayer.

In some of the clear granite streams of Hida, the "Giant Salamander" has been found, and in many of them the two varieties of trout known as *iwana* and *yamame* are taken in abundance. Near the north of the range, on the borders of Hida and Echigo, a forest-keeper lately reported the discovery of a pond in which he found not only a carp 10 ft. long but a toad 7 ft. high!

In the meadows of the upper waters of the Adzusa-gawa, near Kamikōchi, an experimental cattle-farm has been established by the Nagano Prefectural Government, which seems likely to flourish. But there is little of such pasturage available in these regions, and the absence of cattle on the hillsides, so familiar to us in the Swiss Alps, will always be a disappointing feature of the mountains of Japan.[1]

The *Flora* of the Japanese Alps is extraordinarily varied. Its peculiar admixture of Alpine and Northern plant forms suggests its transmigration from Kamtschatka and Eastern Siberia, carried thence southwards mainly by the violent monsoons and currents, and then driven up the mountains by valley winds.

On the lower flanks of the hills, up to 6000 to

[1] *Cf.* chap. ix.

7000 ft., stretches a kind of moorland, or prairie, called *hara*. No one who has not yet seen this "great flower-field," as it has been styled, with its floor of living mosaic, can quite picture the grouping of Japanese plants. Side by side with familiar English wild-flowers grow also many of our favourite ornamental species.

The beautiful *Lychnis grandiflora*, varieties of handsome lilies, and the noble deep blue of the *kikyō* (*Platycodon grandiflorum*) give a truly gorgeous colouring to the face of the field.

Higher up flourish various gentians, the Japanese edelweiss, and the delicate soldanella (*Schizocodon soldanelloides*); while a rarer find is the splendid *Shortia uniflora*, with a tiny dwarf azalea. Beautiful cream-coloured rhododendrons flourish in places up to 7000 ft., and lovely orchids one has gathered up to 9000; at 10,000, both on Yarigatake and much farther south, on the Shirane-san of Kōshu, I have found that most magnificent of Alpine columbines, *Aquilegia Akitensis*. The golden petals of the cheerful little *Potentilla gelida* greet one on nearly all the loftiest summits.

On Hodaka-yama, and on Yatsugatake, near Lake Suwa, I have gathered quantities of wild black-currants, and in many localities varied wild raspberries, strawberries, and bilberries offer welcome refreshment during summer's parching heat.

On both sides of the Northern Alps we find forests of magnificent *sugi* (cryptomeria) and *hinoki* ("fire cypress"). The *hinoki* is specially valued for lacquer-ware and for the construction of Shintō temples. The great "Shrine of the Imperial

Ancestors'" at Ise, known as the *Dai Jingū*, is built of *hinoki* grown in the Government forests in the southern portion of the range, in the "Kiso" region of the province of Shinshu. The building is renewed every twenty years, but it is now stated that a finer quality of timber has lately been found in the hills of Formosa, which will in future replace the Kiso variety. On a mountain near Funatsu, in Hida, a choice variety of yew (*araragi*) is found, which is highly prized for its handsome red grain. It was from this that the flat baton was made, formerly used as a kind of memorandum tablet by court nobles, but now only carried in the presence of the Emperor on ceremonial occasions as a sign of rank. For this reason the yew is also known as *ichi-i no ki* ("tree of the first rank"), while the name of the mountain in question near Funatsu is *Kurai-yama* ("the hill of dignity"). The forest shade in early summer is lightened by wistaria, azaleas, and hydrangea of various tints. A strong, tough creeper called *Kurogane modoshi* (*Kadzura Japonica*) is often used in the remoter torrent valleys for bridge-fastenings and hawsers.

The most characteristic of all the higher Alpine vegetation is the *go-yō-no-matsu* (*Pinus parviflora*), or "five-needle pine," so called from its numerous tiny spikes. It flourishes anywhere between 7000 and 10,000 ft., up to the edge of almost the loftiest ridges, and sometimes forms a densely matted carpet over which it is possible to walk. It is usually some 3 or 4 ft. in height, but occasionally, as on the north arête of Kaigane-san, in Kōshū, it is found three or four times that size.

The farmer of these mountain regions is surely the most industrious person in the world. Wherever anything can be made to grow, his ingenuity and diligence take their toll of nature.

The weathered lava of the volcanic districts produces some of the best soil in Japan, and the granite areas are specially favourable for rice, hemp, tea, etc. The province of Shinshū, on the east flanks of the main chain, is the most important silk-producing district in the country, and is noted for the brilliancy of its silk. During the "season," mainly in August, the *O ko sama* ("honourable little gentleman"), as the precious worm is entitled, is the main preoccupation of a large part of the country folk, and his voracious appetite keeps a whole household busy day and night. For this reason it is often difficult to obtain accommodation at the inns, or the services of baggage-coolies for mountain travel.

Rice and potatoes are grown up to 4000 ft., then come barley, buckwheat, and millet up to 5000. A story is told, to illustrate the energy with which intensive cultivation is sometimes pursued, of a farmer who terraced his little hillside in no less than eleven tiers. He at last sat down on the top to rest and survey the successful results of his toil. To his dismay, he could only count *ten* terraces below him. He had overlooked the eleventh, since, indeed, it formed the spot on which he had taken his seat!

An excellent topographical map of Central Japan is published by the Imperial Geological Survey of Japan, on a scale of 1:400,000 (or 1 inch to 6·3 statute miles), and printed in Roman characters. The latest edition is 1914. The Imperial General Staff in

1913 issued one on a scale of 1 : 50,000. The detail of this is extraordinarily minute and accurate, but the printing is not good, and as the names are in Chinese characters this map is not so useful to ordinary European travellers. Indeed, many of the names are often unintelligible to the average Japanese, but it is nevertheless a production which represents a great deal of careful labour carried on for nearly a quarter of a century.

In the Imperial "Taishō" Exhibition, held in Tokyo in 1914, a large-sized relief-map of the Northern Japanese Alps was shown by the Shinano (Shinshū) Educational Association, and attracted much attention. At the close of the exhibition it was acquired by the Japan Tourist Bureau, and transferred permanently to the headquarters of that organisation on the first floor of the great new Central Railway Station, near the Imperial Palace, in the centre of the capital.

The artistic and charmingly illustrated monthly magazine of the Bureau, printed in English, is a real storehouse of useful information of current interest for the European traveller, whether on or off the beaten tracks.

CHAPTER II

MOUNTAINS AND MANKIND IN JAPAN

THAT intense love of freedom and independent "clannishness" which are always especially associated with mountain peoples, are nowhere more strikingly seen than in the Japanese race. Just as ancient Greece was not, in a political sense, one single homogeneous country, but rather a congeries of independent States, often quite small but exceedingly jealous of their individuality, so to a great extent do we find it in the case of the Japan of earlier times. Different clans inhabited their own particular areas, cut off in many instances almost entirely from their neighbours by high mountain barriers, which made intercommunication difficult, and bred a strong disinclination for centralised government. Throughout their whole history no people has been more influenced by its mountains and hills than they, in every phase of national life, a fact which finds illustration from the earliest days of legend and myth, when we find Ninigi-no-Mikoto, grandson of the Sun-Goddess, Amaterasu, descending from the "plains of High Heaven," and landing on the sharp peak of Takachiho-dake in Southern Kyūshū, to begin the work of conquest in preparation for Jimmu

Tennō, the legendary first "Emperor" of Japan. Not alone was it true of some great Buddhist saint like En-no-Shōkaku or Kūkai, of his retirement into the mountain fastnesses of Yamato, or farther inland still, for communion with the Invisible—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." For to every class and individual in time of need have the great mountains afforded sure refuge in time of peril and storm. Even an Emperor found it so when Go-Daigo fled into Yamato for safety, and found an asylum in the hills of Yoshino till the end of his sorrow-laden days. It is over the heights of the Zara-goe, right in the very midst of that maze of impenetrable wilds at the eastern base of Tateyama, that a former Daimyō of far-off Etchū is stated to have fled from the relentless pursuit of Hideyoshi; and amongst the tangled mountain mass of Eastern Kōshū that Takeda Shingen spent many troubled years of difficult warfare against the lords of the neighbouring hostile clans. In such inaccessible forest-clad hills and secluded valleys as these, fierce family feuds and internecine strife persisted during long years of intrigue and bloodshed, which, if confined to the lowlands, might frequently have been disposed of in a few weeks.

At the same time, it was the hard conditions of living in those wild, inhospitable regions that themselves engendered habits of frugality, endurance, and self-reliance among an island race immune from hostile invasion, and stamped the Japanese as one of the most ardent, proud, and self-satisfied patriots the world has ever known.

Those who, before the advent of railways, have

wandered among the beautiful hills and valleys of Satsuma, in the extreme south of Kyūshū, the southernmost island of Japan proper, to whose mountain barrier on north and east is added the long coast-line on west and south, will be familiar with the extraordinary exclusiveness and peculiar individuality of its independent people.

To that incalculable and boundless debt under which China has laid Japan for the fruits of a wonderful and varied civilisation, it is not unfair to make two somewhat important exceptions—the universal love of the Japanese for the "honourable hot water," and the widespread and increasing appreciation of mountain climbing. As regards the first of these, one is informed that the somewhat sarcastic Chinese remarks, "What a dirty people they must be, to need washing so often"; as to the second, there is a cynical Chinese aphorism that "The mountains are as virtue, and the waters as wisdom," *i.e.* they cannot coalesce, or, in other words, a man cannot be both virtuous and wise! The Japanese, however, sometimes quote another version of this adage, but, let us hope, in a less objectionable sense: "*Jinsha wa, yama wo tanoshimi; chisha wa midzu wo tanoshimu,*" *i.e.* "The humane person loves mountains; but the wise person delights in water." The latter sentiment is surely the more satisfactory, since the former suggests so serious a reflection not only on human nature at large but on mountaineers in particular. It is possible that the teaching of Confucius himself may have acted as a deterrent upon the bolder spirits among the would-be mountaineers of the "Middle Kingdom," for, in a

striking passage dealing with filial piety, the Sage declared that "A son should not ascend a height, nor approach the edge of a precipice."

At the same time, to whatever may have been due, an apparent aversion from the athletic attractions of mountain ascents and adventures, the æsthetic appeal of mountain beauty has undoubtedly been recognised and responded to by Chinese artists of the past to a very high degree. And it is their Japanese followers who have owed to them some of their finest inspirations, as portrayed in those wonderfully bold drawings of the wild crags and romantic ravines that are so justly admired by all who have the love of mountain form. Professor Giles, in his fascinating volume on *The Civilisation of China*,[1] reminds us that, "In the domain of painting, we are only just beginning to awake to the fact that in this direction the Chinese have reached heights denied to all save artists of supreme power, and that their art was already on a lofty level many centuries before our own great representatives had begun to put brush to canvas." He quotes the observation of a leading art critic, referring to Chinese painters of the tenth and eleventh centuries:—"To the Sung artists and poets mountains were a passion, as to Wordsworth. The landscape art thus founded, and continued by the Japanese in the fifteenth century, must rank as the greatest school of landscape which the world has seen. It is the imaginative picturing of what is most elemental and most august in nature—liberating visions of storm and peace among abrupt peaks, plunging torrents,

[1] p. 120.

trembling reed-beds, and, though having a fantastic side for its weakness, can never have the reproach of petty tameness and mere fidelity which form too often the only ideal of Western landscape."

Professor Giles then adds a quotation which vividly illuminates that æsthetic appeal of the beauties of hills and valleys which so long inspired the noblest efforts of ancient Chinese painting—the words were written by an artist of the fifth century:—"To gaze upon the clouds of autumn, a soaring exultation in the soul; to feel the spring breeze stirring wild, exultant thoughts;—what is there in the possession of gold and gems to compare with delights like these? And then, to unroll the portfolio and spread the silk, and to transfer to it the glories of flood and fell, the green forest, the blowing winds, the white water of the flashing cascade, as with a turn of the hand, a divine influence descend upon the scene. . . . *These* are the joys of painting."[1] Nevertheless, since a leading art critic of the period has observed that "It is difficult to discuss these things with the *unwashed*"—an epithet applicable to the majority of his fellow-countrymen—we may not unnaturally conjecture that the appreciation of the art of mountain landscape painting was neither so widely spread nor so fully appreciated in the China of his day as might have been desired.

It is a curious fact that the Chinese, who have been, even in remote ages, so fertile in inventions, appear, nevertheless, so often to have lacked—or at least to have failed to cultivate—the power to apply them to practical ends. For instance, Professor Giles

[1] p. 121.

has detailed the specifications of a form of "taxi-cab" which dates as far back as the fifth century A.D., and also tells us of the plans of an aeroplane of still remoter antiquity.[1] By the seventh century a system of identification by means of finger-prints had been discovered, and yet none of these valuable inventions had been turned to any practical use. As early as 700 B.C., we are told, a great Chinese artist had painted a series of scenes representing "The Four Conveyances," of which the most important was a pair of boots for use in the mountains, shod with spikes, similar, no doubt, to those used in the Alps to-day, and not unlike what one has seen employed in Korea for the sake of a sure footing when crossing frozen rivers and icy slopes in winter-time.

Mr Percival Lowell, the late well-known American astronomer, in his entertaining work on *Occult Japan*, has attempted to prove that the popular mountain pilgrim clubs of Japan, known as *kōjū*, are of purely Japanese origin. Had he looked a little farther afield, however, and taken the trouble to investigate the character of similar institutions in China, and of the *yogaçarya* of India, he would have realised the entire groundlessness of his theories. For, as a matter of fact, such societies existed in China in quite early times, and are clearly the forerunners of the Japanese *kōjū*, whose constitution and activities I have already elsewhere attempted to describe.[2] They were naturally less widespread and popular than those in Japan of later date, since over three-quarters of the latter country is mountainous and the facilities offered in a far smaller area are so

[1] p. 118. [2] Cf. *Japanese Alps*, chaps. xiii., xiv.

much greater and more favourable for the spread of the cult of mountain-worship. In China, many centuries before the Christian era, this cult was in vogue, and in one of the oldest works of Chinese history[1] we learn that the mountains selected were four, chosen on account of local legends connected with them, convenience of access, and commanding altitude. In the *Hau Han Shu*, which deals with Chinese affairs during the first two centuries A.D., we read of the worship on T'ai Shan, "The Great Mountain" in Shan-tung, of a god who was believed to control the affairs of the dead, whose souls at the moment of dissolution journeyed thither. It was stated of the Manchurians of that age that at death *their* souls went to the Red Mountain, many miles from their home in Liau-tung, probably in the Altai range. The T'ai Shan has always been the most popular goal of the Chinese pilgrim clubs, whose members, however, owing to the time and expense involved, were obliged to make special arrangements for carrying out their objects. The clubs are divided into two classes, the "Travelling" (*hsing shan hui*) and the "Stationary" (*tao shan hui*), and in the case of the former the subscriptions were pooled so as to provide means to send every three years representative delegates to the sacred peak, worshipping at various shrines on the way. The serious inundations of the Yellow River—well called "China's Sorrow"—have during recent years tended to diminish the number of the "Travelling," and to increase the popularity of the "Stationary," clubs. The latter kind is sometimes styled the "Squatting and Fattening

[1] *The Book of History*, on the Emperor Shun, 2300 B.C.

Society," for, instead of making the actual pilgrimage to the real peak, its activities are limited to the worshipping of a paper mountain at home, with convivial accompaniments on a liberal scale. This is a familiar practice, in a modified form, with many of the members of the Ontake *kōjū*—the most famous and popular of all the pilgrim clubs of Japan, though probably their proceedings are more devotional and the entertainment less lavish. Where the Chinese stay-at-homes worship the paper representation with very solid fare, the Japanese *gyōja* ("ascetic pilgrims") pray before a *kakemono* ("hanging picture") of some view of the peak, or of one of its chief divinities, to which the sacrificial rites and food are offered in reverence and self-restraint. When one remembers how essential a feature of nearly every social Chinese enterprise hearty feasting constitutes, and of how much "make-believe" the average Chinese is capable, these distinctions will not appear excessively singular.

Until quite recently the general attitude of the Japanese towards the mountains and hills which represent at least three-quarters of the area of their beautiful land, has been the combination of a semi-religious reverence for individual sacred peaks, with a universal artistic appreciation of mountain landscape.

In Mr Douglas Freshfield's charming and suggestive paper on "Mountains and Mankind" in the *Geographical Journal* for 1906, he has pointed out that the love of mountains, as distinct from a fondness for climbing them, is by no means a taste of advanced civilisation, as has been so often supposed. On the contrary, it is a healthy, primitive, and almost universal human instinct.

In the illustrations with which he supports this contention as regards the ancient Greeks, there is scarcely anything which, *mutatis mutandis*, is not just as true of the Japanese people to-day.

With the latter, however, there is the additional and only too well founded sentiment of fear, mainly inspired by the destructive activities of the many active volcanoes of Japan. Indeed, we learn that more than a thousand years ago the authorities, alarmed by the threatening behaviour of one of these in S.W. Kyūshū, bestowed upon it the "Order of the Junior Branch of the Fourth Rank," which, as Dr Aston has remarked, "is much like awarding to Vesuvius the Italian equivalent of the D.S.O."

Whether this distinction, however, was to recognise his conduct hitherto, so to speak, "under fire," or, more probably, to keep him quiet in the future, was not actually specified.

The title to fame as pioneer of mountain climbing in Japan appears to be fairly equally divided between the most famous exponents of early Buddhism in its popular forms—En-no-Shōkaku, and Kōbō-Daishi (known in his lifetime as Kūkai).

En-no-Shōkaku, of whom a quaintly interesting account is given in the second edition of "Murray" on Japan (p. 408), is said to have flourished in the seventh century A.D., and is known, among his many and varied virtues and achievements, as the founder of the curious *Yamabushi* order of half-priest half-knight. Though their teaching, called *Shugendō*, differs somewhat from that of other Buddhist sects, they are mainly attached to those known as Tendai and Shingon. To qualify as a *yamabushi* (lit.

"mountain-soldier"), it was necessary first to pass through a long period of rigorous asceticism in lonely mountain regions; and after initiation the devotee wandered about the world as a champion of the downtrodden and the distressed, especially in the hill country, where, through lack of official supervision, order and justice were not so carefully maintained. The mountains most favoured by the order were Hakusan, the famous "White Mountain" of Kaga, and the wild regions of Yamato, the early home of the Japanese race. The costume of the *yamabushi* usually consisted of tunic and gaiters of white hemp, with a *yuikesa*, or stole, thrown over the shoulders, while on the head was worn a black cloth of twelve folds, said to represent the twelve stages of *Karma*. Unlike ordinary Buddhist priests, the head was not shaven. They carried with them a large conch-shell called *horagai* (similar to those used in early times by warriors as battle trumpets), which was blown in misty weather or at night to keep the band together. On the occasion of ceremonial ascents a large wooden axe was borne as a sacred symbol, and a light alpenstock of fir, called *kongō-zuye*, or *hinoki-zuye*, octagonal in form. A box was also carried, known as *oi*, containing a picture of Fudō-Sama, who was regarded by them as the chief of the Buddhist deities. The *yamabushi* are sometimes seen to-day on their mountain pilgrimages, clothed as I have described. One whom I met some years ago was on a journey of 200 miles, performed on *geta* (wooden clogs) with only one tooth, about half an inch in thickness. The reason given for this was that it minimised the chances of killing stray beetles, etc., in the way,

after the example of their great and compassionate founder.

The legends that surround the name of En-no-Shōkaku are many and marvellous. He is said to have been born A.D. 633, in the mountains of Yamato, and at the age of thirty he retired to the fastnesses of Katsuragi, where he lived as a vegetarian, and acquired complete domination over the spirits of the hills. His magical powers excited the fears of the countryside, and he was banished to the islands of Idzu. From here, however, he returned every night to the mainland, on each occasion making the ascent of Fuji before he got back. He is stated to have been the first Japanese to reach the summit of the "Matchless Peak," in A.D. 700, and, like Kōbō-Daishi, other first ascents of famous mountains are credited to his name.

Near the mausoleum of Iemitsu, at Nikko, is a remarkable wooden image of the great pilgrim, in a shrine hung with numerous iron sandals with strings of twisted wire, the votive offerings of *kuruma-ya*,[1] who long for legs as well developed as those which carried him so far, so wide, and so high.

In spite, however, of the wonders attributed to En-no-Shōkaku, it is to Kōbō-Daishi, the founder of the Shingon sect of Buddhism, that, on the whole, we may fairly look as the most famous exponent of the semi-religious cult of the mountains of the "Sunrise Land."

Although many of those varied and dazzling perfections with which a thousand years of fable

[1] *Jinrikisha* coolies.

and fancy have adorned him — as ascetic, artist, and Alpinist—must pale or disappear in the fierce, cold light of modern criticism, still the old teacher was beyond all doubt a most remarkable personality.

During the ninth century he paid a visit to China, during which he acquired two of his chief titles to fame — his skill as a calligraphist, and his deep insight into the mysteries of the Buddhism of that country and age. Regarding the former of these distinctions, he has been invested with the title of *Go hitsu Ō sho* ("The priest of the five brushes"). The popular interpretation of this is that he could write with five brushes at once: *i.e.* one in each hand, one grasped by the toes of each foot, and one held between his teeth. Modern rationalism, however, refers it to his skill in five different styles of penmanship. The number five is often used to signify a large variety or number. One of the most fertile spots in the Japanese Alps for Alpine flowers—near Tateyama — is known as "Go shiki ga hara" ("The five colours moorland").

But the chief title to lasting fame amongst his fellow-countrymen, for Kōbō-Daishi, lay in his eminence as a teacher of that Buddhist philosophy which he embodied in the tenets of the sect known as Shingon-Shu—which, we are told by Professor Arthur Lloyd, so much resembled Manichæism that it might be said to be practically the same system. (St Augustine, before his conversion to Christianity, was himself a Manichæan.) Kōbō Daishi, born in A.D. 774 in the island of Shikoku, near the modern Kompira-san, became a priest, and was sent in 804 to study Buddhism in China. During his

visit to Singanfu, the headquarters of the faith, he no doubt saw the famous Nestorian tablet at a corner of the city street, on which were set forth the foundation truths of the Christian faith. On his return to Japan in 806, though he brought with him many volumes of Buddhist scriptures, he felt the true inwardness of that religion could not be properly apprehended from the written word. He therefore sought for full enlightenment through meditation in the solitudes of the mountain regions to which he retired, and it was while pursuing the quest therein that he made those journeys which the legends that now surround his name have multiplied and magnified into the numerous "first ascents" with which he has been credited. Amongst the other achievements attributed to Kōbō-Daishi are the invention of the *Hiragana*, the Japanese "running hand" syllabary, and a colossal image of Jizō-Sama, the patron saint of travellers and of little children, on the way from Miyanoshita to Hakone, which he is said to have carved in a single night. Visitors to Nikko will have noticed on the side of the pool Gamman-ga-fuchi, in the river Daiyagawa, a rock-face engraved with the Sanskrit word "Hâmman." This, too, Kōbō-Daishi is stated to have achieved by merely throwing his pen across the impassable, swirling waters of the torrent from the farther side!

I have tried to show that it is rather as a worshipper among the mountains than as a devotee of mountaineering itself that the famous sage is to be regarded. Whatever his actual ascents may have been, they were only incidental to a loftier purpose,

a means to an end rather than an end in themselves.

A saying is recorded of him which seems to suggest this clearly, to the effect that "As mountains are not noble because they are high, but because of the trees that grow on them, so, also, a man is not noble because he is stout but because he is wise"; in which connection he quotes the Chinese aphorism that "Just as it is not the height of a mountain, but the residence in it of a saint, that renders it truly famous; so, too, water is not sacred because it is deep, but because of the dragons that reside therein."

In view of that combination of nature-worship and ancestor-worship which forms the real foundation of the national Japanese cult of Shintō—"The Way of the Gods"—it is not unnatural to find that the most popular of the mountain pilgrim clubs in Japan are those connected with that cult. Of these, as I have already remarked, the most notable is the Ontake-Kyōkwai (*kyō-kwai* = sect, society). Its *Oku-no-in* (most sacred shrine) stands on the summit of the famous extinct volcano Ontake-san ("the august mountain"), near Fukushima, on the Nakasendō, the most southerly peak of the Northern Japanese Alps. Its *debari*, or subsidiary shrine, is at Kudan, in Tokyo, and is famous for the curious practices of *hi-watari* ("fire-walking") and *Kami-oroshi* ("bringing down the gods"), etc. (cf. *Japanese Alps*, p. 282, etc.). The chief tenets of the society are closely concerned with ceremonial lustrations of the most rigorous kind as an aid to moral purification of heart and mind, and the mountaineering activities of the members are, strictly speaking, considered to conduce to this end.

The Ontake-Kyōkwai is pre-eminently the fraternity of the mountaineer. Two similar, though less-known, bodies are the Fuso-Kyōkwai—founded by one Fujiwara Sumiyuki, who was alleged to have obtained a "revelation," after prolonged austerities, on the summit of Fuji-san—and the Jikkyō-Kyōkwai, whose adherents claim that Fuji is the "heart of the globe." Both bodies worship at the shrines on the mountain the Emperors of Japan, and their special object is to pray for the permanence of the Imperial House.

Until nearly the end of the nineteenth century, mountaineering—from the Japanese point of view—had remained much the same as it had been since the days of the wonder-working saints Kōbō-Daishi and En-no-Shōkaku, and the pilgrim climbers who followed in their steps for the next 1000 years. Some account of the constitution and practices of the pilgrim clubs may be found in the volume already referred to on the Japanese Alps. But during the twenty years since that book was written, a great and significant change has taken place. In the year 1906 the Nihon Sangaku-kwai ("Japanese Alpine Club") was formed, and its members, drawn mainly from the educated classes, now number some 750, while it has itself become the parent of a large and thriving family, for many smaller clubs of a similar kind have come into being in different parts of Japan. These mainly represent the principal mountain provinces of Central Japan, and the Universities and High Schools of Tokyo and Kyoto. In 1912 the Alpine Club of Formosa was founded, and had for its first president, Mr Shimamura, Civil Governor of the Island. The highest peak in Formosa (Mount

Morrison) has been re-named *Nii-taka-yama*, or "new loftiest mountain," as its altitude (13,080 ft.) overtops that of Fuji-san—"the peerless peak"—by some 700 ft.

The spirit of the modern mountaineer of Japan was delightfully interpreted by my friend and colleague in founding the Japanese Alpine Club, Kojima Usui, one of the most gifted writers and the most distinguished mountaineer that the new order has produced. Writing to me ten years ago of the great and ever-growing interest of many of his countrymen in the pursuit of mountaineering in its fullest sense (and his *ipsissima verba* deserve to be quoted), he declared: "From what I have seen, I feel certain that mountaineering is prevailingly flourishing year by year, and the necessity of associating the Japanese Alpine Club will be recognised by many young peoples in the future not so long. They are delighted with mountains because they can have the pleasure to breathe in the pure, invigorating air, and refresh their weary souls and bodies, and *wash their eyes* by looking to the green forests, the foaming rapids, and a hundred other attractions of nature. Quite so to me, too! Mountains my dearest! Here I get the safety of my mind. Really eternity neighbours to me here. Mountains are the holy throne of Truth. Mountains have a silent eloquence which amuses me for ever."

One of his climbing companions, an office clerk employed in a Yokohama American firm, also wrote to me, during the height of the Russo-Japanese war, from the autumn glories of the hills of Nikkō: "The beautiful sights here are indescribable. Now

I become a simple child of nature, while I am wandering in this splendid maple-tinged mountain, and river running by. There is no war, no bloodshed, no fighting, and no trouble of life at all in this beautiful world. I could not forget this pleasant memory, which will always live until my end. I will ascend Nantai-san to-morrow."

An interesting contrast to this very representative expression of the Japanese national love of mountain beauty is afforded by a passage in *Burt's Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland, to his Friend in London,* in the first half of the eighteenth century:—"I shall soon conclude this description of the utter barrenness of the mountains, which I am already tired of, as a disagreeable subject. There is not much variety, but gloomy spaces, different rocks and heath, and high hills . . . the whole a dismal, gloomy brown drawing upon a dirty purple, and most of all disagreeable when the heath is in bloom. But of all the views, I think the most horrid is to look at the hills from east to west, or *vice versa,* for then the eye penetrates far among them, and sees more particularly their stupendous bulk and horrid gloom, made yet more sombrous by the shadows and faint reflections they communicate one to another."

Perhaps, however, it is only fair to add that at the same time the poet Gray could write in a different strain to *his* friend:—"It is of the Highlands I speak; the Lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year. None but these monstrous creatures of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror. A fig for your poets, painters, gardeners,

and clergymen that have not been among them. Their imagination can be made up of nothing but bowling-greens, flowering-shrubs, horse ponds, fleet ditches, shell grottoes, and Chinese rails.

"Then I had so beautiful an autumn, and the scene so sweetly contrasted with that *perfection of nastiness and total want of accommodation that Scotland alone can supply.*"

It is, as I have said, mainly from the educated classes that the keenest climbers come, and for this reason modern Japanese mountaineering offers a movement full of hope for the rising generation. One of the greatest national perils of Japan to-day lies in her growing and widespread materialism. In this respect she seems to afford a striking parallel to the Germany whose aims and methods in many spheres of activity she so greatly admires.

Her ancient faiths the younger educated men have almost entirely discarded, without as yet seriously seeking other high and sacred sanctions for conduct. The moral outlook of this section of young Japan is becoming one of which many of the leading thinkers of the nation openly speak as depressing and disquieting to an alarming degree. I venture to dwell on this topic, since these considerations appear to invest the increasing popularity of mountaineering, as the noblest sphere of active recreation of which a human being is capable, with a moral value of the highest kind. In more senses than one the pursuit, in its completest form, is a movement upwards, and is pregnant with promise of growing usefulness.

The rising generation of Japan, like that of Germany, is nowadays all too prone to worship

merely that which is suggestive of human efficiency and of the supremacy of material power. But many of them are learning the great lesson that mountaineering has to teach its willing followers—how good a thing it is for a man to get out of himself; to leave the great cities reared by human hands, and to rise up into those high and holy places whose most stirring appeal is that made to his spiritual nature; where what most deeply impresses the soul is the presence of an Unseen Dominion, and the power of an invisible Omnipotence; where the sights that fill the eye are the mightiest and noblest of all works, in raising which neither he nor his kind have had a share.

That this appeal is being recognised and heeded by young Japan, the growing popularity and excellence of its Alpine literature conclusively proves. It is a great misfortune that the fascinating *Journal of the Japanese Alpine Club* ("Sangaku") and other interesting volumes dealing with the mountain lore of modern Japan are almost wholly sealed books to the outside world, owing to the language in which they are published. Some of the articles serve to give a delightful impression of the power of the call of the hills to the Japanese mountaineer of to-day. One instance may serve as an illustration.

It describes the sensations of an ardent climber as he gained his first view of the magnificent prospect of the granite ramparts and spires of Hodaka-yama from the northern side of the Tokugo Pass:—

"When I was brought face to face with the grand sight I was almost beside myself with rapture. I felt as if I were in a dream. God is invisible to our human eyes, but He creates a boundless and wonder-

ful universe, decorating it with the sun, the moon, the stars, the mountains, rivers, flowers, and trees. The place where I now stand is no exception to the wonder of the universe. The best human art cannot possibly make anything like this. Such thoughts never enter our hearts while we are engaged in worldly affairs; but when we find ourselves high up on the summits of the lofty mountains, our spirits seem to undergo some change. I feel, from the bottom of my heart, that this change is due to the ideal giant in the form of Hodaka, which is no other than the creation of God."

At Kamikōchi, the future Zermatt of the Northern Japanese Alps, every summer sees a growing company of landscape painters at work, and some striking examples of their work were on view in the great "Taishō Exhibition" in Ueno Park, in the year 1914.[1] The Japanese Alpine Club itself also holds periodical exhibitions of paintings, photographs, literature, and Alpine equipment in Tokyo.

On every hand, then, proofs are multiplying of the increasing and varied interest that Japanese mountaineering is exciting among the rising generation of educated Japan. No doubt among its devotees, or at least its hangers-on, there will be those whose

[1] Perhaps the title to be considered the *doyen* of the new school of mountain landscape painters in the more modern style should be conceded to Yamamoto Shunkyo. As a boy he studied under Bairei, and showed a preference for the Shinjo School, afterwards coming under the influence of Mori Kansai. At one time he was a professor in the Kyoto Fine Art Institute, but the latest and most significant testimony to his eminence is his recent appointment as one of the six leading artists chosen to purchase works for the Imperial Court.

extravagances, often born of inexperience or of vanity, may tend to bring discredit upon the noblest of sports, as was the case fifty or sixty years ago in the "playground of Europe." Nearly every season disasters are recorded on easy mountains like Norikura, Kimpu-zan, etc., where parties of students perish through exposure in bad weather, when improperly equipped and insufficiently fed and clothed against possible emergencies. Fuji itself, indeed, at times is degraded to the level of the "greased pole," against which Ruskin inveighed half a century ago in the case of the Alps and certain of their votaries. Perhaps it would scarcely be fair to include in the same category the feat of a battalion of the 50th Infantry Regiment who, on 28th July 1917, made what was termed a "forced march" to the summit of Norikura-dake, nearly 10,000 ft., one of the best known peaks of the Northern Japanese Alps. But in the summer of 1913 a "Fuji-climbing Competition" was organised by one of the leading newspapers in Tokyo, when the distance from the rest hut at Tarōbō—on the Gotemba route to the tenth station, on the outer edge of the crater at the summit—representing a *vertical* rise of 9000 ft., was stated to be covered by the winner (a student named Ito) in 2 hours 38 minutes, the times of the 2nd and 3rd being given as 2·46 and 2·50 respectively. The first prize was a sum of $300 (£30). In July 1917 a similar competition resulted in the record being lowered by about seven minutes,[1] the first to arrive on the top being a soldier named Istukawa, and the second a High

[1] The details given by different papers varied slightly from each other.

School student, who took some four minutes longer. Nevertheless, while admiring the energy and enterprise displayed, one can only wish they were more wisely directed.

Doubtless, however, the vogue of these vagaries will vanish as wiser counsels prevail, and the motto of the Japanese mountain climber will not be the "Excelsior" of the record breaker, but that declaration of the true mountain-lover, which Benedict Marti, the Professor of Bern in the middle of the sixteenth century, found engraved in the rock on the summit of the Stockhorn, overlooking the Lake of Thun—"ὁ τῶν ὀρῶν ἔρως ἄριστος" ("The love of the mountains is the best").

There are times, nevertheless, when a visit to Kamikōchi makes one begin to tremble for its future. It is in danger of too great popularity with a type of artist, the rowdiness of whose prolonged and convivial gatherings, the dirt and ugliness of the refuse, and the empty tins bestrewing the surroundings of the *Onsen*, are an insult to the dignity and the repose of the mountain-shadowed glen. Some day its attractions may be advertised, as another resort of which I read, that "The principal occupation of most of the inhabitants is to *feed peacefully upon pilgrims.*" To those familiar, from an all too bitter experience, with what too often constitutes the "most of the inhabitants" of any ordinary Japanese popular resort, such an announcement is apt to be misleading. In them alone could the retort be justified of an outraged guest to the innkeeper who maintained indignantly that there was "not a single flea in the whole establishment"—"No, for they are all married, with large

families." An over-eagerness to advertise the perfections of these country houses of "entertainment" not seldom leads to misunderstanding, as when, for further example, the author of the "*Guide-Book on Hakone*" proclaims the large number of houses "for the *cessation of travellers*," or when, finally, the prospectus boasts that "The wines of this hotel *leave nothing to be hoped for!*"

There has already been talk in the Matsumoto district of an ambitious scheme for the development of the Kamikōchi valley of the Adzusa-gawa, by pushing a light railway up the approaching ravines. It is to be hoped, however, that the heavy snows of winter and the seasonal storms, combined with the menace of the destructive eruptions of Yakedake such as dammed up the main valley into the "Taishō Lake" in 1915, may serve to safeguard it from that crowning disfigurement.

Otherwise one can only anticipate for Kamikōchi the condition of things that moved an Alpine tourist elsewhere to the sarcastic apostrophe :—

"Fair are thy vales, O Sunrise Land,
And deep thy forest dells;
But just as deep, though not so fair,
The ways of thy hotels.

Into the cloudless azure leap
The summits of thy hills;
But quite as high and just as steep
The merry Jappies' bills.

Eternal are the snowy cowls
Thy mountain ramparts wear;
No less eternal are the fowls
Upon thy bills of fare!"

CHAPTER III

ANNALS OF FUJI-SAN

(I.) *Fuji in Literature, Legend, and Art.*

THE earliest known references to Fuji-san in Japanese literature are to be found in a very ancient and famous anthology known as the *Manyōshū* ("The Collection of a Myriad Leaves," "an anthology of all the ages"), published about the end of the eighth century A.D. :—

"When of yore the Gods did part
Heaven above from Earth below—
Lonely in his majesty
Fuji, loftily sublime,
O'er Suruga's land uprose.
Oh, the towering peak of Fuji!
When, with upturned glance, men scan it,
All the vasty plain of Heaven,
And of Sun on daily path
All the lustrous light, is hidden;
And of nightly radiant moon
Not a shimmer may be seen—
Still round thee shall white clouds hover,
Scarcely daring stay or go;
Still the snow shall fall upon thee,
Ever-falling ceaselessly;
Still shall men the story tell,
Lofty peak of Fuji San."—(*Trans.* F. V. DICKINS.)

"Of Yamato, the Land of Sunrise,
It is the Peace-giver, it is the God,
It is the Treasure."

After the *Manyōshū* comes the *Taketori Monogatari* ("The Story of the Bamboo-Cutter"), half fairy tale, half romance, written probably early in the ninth century. It centres round the adventures of the Moon-Maiden, Kaguya-hime, exiled to earth to expiate past delinquencies. Amongst other incidents of her stay she sends a bottle of elixir to a love-lorn emperor to cure him of his vain passion. He, however, declines to drink it, and causes it to be carried to the peak of Fuji-san, the august "mountain which rises nearest to the heavens." Here it is burnt with fire, and for ever after has its smoke been seen ascending to the skies.

Another part of the story relates how the hero of the "Quest for the Jewelled Spray" voyages from Naniwa (Ōsaka) to seek it on the mountain Hōrai. After many perils and sufferings he at last views from afar a mountain lofty and fair, but with sides too steep to climb. Here flows down a stream whose waters were "rainbow-hued, yellow as gold, white as silver, blue as turquoise: it is spanned by bridges built of precious stones, and the trees by its side are laden with dazzling jewels. . . . Delightful beyond words is this mountain, and in all the world there is not its equal."

On the other hand, the somewhat prejudiced verdict of a recent fat and infuriated globe-trotter, on his return from the ascent, on a scorching summer day, declared with undue warmth: "Fujiyama is a fraud—it is nothing more than a disgusting heap of *humbug and ashes!*"

Another disappointed tourist has sarcastically described Japan as a "land of one mountain and a

Fuji-san from Lake Yamanaka.

[*To face p.* 38.

fan." Although unable to compute even the approximate millions of the fans, I can assure him that of an area rather larger than that of the British Isles no less than three-quarters consist of mountains and hills. As to the great peak to which he especially refers, however, it is not merely a mountain: it is a symbol to the people who dwell at its feet of all that is most lovely, gracious, and stately.

It is no wonder that the subject selected for the "Shinnen Gyodai," the poetry competition held every New Year amongst members of the Japanese Imperial Household, was for the year 1917 entitled, "Tōyama no yuki" ("The Snow on the Distant Mountain"). The far-away prospect from near the palace, viewed in the crystal clearness of a mid-winter's day, is one of exceeding loveliness, varying in charm from hour to hour. Doubtless to the tourists in question such beauty makes little appeal, and for such the Japanese have their own characteristic proverbs—"*Megura no kagami, hôshi no kushi*" ("A blind man's mirror and a priest's comb"); and "*Neko ni nembutsu, uma ni zeni*" ("Prayers to a cat, and money to a horse").

The fame of Fuji-san was known even to the Chinese also in very early times. An ancient miscellany, *Gisho. Rokujō*, tells of a wondrous peak to the north-east of the then capital of Japan, "called Fuji, or Hōrai. It is very steep; three sides rise sheer from the sea, and flames and smoke are belched forth from its lofty summit. Many beautiful springs flow down its sides, and these at night ascend again, when sounds of music may be heard upon it. Here of old once came Jōfuku."

This Jōfuku (in Chinese, *Su Fuh*) was a famous magician of Shantung, who was sent by the Chinese Emperor Shōkō to cross the seas to search for the "elixir of perpetual youth." In those days the popular expression of man's natural craving for some assurance of immortality had, in China, mainly degenerated into a fevered and fruitless search for plants and potions whose magic powers could confer it. There are differing legends as to the success of Jōfuku's quest; but the most accepted one is that it was attained in the "Land of Perennial Youth" on the mountain Hōrai, known to us as Fuji-san. Possibly this may explain the fact that the name "Fuji" is sometimes written with two Chinese characters which signify "deathless."

Were Jōfuku, however, to reappear amongst some of the members of the Alpine Club of to-day, I am inclined to believe his search might meet with more solid results. At any rate, I cannot but feel that there are, in the ranks of its senior members, a number whose sustained activities would go far to convince him that they themselves appear to have succeeded in the quest on which he failed.

Whole volumes have been devoted to descriptions of the manifold perfections of the mountain. In one work, entitled *Fuji-hyaku-shu* ("A Hundred Chapters on Fuji"), Keichiu has pictured its rugged loftiness; while in *Fuji-hyakuku* ("A Hundred Stanzas on Fuji"), Tōko has called us to admire it "hidden amidst gorgeous-hued clouds."[1] Various proverbs bear witness to its hold on the popular imagination, *e.g.*:—

[1] *Cf.* F. V. Dickins' *Fugaku Hyaku-kei* (Hokusai).

"Even Fuji is without beauty to one who is hungry and cold."

"Whether the sky be cloudy or clear, the form of Fuji never changes."

The breezes that blow down from the mountain-top are the breath of its guardian goddess; the rain that falls on it is her tears.

To dream of a snow-clad Fuji, and, above all, if with it appear an egg-plant (*nasubi*) and a flight of three cranes, is the height of good fortune.

In modern Japanese literature the descriptions of the charms of Fuji-san are perhaps less poetic, though an exception must be made in the case of a remarkable little volume, published some years ago, for the use of visitors to the Hakone district, near the eastern foot of the peak. It is entitled *A Guide-Book on Hakone*, and was translated by a Japanese writer into what he states to be the "English that is generally spoken by most of foreigners."

He warns us that these hill-country views of the great mountain involve a toilsome ascent, but that "the result of toleration is pleasure." The first prospect afforded the traveller is when "the lake of Ashi (Hakone) spreads a face of glowing glass reflected upside down the shadow of Fuji, which is the highest, noblest, and most glorious mountain in Japan."

"Whenever we visit the place, the first pleasure to be longed is the view of Fuji Mountain, and its summit is covered with permanent undissolving snow. Its regular configuration, hanging down the

sky like an opened white fan, may be looked long at equal shape from several regions surrounding it. Every one who saw it ever has nothing but applause."

The final inducement offered is that: "Forty-five houses among whole village are the hotels for *cessation of travellers!*" for whom "transparent and delicate liquid is constantly overflowing from the vat, and its purity free from defilement so fully values on the applause of visitors as it is with the air." The liquid here is nothing more harmless than the spring water in which these delightful valleys and hillsides abound.

The place of Fuji in the Art of Japan is as unique as it is universal. Each successive season of the year invests it with its own peculiar charm. One great artist devoted nearly fifty separate drawings to the illustration of the beauties of the snow that forms its winter drapery. There is scarcely a single one of all the applied fine arts of this land of art whose greatest masters have not found some of their highest inspirations in the fascination of its form, its colour, or its numberless and varied charms viewed from land or sea.

It is not difficult to understand why Fuji makes such a universal appeal to the affection and reverence of an artistic and nature-loving people like the Japanese. In spite of the terrors its volcanic activities have inspired in bygone times, there is something wholly friendly and sociable in the way it looks down on the daily labours and the pleasures of the millions of toilers in crowded cities, and on the unceasing, ant-like activities of the country-side

of the thirteen provinces from which it is seen, revered, and loved.

It was this friendliness of Fuji that appealed to the imagination of Hokusai, the artisan artist of the early part of the nineteenth century, and furnished his nimble fancy with that endless variety of subjects which his brush has portrayed with such extraordinary skill. The two chief works of his later days are his "Hundred Views of Fuji," printed in light tints of black and red, and the "Thirty-six Views" of the same mountain, mainly in green, blue, yellow, and brown. They afford a striking proof of the originality and capability of the one artist of his time who had the courage to break away from the traditions of the colour-print school of the past, and establish himself the leader of a movement entirely novel and revolutionary.[1]

It is curious that while the leading European art critics who know and understand Hokusai's work look on him as the greatest of Japanese painters, giving him a place beside Rembrandt, Dürer, and others, yet Japanese connoisseurs only place him in the second rank. Probably the estimate that in his "gift of facile and immediate expression of the artist's thought by means of simple drawing the world has never seen the superior of Hokusai," is not wholly an exaggeration. He himself, however conscious of his powers, never overrated them. His last words are said to have declared that, "If Fate had given me but five more years, I should have been able to become a true painter."

The actual meaning of the title "Fuji" is some-

[1] *Colour-prints of Japan* (E. F. Strange), pp. 40, 41.

what ambiguous. Old Japanese books tell us that for ages after its creation the mountain had no name at all, and to-day the neighbouring country folk often refer to it with a reverent familiarity simply as *O yama* ("the honourable mountain"). While it is sometimes written with the two Chinese characters which stand for "no two," "none such," "peerless,"[1] it is also occasionally represented by two which signify "not dying," "immortal."[2] Again, the title given to the best-known work of Hokusai is *Fugaku hyaku-kei* ("The Hundred Views of the 'Mountain of Happiness' or 'Prosperity Peak'"). Besides this, however, there were many other names due to his agile imagination, but less familiar to European ears.

The word "Fuji" is probably derived from the Ainu *push* ("to burst forth"), and takes one back to the days when the hairy aborigines dwelt in that part of the land, before they were driven northwards by the invaders from the west. Another reminder of them is at hand also at the eastern foot of the peak, for the name "Subashiri" (one of the most popular starting-points for the ascent) is of Ainu origin. Its meaning is "steaming earth," and points back to some now vanished *solfatara*, such as is found near the base of all the great volcanoes of Japan. Another alternative explanation is that the word is derived from *Huchi* (the name of the Ainu Goddess of Fire).

The actual birth of Fuji-san itself is no less a subject of romantic fancies than its name. In any case it is, from the point of view of geological time, a mere infant of a mountain, an upstart among

[1] 不二 [2] 不死

volcanoes. Japanese tradition tells us it first rose to view in the fifth year of the reign of the Emperor Kōrei, 285 B.C.). One night, in the province of Ōmi, the earth opened in a gigantic chasm, forming the Lake of Ōmi (Biwa), while the soil thrown forth was transported some 150 miles to the north-east and deposited in the province of Suruga, to form in Fuji a cone of perfect symmetry. The comparatively modern excrescence of Hōei-zan, which mars the eastern slope, did not appear until centuries afterwards. A curious survival of this tradition is suggested by the fact that whilst it was once the rule for ordinary pilgrim climbers to fast and mortify the flesh for one hundred days before ascending to worship on the summit, there was a special dispensation in favour of the men from the province of Ōmi. Since the mountain was formed from the soil of their birthplace, a natural autochthonous affinity with it redeemed them from the need of more than seven days of special preparation.

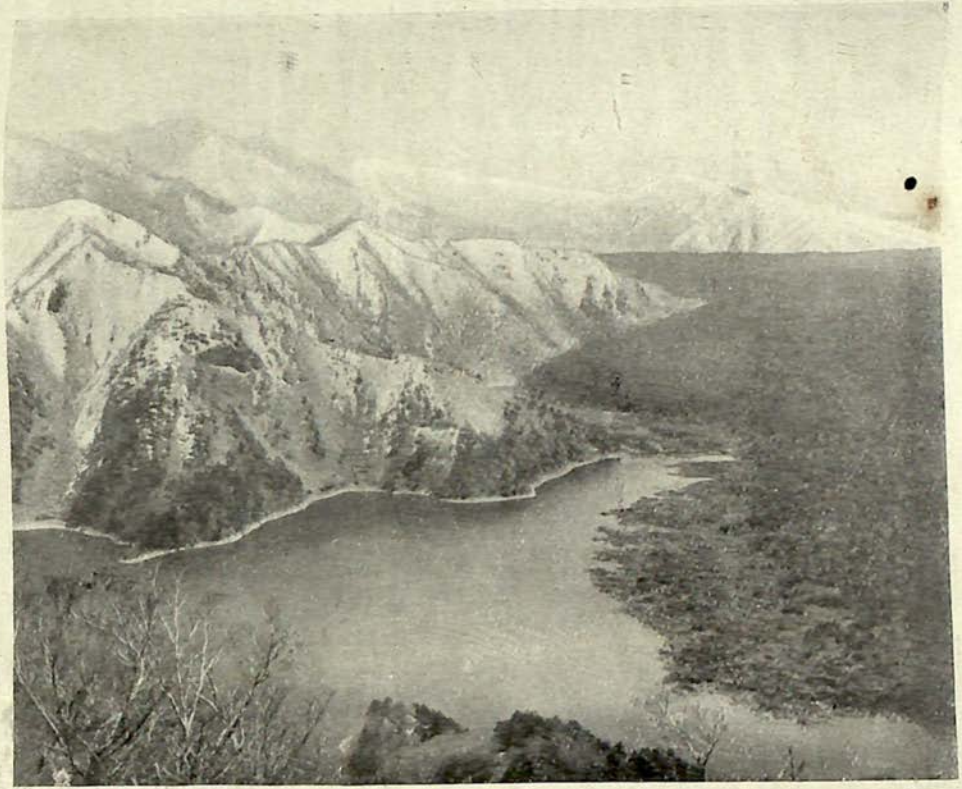
One of Hokusai's "Hundred Pictures" gives a quaint illustration of this legend of the birth of Fuji, and shows the tall cone suddenly rising into the grey sky of early morning, while among the astonished spectators a village official is drawing up a sort of *procès-verbal* of the marvel.

A shrine on the summit is said to have been dedicated to the presiding divinity by the Emperor Heijo, in A.D. 806, to the goddess *Ko-no-hana-saku-ya-hime* ("the princess who makes the blossoms of the trees to flower"). The most popular shrine, perhaps, in her honour, is that of Fuji Sengen (another of her titles) at Yoshida, the northern

"entrance" to the mountain, which was built about A.D. 900. But probably the most ancient of such foundations is really that at Ōmiya, at the southern foot, the starting-point of the Murayama ascent. This was the most convenient way of approach in early times from the ancient capitals of Nara and Kyoto, and would naturally be the first to be honoured with the "Great Shrine" which its name implies. This is the only direction, by the way, from which Fuji is viewed as a pointed peak and not as a truncated cone. Between the eighth and eighteenth centuries there are twelve distinct eruptions recorded, and smoke is said to have been seen proceeding freely from the crater as late as the fourteenth century. The latest took place in the winter of 1707-1708, when the crater and mound known as Hōyei-zan were formed.

At the present time steam still continues to issue from various cracks on the east side of the outer rim of the great crater on the top of the mountain, and on my last ascent, in 1914, it was possible to boil an egg in some of them.

On the other hand, within a few hundred yards or so of these, on the level space inside the north of the crater wall, there gushes forth an icy spring of crystal clearness, well called *Kim-mei-sui* ("golden famous water"). Near the shrine of the tutelary divinity on the south-east edge of the crater, a companion spring wells up, *Gimmei-sui* ("silver famous water"). Some of the lava streams ejected by the earlier eruptions have flowed for a distance of 15 miles, as far as to the banks of the Fuji-Kawa river beyond Ōmiya. Others have been dammed



T. Hoshino, Phot.]

Lava Stream from Fuji-san, with Shōji Lake.

[To face p. 46.

up against the flanks of the granite hills that encircle the foot of Fuji on the north and west, and in the hollows thus formed there lies the chain of the five lovely lakes that lend the prospect of the mountain on the Koshu side so much of its charm. Of all the approaches to Fuji, that from Kōfu by the Nagakura-tōge is justly described by Mr Freshfield as the most charming of the many ways of reaching it, reminding one, as it does, of a bit of Tyrolese landscape warmed with the colour of Japanese life and atmosphere.

Some miles to the south of Shoji are several waterfalls of great beauty. The *Shira-ito-no-taki* ("White Thread Cascade"), with the snow-clad form of Fuji as its background, is one of the loveliest in Japan. The stream rushes over the edge or through the face of a semi-circular cliff in the lava, in a series of some fifty cascades, into a basin nearly 100 ft. in depth. The two larger of these are known as the "Father" and "Mother" falls respectively, and the smaller ones form their numerous progeny.

The height of Fuji above the Pacific shore, from which on the south-east it sweeps upwards in one mighty unbroken curve, is about 12,400 ft. It has been suggested that as volcanic mountains may decrease in altitude, owing to some subsidence of their eviscerated foundations, possibly a phenomenon of this kind is now taking place in the case of Fuji-san itself.

Experiments carried out on the summit in 1884 by the late Professor Milne suggested that the stability of the upper part of the peak was affected

by a strong wind. The movements of the tromometer used there were very much greater than those of another simultaneously observed at Tokyo.

The steepest inclination of the upper slopes is about 35°, on the western side. This fact is worthy of note in view of the exaggerated statements of admiring writers, whose language is apt to be more picturesque than accurate. Lafcadio Hearn, for instance, speaks of the "amazing angle" and the "stupendous pitch" of the slopes on the south-east, and he adds, "Evidently I am not fitted to climb high mountains. . . . And yet there *are* people still alive who have climbed Fuji three or four times *for pleasure!*" Another describes it as a "stupendous incline which shoots up at a dizzy angle into space."

Probably, however, the most delightfully comprehensive claim on its behalf is that of a *fuda*, a sort of charm sold to pilgrim climbers who have achieved the ascent:—

"Fuji-no-yama is the origin of all other mountains, and its grandeur equals that of both sun and moon."

A modern Japanese proverb states that "there are in Japan two kinds of fools—those who have never once climbed Fuji, and those who have climbed Fuji more than once." The distinction, however, of the first ascent and of many subsequent ones is usually claimed by an ancient and highly venerated worthy known as En-no-Shōkaku, alleged to have been born in the land of Yamato, the ancient cradle of the Japanese people, in A.D. 633. From childhood he loved to dwell in mountain solitudes, and ultimately founded the sect of *Gyōja* (pilgrim

ascetics) called *Yamabushi.* Their modern descendants one may still meet on some of the remoter sacred peaks.

The alpenstock (*kongō-zue*) is of white pine, octagonal in section, for in popular Buddhism the number eight has a special significance. This, like the white costume, is carefully stamped with the name and sign of the topmost shrine on the mountain of pilgrimage.

As the upward way grows toilsome, the tired climbers chant a curious antiphonal invocation—"*Rokkon shōjō,*" gasps one half of the breathless band ("May our six senses be pure").—"*O yama kaisei,*" comes the fervent response ("And may the weather on the honourable mountain be fine!")

Some years ago, on Ontake-san, next to Fuji, the most sacred of all the Japanese peaks, I met a pilgrim party, whose leader I asked for the reason of the white garments of his order. His explanation seems worth recording: "We wear them to show the mountain gods we have come to worship, that we want to be sincere in heart and upright of life, for without this we know they will not hear our prayers."

It reminded one of the familiar words of a kindred spirit: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, and who shall rise up in His Holy Place?"[1]—"Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart."

Shōkaku ultimately excited the suspicions of the authorities by his use of magic (*majinai*) and mystical incantations (*in-musubi*—a kind of "deaf and dumb alphabet"), by which he communicated with and controlled the evil demons of the hills. He was banished to the island of Ōshima, off Idzu, but each night he

became invisible to his guards and made the ascent of Fuji-san under cover of darkness. He was finally able to escape China-wards on a raft of sods, accompanied by his mother seated in an iron bowl, in the year A.D. 701.

The first European traveller to announce to the Western world the fact of the existence of Japan, was the famous Venetian, Marco Polo, who heard of the wonders of "Zipangu" during his visit to China in the thirteenth century. The first to actually land on its shores (in 1542) seems to have been Mendez Pinto, the Portuguese adventurer, whose tall stories earned him the alias of "Mendacious." The first Englishman to set eyes on Fuji was probably the sturdy and sagacious Kentish pilot, Will Adams, who spent the last twenty years of his life, from 1600 to 1620, mainly in the service of the great Shōgun, Ieyasu.

None of these have told us of the "Matchless Mountain," although Will Adams must often have looked out on the glorious view of it over the island-studded waters that wash the feet of the green hills above Hemi, his Japanese home, where modern Yokosuka now stands.

But it was reserved for the German, Engelbert Kaempfer, who visited Japan as a surgeon in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and resided there from 1690 to 1693, to give us the first really scientific account of the country and its people.

His *History of Japan* was not published until 1727 (and then first in London, in an English translation by Scheuchzer), at the expense of Sir Hans Soane, who bought the original manuscript, but it

contains glowing references to Fuji as the *mons excelsus et singularis* of this land of mountains. "It is incredibly high," he says, "and not unlike the peak of Teneriffe. Poets cannot find words, nor painters skill and colours, sufficient to represent this mountain as they think it deserves."

CHAPTER IV

ANNALS OF FUJI-SAN

(II.) *In Sunshine and in Storm.*

THE first recorded ascent of Fuji by any European was that made, by the Murayama route, in Sēptember 1860, by Sir Rutherford Alcock, the British Minister in Japan from 1859 to 1862. The expedition of which it formed a part was undertaken mainly for political reasons. He was anxious to ascertain for himself "whether the clause of the Treaty, giving unrestricted right of travelling to Foreign Representatives residing in the capital, was, like so many other official Japanese stipulations, to be regarded as a dead letter to all practical purposes . . . and whether there was any foundation for the never-failing assertion of the (Japanese) Ministers that the country was in an unsettled state, owing to the increased dearness of everything, caused by the sudden demands of foreign trade." Incidentally, the journey had valuable scientific results. Sir William Hooker had stated that it was "an object of great interest to botanists to learn something of the mountain vegetation of Japan; and especially Fusiyama, of which nothing absolutely was known." Amongst the botanical results achieved was the discovery of two important

conifers, now known as *Abies Alcoquiana* and *Abies Veitchii*, the one named after the leader of the expedition and the other after a temporary member of his staff, who was attached for the purpose of botanical research.

Owing to the severe restrictions on foreign travel outside the limits of the "Treaty Ports," it was seldom possible for Europeans to repeat the ascent. But in 1867 a step onwards, and upwards, was made by Lady Parkes (wife of the famous British Minister to Japan from 1865-83), who achieved the distinction of being the first *woman* actually to climb to the top of Fuji. It is noteworthy that the divinity at whose shrine on the summit some 15,000 now yearly pay their devotions is a feminine one! Until quite recently no woman was ever permitted to ascend the peak, and the upward way allowed them reached, on the Murayama route, no higher than 5000 ft. An imaginary cordon was drawn round the flanks of Fuji, and called *Nio-nin-dō* ("Woman's Way"), and beyond it no female might venture. It was, however, a varying thing on different sacred peaks. On Ontake-san it reached 8500 ft., while on Tateyama an upright stone at 7000 ft. marks it and the spot where the wife of the alleged first pioneer of that mountain, disobediently seeking to emulate his feat, was petrified on the spot for her pains.

There is, however, one holy peak where this restriction is still enforced—Omine-san, in Yamato, sacred to the cult of En-no-Shōkaku, the founder of the ascetic mountain pilgrims (*Gyōja*), whose descendants are still to be met with in the "climbing season" to-day. A Japanese writer lately gave an amusing

account of an attempt on the part of two lady teachers of an Osaka Girls' High School, who attempted to break the ancient rules. He quotes the account given by one of the mountain villagers of Dorogawa, at the western foot of Omine-san, where the Nionindō hut stands: "We have no legal right to prohibit the women from . . . their impious attempts. But we had other means. Fortunately, in due time they surrendered. Our stratagem was this—that we persist in our petition to them to abandon the idea by *lying* flat on our faces on the ground, so that the ladies would have to tread upon our heads if they wished to pass." The writer's comment on the incident ends as follows: "We were struck with the feeling of gratitude for our privilege of being born men. . . . We felt those feminine infidels should have been shot. Until such hussies be cleared out of the educational circles the spiritual education of the fair sex in Japan will never be satisfactory."

A curious parallel with this intolerance is afforded by the practice of some of the Christian monasteries under the control of the Greek Church, described in Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant* (6th ed.). On p. 311 he tells us that he was informed "that no female animal of any sort or kind is admitted on any part of the peninsula of Mount Athos"; and that since the days of Constantine the soil of the Holy Mountain had never been contaminated by the tread of a woman's foot. He also mentions (p. 353) a monk who had been brought as an infant to the monastery thirty or thirty-five years before, but had no recollection of ever having seen a woman, and was anxious to know if they resembled the stiff, expression-

less mediæval pictures of the Virgin which adorned the walls of the cœnobitic institutions of the little peninsula which formed his very restricted world. Karyœ, the capital of the region, is stated to possess the distinction of being the only town in the world where no woman is to be found. The fact that a *nionindō* is found on Fuji-san, whose guardian divinity is a feminine one, finds a parallel in the circumstance that the oldest monastery on Mount Athos (Xeropotamos), and also that of Esphigmenon, are both held to have been founded in the fifth century by the Empress Pulcheria!

Giraldus Cambrensis, the Pausanias of Wales, writes towards the end of the twelfth century of Priestholme Island, near Anglesey, that it is "inhabited by hermits, engaged in manual labour, and *serving God . . . and no woman is suffered to enter it.*" So strangely do the weaknesses of human nature clasp hands across the ages, and manifest themselves irrespective of climate, race, or creed!

The ascent of Fuji under ordinary conditions offers no difficulty whatever. The climbing season, which lasts from the middle of July to the middle of September, is ushered in by a formal ceremony called *Yama-biraki*, or "mountain-opening," conducted by the head *Kannushi*, or "God-guardian," in charge of the principal shrine. Outside that official period the goddess of the mountain is not supposed to be "at home" to pilgrims, and only disaster is to be expected by the importunate and unwelcome. By a curious coincidence, I have had that experience on nearly every ascent I have made before the *Yama-biraki* had been proclaimed.

Early one July, my wife and I were not only imprisoned, at a height of 10,000 feet, by a storm which raged on the mountain for three days, but our coolies refused to go to the actual summit, and we had to finish the climb alone in the "tail end of the typhoon."

Some years earlier my experience was still more singular. Up to that time practically nothing was known, from the climbing point of view, of the snows of Fuji and the possibilities of ascending them. One lovely morning, early in May, I started with two friends from the "front entrance" at Ōmiya, only after earnest dissuasion and well-meant warnings from the village fathers, policemen, and priests of the Sengen Shrine. No sooner had our unwilling *goriki* (mountain porters) reached the lower limit of the forest, and made our bivouac in a broken-down shed, than the promised typhoon broke with appalling violence. We had been warned to "look out for squalls," but for the next three days we looked out very little at all. The squalls saw to that. Finally, the weather cleared up, and we cleared out. An excellent snow-climb of nearly 6000 ft. rewarded us, but the coolies, thoroughly unnerved, deserted at intervals on the way to the top, though one hardened sceptic persevered. The view from Ken-ga-mine, the highest point (which, by the way, is seldom visited by foreign travellers, and is some 250 ft. higher than the topmost huts on the crater lip), was quite the most wonderful prospect of the kind I have ever gazed upon. Almost the whole width of Central Japan, at its broadest span, lay spread out like a gigantic relief-map. While the Pacific waves washed the

southern base of Fuji at our feet, the haze of distance alone seemed to veil the waters of the Sea of Japan to the north, over 120 miles away. The combination of the dazzling snows that clothed the upper half of the peak with the dark pine forests rising from verdant prairies of extraordinary vividness, and the foaming breakers of the Pacific rolling beyond them eastwards—all this, under a cloudless sky of deepest blue, afforded a feast of colour and variety of charm such as is seldom to be enjoyed even from the loftiest peaks of the Alps themselves.

The sequel to this ascent, however, was in more senses than one something of a "come-down."

Our friendly counsellors at the Ōmiya Shrine, from which we had set out, saw us no more, for we traversed the mountain to Gotemba, and did not return. Their kindly solicitude, however, soon rendered us the objects of public concern, and the "foreign" newspapers forthwith honoured us with the following obituary notice, translated from a well-known Japanese journal, the *Hochi Shimbun*:—

"The two (?) foreigners who started to ascend Fuji with four coolies have not since been heard of. The mountain is still covered with snow as far down as the fifth station, and, as the summit was hidden in clouds, the visitors were urged to postpone the attempt. But these foreigners were determined to go. A few hours afterwards the storm burst, dislodging huge boulders and house-roofs. As nothing has since been heard of them, it is feared they have succumbed to the fury of the gale. Even had they taken shelter, cold and starvation must long since have rendered them helpless. Their

nationality is unknown, but we surmise that they are British, for the reason that *the people of that nation like to do that which is distasteful to them, and glory in their vigour!*"

For those in search of novelty on Fuji, a fine scramble can be had in the great gully known as Ō Sawa, which seams the last 6000 ft. of the northern side. The rocks are rough but not difficult, and the views to the north and west are grand and extensive. Another pleasant variation, though rarely made by Europeans, is the *Ō Chiū-dō* ("The Great Way Round"). The track encircles the mountain about half way up, and the walk of eight hours is full of variety and interest.

The most interesting ascent of Fuji in the ordinary summer climbing season is by the northern or Yoshida route. This can be approached from Tokyo either by the railway to Kōfu, or by the main Tokaido line. In either case, the starting-point at Yoshida can be reached by a quaint little one-horse tramcar, whose aberrations from the prescribed track are frequent and entertaining. Impending disaster was always to be foreseen, and could usually be escaped by a timely leap. All was taken as a joke, and a willing shoulder to the wheel soon set the car in the way it should go.

It was a little disconcerting, however, at one time, on boarding the vehicle, to be confronted with the official warning, in ostensible English, "*All Parsons who are intoxicated, infected, or lunatics are not allowed in here.*" Still this notice was no more ambiguous or uncomplimentary than another one, earlier encountered, near the old Shinbashi railway

station in Tokyo. After we had firmly resisted the call of a local "Carter Paterson" to "leave your luggage with us, and we will send it in every direction," my wife was confronted with the startling legend over a millinery establishment—"Clothing of woman tailor: ladies furnished in the upper storey."[1]

On our first ascent by the Yoshida route we made friends on the summit with the guardian priest of the Fuji Sengen Shrine, who begged to be allowed to make the descent of the crater with us. The *Ō ana* ("Great Hole"), as the Japanese call it, is about 550 ft. in vertical depth, and can be descended either by a glissade of the snow-slope below Kengamine, the highest point, or by an adjoining scree. On the flat bottom we found great masses of newly fallen rock, and in a crevice of one of these a curious white substance embedded. Our friend described this as a great marvel—nothing less, indeed, than "petrified snow!" Possibly it was really some sort of gypsum, or even chloride of ammonia, which is sometimes found in the cooler part of volcanic fissures and fumaroles.

The excitement of getting down into the crater, combined with the exertion of getting up out of it, quite overcame the worthy *Kannushi*. Before reaching the top he collapsed, and I had at first

[1] An amusing parallel to the above once greeted us on a walk through Leatherhead, in Surrey. On the notice-board of a little chapel we read the ambiguous announcement: "Saturday night, at 8 P.M., the annual potato-pie supper will be held. Subject of the sermon on Sunday morning, 'A Night of Horror.'" Further up the street a restaurant sign caught the eye, inscribed: "To cyclists and photographers—try our 1/6 luncheon—Dark Room provided for developments"!

to haul, and, finally, to carry him the rest of the way on my back. He subsequently presented my wife with the gold medal of honorary membership of some pilgrim club of which he was an official, as he said she was the first European lady to descend into the crater and explore its secrets!

It is strange that Lafcadio Hearn, in describing an ascent of Fuji in the summer of 1897 (*Exotics and Retrospectives*), betrays a singular inability to see anything interesting or striking in the great crater, with its precipitous walls and mighty cliffs of multi-coloured rock and the changing outlines of the encircling crags. To him it is only "a cavity horrible even in the tones of its yellow, crumbling walls, streaked and stained with every hue of scorching. No spot in this world can be more horrible, more atrociously dismal, than the cindered tip of the Lotos as you stand upon it."

From a share of those "blessings' of Western civilisation which have been acquired by Japan in recent years, her most venerated mountain has, unhappily, not escaped. While the lower slopes of Fuji-san are becoming the haunt of winter ski-ing parties, hitherto led by Austrian or German experts, nearly every New Year's holiday now sees some band of Japanese adventurers bent on the achievement of a winter ascent. Few succeed, and of the many failures a large proportion are signalised by serious accidents or actual fatalities. The risks are not wholly unrealised beforehand, and a favourite motto for such a company is *Kesshitai kyokwai* ("The Do-or-Die Society").

But it is in the summer climbing season that

some of the less attractive changes most challenge attention, or excite disapproval. On starting our last ascent, again by the Yoshida route, in 1914, we spent the night beforehand at Yoshida itself. The whole village was in a turmoil of excitement, for it was the great *Matsuri*, or festival of Sengen Sama. Near the great *torii*, or "sacred gateway," in the main street, an enormous silhouette of the mountain was outlined in electric lights, bearing in the middle of it a huge cherry blossom, the symbol of Japanese manly-valour. Revelling and drunkenness lasted far into the night—a singular contrast to the rigorous orthodox asceticism which usually preceded the ascent. On our way up the mountain the next day, it was almost possible literally to *smell* one's way from hut to hut along the route. We spent that night at the eighth station, at 11,000 ft.

Here we found no need to sleep on a bare board floor, surrounded by chattering and snoring pilgrims and wrapped in an uneasy slumber and flea-infested *futon* (cotton quilts). The new and solidly built hut boasted a number of separate bunks, like those of the fo'c'sle of a merchant steamer; but the crowning feature of the cabin consisted in a resident policeman and a "house surgeon." The duty of the former was doubtless to take up the unruly, and of the latter to take down the unfit. The ascent, simple enough in good weather, is altogether another affair in the frequent storms that usher in, and close, the summer climbing season. On this, my last expedition, I was for the fourth time the victim of the sport, or anger, of the great dragon that is popularly

supposed to rule, if not to reign, over the waters on Fuji. The first three typhoons were by way of welcome, the last was Fuji's final farewell to one of her most devoted admirers. All had been smiles and sunshine on the way up. Overnight we had gazed out on the wonderful *Kage-Fuji*—the shadow of the peak cast by the setting sun on the clouds that eastwards veiled the Pacific from view. Later on, when these had dissolved and departed, we caught the lights of Yokohama and Tokyo glimmering like motionless myriads of glow-worms settled on the ocean margin, 50 or 60 miles away. The early morning greeted us with the glorious summit prospect that never fails to fascinate, however familiar. But after midday, angry murmurs arose as we traversed the peak from north to south. On the top we passed by the spot where, years ago, a party of half a hundred pilgrims found themselves storm-bound and unable to descend. Their frozen bodies were discovered later on just as they had lain down huddled together for warmth and waiting for the help that never came.

Close by is the *Sai-no-Kawara* ("the river of souls"), where many little pillars of stone mark votive offerings to Jizō-Sama, the patron divinity of travellers and little folk.

Late in the afternoon we descended to the rest-house at the second station on the Ōmiya route, a picture post-card of which describes it as the "second limited resting-place than Mount Fuji's front street." The gale increased in fury during the night, and in the morning we realised that, unless we got a move on at once, we might never

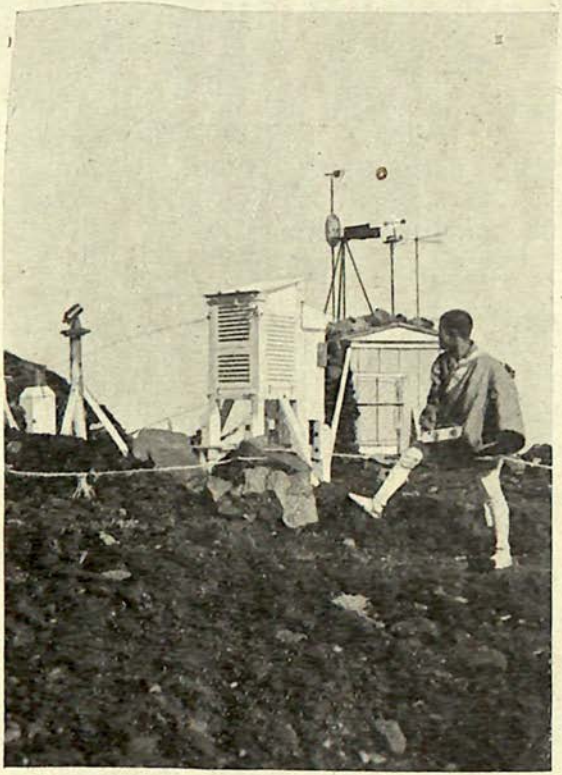
move at all. It was with difficulty we succeeded in struggling across the storm-swept moorland to Ōmiya, over tracks now transformed into torrents, against a wind that seemed to blow from all quarters at once, and through rain that seemed to rain up as well as down. It took two days to cover the distance of 30 miles to Hakone, with bridges broken down, railway tracks torn up, and large tracts of countryside flooded deep. In Shidzuoka, 40 miles west of Fuji, nearly three hundred lives were lost in the inundations that partly wrecked the town. The toll taken by the typhoon of 29th August 1914 will not soon be forgotten. It was not until long afterwards that I learned of our own unconscious share of responsibility for the disaster.

Ancient tradition, as the Japanese pilgrim guide-books tell us, has always warned travellers against tampering with the rocks on Kengamine, the highest point of Fuji. From time immemorial violent storms have always been promised as the portion of those who take away the little round volcanic fragments that lie there.

Now, on each occasion my wife has climbed Fuji with me such storms have been our lot, and, at length, I have the confession that she has never failed to commit that unforgivable crime! She tells me it must be the outcome of some feminine inquisitive-ness—I suggested acquisitiveness. In any case it offers a singular comment on—I will not add and justification of—the ancient prohibition of the other sex from ascending the "Peerless Peak" beyond *Nio-nin-dō*, the limits assigned to them on the upward way!

There is one outstanding feature of Fuji-san to-day which distinguishes it beyond any other mountain known—for its many startling and suggestive contrasts of ancient and modern ways. Nowhere else does one meet the old and the new jostling one another so violently, without apparent objection or incongruity in native eyes. There, the unromantic materialism of the twentieth century stretches out its hand across a thousand years and draws the tenth century to its side with all its old-world dreams and communings. Almost at the very door of the most sacred shrine on this holy peak, the post-office banner flutters in the breeze to beckon the tired, but triumphant, pilgrim to dispatch to the four corners of the Empire the picture post-card that shall announce his successful toil. And as at early dawn you turn from a surprised contemplation of the most up-to-date installation of modern meteorology on the crater's edge, your astonished eyes are arrested and held with reverent interest by the shivering limbs and the adoring gaze of some aged pilgrim, whose white-clothed form enshrines the glowing devotion of a primeval worship paid in all sincerity to the splendours of the Rising Sun.

Pilgrim Worshipping the Rising Sun on the Summit of Fuji-san.



Observatory on Summit of Fuji-san.

[To face p. 64.

CHAPTER V

EXPLORATION IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS OF JAPAN

(I.) *The Great White Mountain of Kōshū.*

"THE Southern Japanese Alps" is the name I ventured to give to the great triangular mass of mountains whose apex rises from the southern shore of the famous Lake Suwa, and whose three great ridges, stretching southwards a distance of over 50 miles, only die down as they near the Pacific Ocean west of Fuji-san. It is enclosed between the great rivers Tenryū-gawa on the west and the Fujikawa on the east, and is mainly of Palæozoic formation, with none of the big volcanic peaks whose special features help to give the contrasts so characteristic of the Northern Alps. But these densely wooded forms are more massive, and Kaigane, the highest point of the central of the three ranges, reaches 10,470 ft., and is, next to Fuji-san, the loftiest mountain in the mainland. Standing on the border line between Shinshū and Kōshū, the two greatest silk-producing provinces of Japan, it presents an almost impassable barrier along most of its extent between them, and the region is one even more unfamiliar to travellers—Japanese or European—than its northern rival. Apart from three or four English-

men, hardly a single European had climbed any of the central lofty peaks, or traversed the great solitudes of the virgin forests and the romantic glens from which they rise. Even to the Japanese themselves, their very names are almost unknown, except to the hunters and the "lumbermen" of the district, and to an occasional Government surveyor or some of the bolder spirits of the Japanese Alpine Club.

Only on the outskirts is an occasional *onsen* met with, usually at a lower level than farther north, and for hundreds of square miles scarcely a human habitation is found.

As a Japanese student once remarked to Mr Oswald White in another region, "There is nothing but mountains to be seen, and scarcely anything to eat!" And yet these splendid solitudes and lofty ridges, gay with glorious Alpine flowers in the greatest variety and profusion, are within two days' journey of Kōfu (six hours from Tokyo on the Central Railway), the chief town of one of the fairest and most progressive and productive provinces in the Empire.

The three great ranges composing the main mass of these "Southern Alps" of Japan are the Akaishi on the west, the Komagatake on the east, and the Shirane in the centre. The Shirane ridge is not to be confounded with the volcanic peaks of the same name near Nikkō and Kusatsu farther north, and the title is a contraction of "Shiramine," or "White Summit"; its triple tops can be seen, when clad in the dazzling snows of winter, from a point near Yokohama railway station, shortly after the train leaves on its way to Tokyo, nearly 100 miles away as the crow flies.

My first acquaintance with this lonely region was made when exploring Akaishi-san in 1892, from the quaint, out-of-the-world *onsen* of Koshibu, at its western base. Since then the kindly grey patriarch and the bath-house he tenanted have vanished. My friend, Usui Kojima, one of the founders and most distinguished members of the Japanese Alpine Club, tells me that, ten years after my visit, my old friend, together with his family and the guests then staying at the *onsen*, was swept away by one of the terrible inundations all too common in some of these torrent-valleys of Alpine Japan. Although most of the bodies were subsequently recovered, "the poor old man's had not. . . . It is now believed that he has gone at last to the Pacific Ocean through the Tenryū Valley!"

My next visit was not paid until my return to Japan, after an absence of seven years, in 1902, when I approached the mountains from the eastern side, with the object of paying my respects to Kaigane itself, the monarch of the group. The present railway now linking Tokyo with the interior of the great province of Kōshū (known officially as the Prefecture of Yamanashi) only ran as far as Torisawa, a distance of 44 miles. The journey thither introduced me to two persons *en route*, whose behaviour somewhat contradicted certain popular fallacies of the European traveller. At Hachiōji a railway porter refused a tip; and the small child of a polite post-office shop-keeper howled with such alarming and sustained energy for an incredible period at the sight of a foreigner, that one could only assume that the writer who declared that "the flowers of Japan have no

scent, the birds never sing, and the babies never scream," must be a stone-deaf person without the sense of smell.

From Hachiōji the line traverses a tract of country of considerable beauty and interest, but as it pierces the innumerable spurs of the hills that hem in the bright waters of the Banyū-gawa, the journey suggests a slide through a gigantic flute.

Darkness had long fallen before Enkyō was reached, and the *basha* ride of 2½ miles thither from Torisawa was only achieved with much toil. The heavy rains of weeks past had reduced the road to the condition of a river-bed, and the *basha*, half a wheel deep amid the bare boulders that now mainly constituted it, was only heaved along with difficulty, and with the occasional help of gangs of labourers, whose fires by the wayside served to reveal the pitfalls for a brief space as we passed onward again into the gloom. At Enkyō I halted for the night, but the famous old "monkey bridge," which gave the once popular name "Saruhashi" to the place, had vanished, and the deep green waters of the swift Katsuragawa were now spanned by a more up-to-date, ugly, and useful bridge. Formerly it was a mere long plank supported on struts of timber ingeniously projected from the opposing walls of the ravine, and its passage was nervous work for the unpractised and unsteady, hence its suggestive title.

The next day, in the fond but foolish hope that time was to be gained thereby, I left at 7 A.M. in another *basha*—and a steady drizzle—but the 9 miles to the foot of the Sasago-tōge took three and a half hours. The Japanese *basha*, as a vehicle of loco-

motion in the hills, is a thing apart, and its use is almost always a delusion and a snare. Its usual appearance is that of a cross between a hearse and an ambulance wagon, and its behaviour on a typical country road often suggests to the passenger the probability that he will soon be a candidate for one or other of those useful but gloomy conveyances. The poor, vicious, ill-fed beast doomed to struggle in front of it is too often little better than a mere collection of bones held together by the enveloping hide. The "harness" is merely a euphemism for a miscellaneous web of ropes, straps, and string; indeed there is very little attachment, literally or figuratively, between the horse and what it drags behind it, and there is often, as has been remarked, nothing stable about it but the smell! An average day's outing in it offers exercise of a strenuous kind, such as only a person of robust health and unimpaired nerves can be recommended to indulge in. With the advent of the motor-car in the larger cities, ordinary carriages are now being driven out on to the country roads, and the native *basha* of our nightmares, like Tartarin's Tarascon stage-coach relegated to Algeria, will doubtless soon disappear into the remotest regions of the Empire.

Leaving this one without regret, I climbed the steep zigzags of the Sasago-tōge, through whose base the longest tunnel in the country was being slowly driven. From the top of the pass, 3500 ft., the whole of the fertile plain of Kōfu lay spread before me, north and west, hill-girt on every side, and traversed by the wide stony beds of the great streams that unite near Kajikazawa to form the famous Fujikawa

as it cuts its way to the Pacific, into which it empties itself close by the southern base of Fuji-san at Iwabuchi. Over lower foot-hills due westwards, the triple-topped ridge of Shirane-san raised its massive bulk, with the fine granite top of the Kōshū Komagatake, and the steeple-like peak of Hō-wō-zan, on whose summit no human being as yet had ever stood. The final obelisk itself is familiarly known to the peasants of the nearer valleys as Jizō-butsu, from its fancied resemblance to an image of Jizō, the patron divinity of mountain travellers and of little children, a fact which renders him probably the most popular in the whole of the Japanese Buddhist pantheon.

At Komakai, a hamlet near the foot of the pass, I discovered to my great surprise a stable *basha*, a horse in good condition, and a driver in good spirits, and this unique combination on a well-graded road, slightly downhill and in excellent repair, landed me in a wild rush of 4 miles in half an hour at Katsunuma, whence a horse tramway covered the remaining 10 miles to Kōfu in one and three-quarter hours. Here we were in the grape-growing district for which Kōshū is gaining a considerable reputation, and the wine produced—both red and white—is finding an increasing market in Central Japan. The early crop in August is rather acid and cheap, but the best and sweetest come on in late September. One of the *meibutsu* ("speciality") of Kōfu is a sweet known as *tsuki no shizuku* ("moon-drops"), which consists of ripe black grapes covered with an icing of sugar.

The tram ride to Kōfu from Katsunuma was disturbed by the abrupt disappearance of two mild-eyed fellow-passengers who proved to be plain-clothes

detectives on the track of the assassin of a police constable murdered just before we left the village.

Excellent quarters welcomed one at an old haunt, the Yonekura Inn, and from the Kairotei, a semi-European restaurant near by, I was provided, as of old, with excellent *chikkin-katsuretsu* and a delicious jam pancake (sometimes cruelly misrepresented on the menu under the title "sweat omelette!"). There were a certain quantity of mosquitoes on the wing, but the only real "fly in the ointment" was the presence of a number of Chinese silk merchants whose noisy and arrogant behaviour offered a striking contrast to the courtesy and self-restraint of their hosts.

Kōfu, the capital of the old province of Kōshū (now known as Yamanashi Ken), is in many respects the most interesting of all the great country towns of inland Japan. It deserves more than a passing reference. It lies in the middle of a great and fertile plain said to be the bed of an ancient lake, of which traces are still to be found. It is mountain-girt on nearly every side, and watered by the network of clear streams that unite to form the swift Fujikawa. In the summer-time their shallow waters fill but narrow channels, though the broad stretches of dazzling granite boulders tell other tales of the widespread inundations that form one of the most frequent and dreaded scourges of these mountain regions. The principal popular religious festival of the year itself is of a propitiatory character, when on 15th April the aid of the Goddess of the Fuefuki-gawa (the main affluent of the Fujikawa, which it enters near Kajikazawa) is invoked against the

inevitable floods. Although the disasters wrought by earthquakes appeal more to the popular imagination, in reality the damage done by floods is far more serious both to life and property. For this the Japanese are themselves partly to blame, owing to their reckless denudation of the wooded area in the hills. The immense quantities of sand and gravel, etc., brought down the now naked slopes by heavy rains, have so raised many of the river-beds that they are often higher than the surrounding land-levels.

The swiftest river in Japan, the Tenryū, was at one time nearly the most destructive, but since the hills of the head-waters near Lake Suwa were reafforested the damage has considerably decreased.

Official statistics show that the dreadful inundations of the summer of 1896 in Central Japan, the most serious for many years, caused damage estimated at over £13,000,000, while, during the thirty-five years ending 1910, the total loss of life was 23,677.[1]

Forestry laws with the object of regulating the head-waters of some of the most turbulent mountain torrents are now being elaborated, and the Government is planning riparian improvements to the extent of some £2,000,000 a year. As far back as 720 A.D., we are told by an old local geography (Kai-kokushi), Gyōgi" Bosatsu, a famous Korean Buddhist priest, is said to have built bridges and dug a canal by which the waters of the ancient lake now occupied by the Kōfu plain found an outlet in the channel of the Fujikawa. Like Kōbō-Daishi, he is one of the great wonder-workers of ancient times, and the

[1] *The Japan Year Book* (1916), p. 329.

influence of Buddhism on Japanese art is well illustrated by the fact that Gyōgi not only is credited with the invention of the earthenware called after him (*Gyōgi-yaki*), but also with the amalgamation of Buddhism and Shintō, known as Ryō-bu ("both kinds").[1]

In the middle of the sixteenth century Kōfu was noted as the seat of the mighty warrior Takeda Shingen, the site of whose ancient castle keep occupies a commanding position near the present railway station. His body rests in the temple of Eirinji, near the foot of the Karisaka-tōge (north-east of Kōfu). At Kamagawa, a village beyond Eirinji, the local innkeeper was one of the last to abandon the time-honoured custom of charging his guests but one fixed price for their *saké*, no matter what quantity they consumed!

In some other commercial ventures, however, this region is more "progressive," for it is the centre of one of the most famous silk-producing districts in the Empire, and filatures and factories now rise on all hands. Their unsightly stove-pipe chimneys belch forth their thick smoke to the defilement of the clear mountain air in some of the most charming spots close to Lake Suwa, north-west of Kōfu, and the conditions under which the swarms of operatives, mainly young girls, now exist are a serious reproach to the "civilisation" of modern Japan. Nearly twenty years ago "Murray" told us that their working-hours were "from 5 A.M. to 8 and sometimes 11 P.M., without any interval for meals or any Sunday rest. This goes on all the year round, with the exception of a

[1] Murray's *Handbook to Japan* (1913), p. 72.

couple of months in winter . . . the workers appear healthy and contented!"[1]

Kaigane (locally known sometimes as Kitadake, *i.e.* "northern peak," from its position at the north end of the great Shirane ridge) lies exactly due west of Kōfu, and the nearest human habitations to its foot are found at the hamlet of Ashiyasu, some 13 miles distant. The first 9 miles passes over the broad boulder-strewn beds of the Arakawa and Kamanashi-gawa, to the cluster of houses called Arino, where a charming little inn, the Suruga-ya, offered welcome rest and shade for an early lunch. Here, on the edge of a clear pool below the verandah, irises bloomed, and the stillness of its water was only disturbed by the occasional leap of the carp which dwelt within. On the rocky banks, crimson azaleas lighted the cool shade, and above all, though far beyond, the distant hills that southwards ringed the Kōfu plain, the stately cone of Fuji rose in the clear air, forming, indeed, an apparently natural and integral crown to the exquisite little landscape at one's feet whose extent was actually no more than a dozen yards in either direction. Good food was provided, and no more charming spot for a nooning could be had on the outskirts of this sun-scorched plain. I very reluctantly bade my *sayōnara* to it, and with a willing coolie marched towards the natural gateway in the western hills from which the broad pebbly bed of the Midai-gawa (locally known as Chokushi-gawa) carries its summer waters

[1] Since then, remedial legislation has been frequently promised, but little actual reform has been effected. (Cf. *Japan Year Book*, 1916, chap. xii., on "Labour Problems.")

to the Fujikawa in but a shallow stream. The foothills on the right bank, densely clad, are gay with lilies of various kinds, and a bright *Dianthus superbus* abounds, while on a low spur stands an isolation hospital, now happily closed through lack of patients, near the hamlet of Komaba. Farther up, on the left bank of the romantic ravine, at 2200 ft., the scattered chalets of Ashiyasu cling with difficulty to the steep and broken ledges that overhang the wild torrent bed. It is a picturesque spot indeed, but distance was kind to its most striking features, which could neither be properly photographed nor adequately described—their odours and their squalor. Growing familiarity on subsequent visits led one to cease to feel surprise either at anything one saw or smelt. And yet all was redeemed by the charming courtesy of the kindly *sonchō* (village headman), Natori Unyichi, who received a total stranger and alien as a long-looked-for friend. He put the whole resources of his homestead at my disposal, albeit the cottage was one that had never sheltered a "foreigner," and was wholly ignorant of his weird and unaccountable ways.

"My accommodation is so disgustingly filthy, it is abominably rude of me to offer it to you," was the formal reply to my request for shelter, though the *sonchō's* solid, heavily-thatched, and spacious house happily belied his depreciatory description. Practically nothing was known about the actual line of ascent of the peak of Kaigane, he added, but he would give me all the help he could. This duly appeared in the arrival at intervals of a trio of local hunters, who came to be introduced to me and to pay their

respects. Masao, a sturdy lad of nineteen, who proved to be a skilful fisherman; Shimidzu "Oji-san," a quaint individual of sixty-one, whose odd dialect and dry humour afforded much amusement; and finally, Shimidzu Chokichi, an overgrown boy of forty-four, with the agility of a monkey, a frame of steel, and the heart of a child. The *sonchō* settled their pay at $1 (2s.) a day, and well they earned it and much more, and we became great friends. At 6.30 A.M. the next day we were up and off; the men carried the baggage on wooden frames familiar in the Swiss Alps, and known here, from their appearance, as *yasemma* ("scraggy horse"). A thunderstorm overnight had left a cloudless sky, and the shadeless scramble of the first five hours westwards, with a fierce sun beating on our backs, made one fervently wish the earth would for the time being take to revolving in the opposite direction. As we left the last human habitations a motley crowd of jostling, wild-eyed, and dirty, but polite little boys and girls, the whole strength of the juvenile population, collected for a parting stare. They were not annoying and their curiosity was pardonable, for they had never seen a *gwaikokujin-san* (a "Mr Outside-Countries Man") before in their little lives. As we passed the village shrine of Kutsuzawa, perched on a little headland high above the torrent-bed of the Kanayama-zawa, my men begged permission to go and pray for guidance and protection on our climb, just as my Alpine guides had done a dozen years before on the way from Zermatt to the Matterhorn. The *kannushi* of the shrine, a consumptive-looking but most civil person,

brought me cakes and tea, although his surprise at the proffered *chadai* ("tea money") was as great as it was sincere. With all the dirt and want of so-called civilisation in these remote valleys, there is a delightful and kindly simplicity that constitutes one of the chief charms of unfamiliar Japan. Sometimes one comes across *waraji* (straw sandals) hung up outside a cottage door for sale, with a section of bamboo to receive the farthing or so the wayfarer is expected to pay before passing on fresh-shod.

Our route now crossed the floor of a deep valley, Nagakare-zawa, which thrusts itself up into the heart of the mass of densely-wooded hills that really form the southern buttresses of the Hō-wō-zan ridge. It rises above the thinly cultivated slopes across the valley, and climbs north-west up to the crest of the ridge at about 6000 ft. Just below this point, a cold spring of crystal clearness, well called *Shimidzu-Gongen* ("the Living-Water Divinity"), invited a halt, and close by a feast of wild raspberries of enormous size (*kuma-ichigō—Rubus morifolius*) prolonged it. Once on the ridge a glorious prospect unfolds itself. The spot is known as Kariyasu-tōge, from the abundance of *kariyasu* grass (*Miscanthus tinctorius*) growing here. Eastwards lies the hill-girt Kōfu plain, spread out like a great relief-map, with its network of broad white river-beds all converging towards the Fujikawa, while, dominating all else, the splendid purple cone of Fuji rears its massive bulk, seamed with long gullies filled with snow.

As we toiled up the ridge of slippery granite, the three great peaks of Shirane-san rose on our

left (west) beyond the deep dark cleft of the glen of the Norokawa, whose subdued roar only served to enhance the silence and the solitude. Pushing on through coarse bamboo grass (*sasa*) and stunted firs we gained the top of the Tsuetate-tōgé (7200 ft.), where, in a little clearing, three tiny shrines marked the summit which, my hunters told me, was called *Oni-yama* ("Devils' Hill"). Undeterred, however, by any such sinister associations, they at once lay down, wriggled from under their loads, and were asleep in a moment—a rest well earned after five hours of sun-smitten yet cheerful toil.

From here a rough descent of 3000 ft. north-west diagonally across the folds of the main Hō-wō-zan ridge took us into the valley of the Norokawa. A good deal of the four hours occupied was spent in needed halts, mainly for the sake of the *Oji-san*, the patriarch of the party, for the angle was extraordinarily steep, and the broken rocks and twisted tree-roots made exasperatingly slippery going. Sometimes we had recourse to the precipitous bed of a dried-up mountain torrent, which was still worse, while farther on an enormous landslip showed where, as a negro C.P.R. conductor once remarked, "a good deal of the scenery had come down." Scrambling, slipping, glissading, we eventually emerged from the dense forest, and at 4.45 P.M. we forded the Norokawa at 4100 ft. to its right bank, and applied ourselves to the most strenuous work of the day. This consisted of nearly four hours' struggle to gain 1300 ft., hewing a way through the dense undergrowth on the margin of the roaring torrent, or scrambling across the rock faces and over the smooth boulders that

hemmed it in. At seven o'clock darkness suddenly fell, and only the starlight remained to help us. The position for a moment looked serious, but the lucky discovery, in my rücksack, of a folding Alpine lantern, faithful friend of many climbs, dispelled the gloom, and with spirits revived anew we pressed on. With a combination of luck and care we somehow managed to ford the swirling waters, at times waist deep, and to perform undreamed-of acrobatic feats on broken rocks, where only the darkness mercifully half concealed the sure consequences of likely slips as we crossed from side to side. At 8.30 P.M., fourteen hours from the start, we stumbled through the dense tangle of thorny undergrowth on the left bank, into a little clearing a dozen yards square, and found ourselves at the Hirokawa hut, 5500 ft., at the *fumoto* ("mountain-foot") of Kaigane itself. This was a rough shelter of cryptomeria and birch bark some 20 ft. long and 8 square, used by the woodcutters or hunters of the valley, its sole human tenants from year to year. Its main purpose was explained by the bundles of thin strips of *hinoki* (*Chamœcyparis obtusa*) wood which lay about, cut here for convenience of transportation to the plains, where they are used for the *shaku* (wooden dippers), etc., so familiar in Japanese homes. Besides the saws, knives, and whetstones, an iron cauldron, a piece of coarse matting, and a chamois-skin formed the sole furniture of the hut. A cheerful fire of pine-logs was soon crackling in a corner of the hut, and in its glowing embers half a score of excellent trout I had bought from a passing fisherman earlier in the day were broiled for the common meal. Wakened to fresh

activity by the new warmth, after a long fast, innumerable fleas now made their invisible presence felt, for their happiest home is always found in the soft cushion of shavings that floors these huts. The great drawback of these romantic bivouacs is all too often those trials that result from a reversion of the old proverb, since it is the strange bedfellows that make one thus acquainted with misery. The only protection (and the point deserves emphasis) is a light sleeping-bag that can be tied up at the top, a large sheet of oiled paper, the smell of which "they" dislike even more than does oneself, and copious libations of "Keating" for the permanent satisfaction of their hunger.

A sound sleep was followed by an "off" day, spent in fishing and *shaku*-making by the men, while I bathed, read, wrote, and did much-needed clothes-mending. The torrent in its clear granite-paved bed abounds in excellent trout (*yamame*), usually half a pound or so in weight, and wild raspberries provide delicious dessert.

Overnight I carefully explained to Shimidzu Chokichi how to call me at 4 A.M. by my watch, entrusted to his care, but it was still dark when with an apologetic voice he roused me, with the consciousness of a disagreeable duty duly fulfilled, and handed it back to me—at 2.45! However, at the first paling of the dawn we were ready to start, but the *oji-san* had to be left behind, unequal as he was to the strenuous climb, of quite uncertain length but of very certain severity, in store.

At 4.40 A.M., with Masao and Chokichi, as lightly

laden as possible, I moved up-stream for some 200 yards until we found a ford at its shallowest, though widest, part. Here we got our first clear view of our peak and the general direction of our approach to it.

Due west, as we looked across the valley, a deep ravine, which my men called Ō-kamba-dani ("the ravine of the giant birches") from the magnificent forest of these noble trees which here abound, runs up from the bed of the Norokawa, clear into the very heart of Kaigane. The lower half of the ravine forms the channel of a wild torrent born in the snows that fill an enormous gully, losing itself higher up in the precipices of the eastern face of the mountain for whose grey, triangular top we were now bound.

In answer to my query as to the chances of making the ascent by the snows and cliffs of the Ō-kamba-dani, Masao and Chokichi laughed an unqualified negative. "Without wings it would be impossible"—but we little realised what necessity can compel when tested to the full. For the first hour we scrambled up a slippery staircase of tangled tree-roots and the broken torrent-beds that seam the mountain-side. Suddenly, at 6500 ft. in the forest shade, we lighted upon the rotting, shattered timbers of a tiny shrine, erected some thirty years before by the father of Natori Unyichi for the worship of the spirit of the mountain. Here came, in times of drought in the valleys, the deputations of hunters sent to perform *amagoi*[1] ("intercessions for rain"). Now, however, owing to the efforts

[1] Cf. *Japanese Alps*, p. 160.

of an energetic meteorological department and improved methods of irrigation, etc., the cult is falling into disuse, and, in sympathy, the little shrine itself is sinking into final decay. Beyond it all signs of a track had disappeared, the slopes steepened, and for several hours we had literally to fight and hew our way through the dense tangle of undergrowth, and over the decaying remains of a fallen forest of splendid birch, many of the trunks measuring 8 or 9 ft. in girth. The final obstacle to surmount was a broad belt of *haimatsu* (creeping-pine) of extraordinary size, and so dense and impenetrable that we were compelled to climb from branch to branch over it before landing on the bare rock of the northern arête in which the great buttress merges itself. Here we found ourselves in a fresher, freer air, and after a short halt for lunch, turned due south along the narrow rock ridge leading to the summit. In every sheltered nook bloomed Alpine flowers of every kind and hue: above all a glorious columbine (*Aquilegia Akitensis*) of regal beauty, and, on the actual summit itself, a bright little *Potentilla gelida*, always the highest representative of the floral world of Alpine Japan. We were on the top exactly by 11 A.M., but, alas, too late for the magnificent prospect which its height (10,470 ft.) and position afford. Too often, unless one is on these lofty bellevues by nine or ten o'clock on summer climbs, it is a case of "viewing the mist and missing the view." Two years later I arrived two hours earlier and then realised what "missing" had meant. The highest point was marked by a little ruined shrine enclosed in a cairn and containing a tiny

T. Hoshino, Phot.]

Kōshū Shirane (Kaigane, 10,470 ft., on right).

[To face p. 82.

wooden sword, the votive offering of some solitary hunter, and inscribed with his name. Our prospect was mainly confined to the summit ridge of Kaigane itself, and the slopes that fell away on either hand. Northwards the arête descended to the sources of the Norokawa, which makes a complete semi-circular bend round the base of the mountain. On the east drop the splendid cliffs containing the Ō-kamba-dani, while the western flank slopes less abruptly to the valley holding the Tashiro-gawa, the head-waters of the Ōi-gawa, which enter the Pacific some 17 miles west of Shidzuoka on the Tōkaidō railway.

The Ōi-gawa is noted for the swiftness of its current, for though the actual stream is normally only 50 yards or so in width, the river-bed is nearly a mile broad, a testimony to the volume of water sent down by the melting of the winter snows and the heavy rains of autumn storms. Before the present long bridge was constructed, the use of ferry boats being interdicted on account of the swiftness of the stream, Tōkaidō travellers in former days were carried by sturdy coolies on little barrow-shaped platforms called *ren-dai*. This was a familiar subject in old colour prints, which usually show the coolies choosing the most sensational spots for the crossing, with a view to suitably increased tips from their alarmed but grateful passengers.

We left the top at 11.30, and for half an hour retraced our steps down the north arête. Then the trouble began.

A number of absurdly tame ptarmigan (*rai-chō*, "thunder-bird") got up in the rocks and creeping-

pine on the western side of the arête, and a wild chase soon added half a dozen to my companions' store of food. The bird is highly valued as food, and its picture is often pasted up in peasants' cottages as an effective charm against lightning-stroke. Before we could regain the ridge, however, dense clouds rolled up and blotted out all our landmarks from view. We then evidently recrossed the ridge, and began to descend, too near the summit. It afforded a disagreeably pertinent illustration of the popular proverb, "*Shika wo ou ryoshi wa yama wo mizu*" ("The hunter chasing the deer doesn't look at the mountain"). My hunters looked at the mountain, then at each other, and their faces fell. They were hopelessly lost and knew it—and the fact took all the "go" out of them, cheerful, strong, and willing though they were. I therefore had to take the lead myself, and we soon found we were descending the 2000 ft. of rock wall above the Ō-kamba-dani. This was formed by a number of converging gullies, separated by rocky ribs but meeting at the actual head of the ravine. The upper rocks at the top were nearly vertical, but we managed to traverse diagonally to a lower point less steep. The work was by far the hardest I had as yet met with in my Japanese scrambles, but Chokichi and Masao, as soon as they had someone to lead them, climbed like monkeys, and I once more realised the immense advantage of *waraji* over hobnailed boots on steep and smooth rocks. After nearly four hours of hard work the angle eased off a little, the cloud-curtain thinned, and through the dissolving lower fringes we saw, far below, the gleaming snow that filled the main gully

of our ravine. A grin of satisfaction wreathed Masao's stolid features, and a cry of relief broke from Chokichi, "*Go anshin nasai*" ("Be at your august ease"). We had had no food for five hours, and the strain had been severe, so we promptly sat down and ate heartily. Once on the snow, I found that as to foot-gear I at last had the upper hand, and while my hunters picked their way, however nimbly, down the rocks at the side of the gully, I was able to enjoy delightful glissades. This at length died away in the huge boulders of the torrent to which it gave birth, and, with the tension of uncertainty as to our route relaxed, tiredness began to tell us we had been going hard nearly fourteen hours. Daylight dies suddenly and young in these deep valleys of Alpine Japan, and in the short dusk we had to strain every effort to get clear of the torrent. Struggles through the thorny bushes and interlacing creepers on either bank were varied by a stumbling and devious course, as we leaped from boulder to boulder in the roaring waters, whose volume grew as they were fed by other streams. Our race against time, however, proved a losing one. The growing darkness made progress, for me, dangerous as well as difficult, and I decided to stay where I was. Masao I sent down alone to ease the mind of the *oji-san* at the Hirokawa hut, while Chokichi and I prepared a bivouac under the friendly shelter of a huge wedge of rock a few yards from the torrent's brink. Chokichi cleverly contrived a screen of alder branches to ward off the cool night breeze, and within five minutes of striking the match a cheerful fire of pine-branches was blazing steadily.

While I boiled a soul-satisfying brew of cocoa in an empty biscuit tin, my companion made my bed for the night on a thick mattress of aromatic leaves. Presently the stars came out, with a brilliancy unknown in our more northern latitudes, and the moon rose in dazzling splendour from behind the serrated ridge of Hō-wō-zan beyond the Norokawa, and sailed slowly across the band of blue-black sky that roofed in the great ravine. The dancing firelight played on Chokichi's honest, kindly face, and threw into deeper relief the black darkness beyond him. He and I have shared many a bivouac since then on mountain-sides and in these lonely valleys, but that night alone with him in the majestic solitude of the Ō-kamba-dani sealed a companionship of which his untiring devotion to one's smallest interests and comfort will always remain a valued memory. A sound slumber needed no wooing, and for me was only broken when at intervals the flames died down and the onset of cold woke me to find Chokichi heaping on fresh logs with assiduous care.

The next morning found us on the move at seven o'clock, and an hour's struggle through the horrid forest tangle that hemmed in the torrent took us down to the Norokawa, which we forded close to the hut, greatly to the joy of the *oji-san* waiting anxiously for our return to its friendly shelter. Then followed a day of delightful laziness—fishing, bathing, sleeping, reading—the *Spectator* was never devoured with more eager appetite than in that secluded glen. Another glorious day greeted us as we left our hut, not wholly willingly, at 5 A.M., for a march of eleven hours back

to the primitive squalor, the appalling smells, and the simple friendliness of the good folk of Ashiyasu. The courteous welcome of the *sonchō* and his household made up for many minor drawbacks, and one felt one could always count on returning as a friend.

Later on, news of the expedition got into the Kōfu papers, and considerable kindly interest was shown in our experiences.

After a family photograph at the *sonchō's* front door of Natori San, his wife, and five charming children, and amid a chorus of polite farewells, "please deign to come back another time," I took a regretful leave. A steady trudge of 14 miles to Kajikazawa in the growing heat of the sun-smitten Kōfu plain set one longing for the cool springs and shining snows of Kaigane again. To the normal inflictions, at the busy inn on the banks of the Fujikawa, of heat, smells, fleas, and mosquitoes, were now added the crowning miseries of noisy neighbours. A violent quarrel over a bargain, in which the leading argument was taken by a woman of repulsive appearance and raucous voice, was sustained till midnight, and resumed with undiminished vigour at 3 A.M. An hour later I found myself on the little landing-stage on the river-bank, where Chokichi and Masao committed me to the care of my boat's crew, three men and a sturdy little lad, with touching solicitude. For the 50 miles' journey down the rapids to the Tokaidō at Iwabuchi I paid 5 yen (10s.), and at 5.30 A.M. we pushed off. The boat was just under way when the farewells of my hunters were suddenly interrupted, and the throng of curious sightseers was cleft in twain by a breathless individual who sprinted down

to the bank and leaped on board. At first I took him for an extra boatman engaged for the sake of speed, but it subsequently transpired he was a relative of the captain of the craft, who had begged a passage at my expense. However, he slept nearly all the way and served as needed ballast. I had left the inn without my breakfast, but made good the omission at frequent intervals in the most delightful surroundings during the six and a half hours occupied in the voyage to the sea. Near the old *Tsuribashi* ("hanging bridge") we passed some curious hexagonal columns of andesite, which, as the steersman remarked, looked like nothing so much as a pile of petrified railway-sleepers up-ended on the river's right bank. Iwabuchi was reached at noon, and by one o'clock I was in the up-train to Yokohama, my expedition to Kaigane an accomplished fact as the first-fruits of a new harvest of delight in the splendid solitudes where nature is almost virgin, and where the human interest affords a fascination and a study as novel as it is unspoilt.

CHAPTER VI

EXPLORATION IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS OF JAPAN

(II.) *The Hayakawa Valley and the Kōshū Komagatake.*

THERE is a popular impression, widely prevalent to-day, that the traveller bound for Japan in search of the primitive and the picturesque, which are there to be found combined to a degree unknown in any other country so easy of access, unless he hurries quickly thither, is likely to find his opportunities vanished and his quest proved a fool's errand. And yet, happily, there are still to be found, by those who know where to seek them, not forty-eight hours distant from the very heart of the Empire itself, remote and lonely valleys whose old-world ways, quaint superstitions, and primitive institutions almost compel the belief that one has, in less than two days' journey from Tokyo, executed, as it were, a leap backward from the twentieth century to the tenth. The most accessible of such solitudes, perhaps, is the valley of the Hayakawa. Its head-waters rise, as the Norokawa, on the northern flanks of the Shirane-san, of Kōshū, and after sweeping round its eastern base, finally lose themselves in the Fujikawa near Minobu. It is on the splendid cryptomeria-clad

hillside here that one finds the gorgeous shrine which forms the last resting-place of most, at least, of the remains of the saint Nichiren, founder of the most popular and fanatical of all the Buddhist sects, the Hokke-shū. The great temple of Ikegami, near Tokyo, is said to contain one of his teeth and the ashes of his funeral pyre, for there he died and was cremated in A.D. 1282.

The first European visitor to the Hayakawa valley seems to have been my friend Basil Hall Chamberlain, who, in 1881, started from Minobu and traversed it, up-stream, to the Narada-tōge, which he crossed to Ashiyasu. In the same year, Sir Ernest Satow ascended from Narada the lower peaks of the Shirane range. Thirteen years later part of this route was taken by Mr J. Archer of Kōbe, who, however, descended the valley from the direction of the Norokawa ravine, without touching the Narada-tōge at all, but no details of his journey reached me until long after my own expedition had become a delightful memory of the past.

When, in the spring of 1903, I traversed the Chamberlain route, with slight variations and in the opposite direction, I found that nearly a quarter of a century had wrought little or no change, either in the aspect of nature or the habits of man.

The month of May is in Japan perhaps the most enticing of all for such a journey; for though one often has to suffer the infliction of a two days' downpour, there is no sunshine like that which invariably follows. With my friend John Kennaway, I retraced my steps of the previous summer, from Tokyo to Kōfu, and for the first time went through the Sasago-

tōge tunnel, the longest in Japan, whose 3 miles were traversed in less than eight minutes. An advantage of this lies in the dramatic suddenness of the transition from the narrow, secluded ravine on the east to the spacious brightness and busy activities of the Kōfu plain beyond. The white crest of Fuji gleamed in the dying sunlight high above the rim of the encircling hills to the south, and as we crossed the widening plain towards the setting sun, the great serrated ridge of Shirane raised its triple snow-clad pyramids beyond the sombre purple of a lower range. A kindly welcome greeted us on our arrival at the Yonekura Inn once more, and we halted the next day at Arino for our noontide rest, amid the quiet charms and friendly attentions of the little Suruga-ya, with its carp-pond fringed with white and pink azaleas and the scented shade of the splendid wistaria now in the perfection of their beauty. Shimidzu Chokichi was again with me, for he had come to meet us at Kōfu, and piloted us to the newly-built *yakuba* (office) and village store of the enterprising *sonchō* of Ashiyasu, my kind host of the previous year. A still further proof of his energy and public spirit met us the following morning as we left the scattered hamlet and dropped down into the rocky defile of Nodo-no-kuchi, where he had erected a bath-house known now as Iwami-onsen. Tepid water, impregnated with iron, issues from a hole in the face of a tall cliff and is conveyed by a bamboo-pipe into artificially heated tanks where there resort the older folk of the adjoining villages lower down the valley. Crossing a spur on the left bank of the torrent—the source of the Midai-gawa — we bore southwards,

and an hour and a half from Ashiyasu we came upon yet another mineral spring, whose waters, strong in alum and iron, are held to be of healing virtue for the eyes. This was spoken of by Chokichi with much respect, and is said to have been discovered by one Suzuki Minosuke, a local celebrity now travelling in India for purposes of "scientific investigation." Our way now lay up a wild and gloomy defile, the Ide-zawa, and where they could find a footing on its precipitous walls, bright splashes of vivid pink azalea in their green leafage afforded a striking contrast to the beds of avalanche snow that here and there sloped downwards to the floor of the glen. The Narada-tōge (5100 ft.) we only gained with strenuous effort of lung and limb, for the zigzags, where any track existed, were the steepest I had yet climbed in Japanese hills. The only sound that broke the silence, except the low murmur of the far-off torrent beyond the pass, was the low coo of an occasional wood-pigeon, until just below the crest of the ridge we were startled by the faint accents of a human voice. Soon we were greeted by the sight of a half-score of young girls laden with bales of charcoal, planks of timber, and bundles of small blocks of wood, to be shaped into *geta* (wooden clogs). Looking down from the top of the pass into the wild valley below, we caught sight through the dense forest of other toilers struggling up under their cruel burdens. One of these, a consumptive-looking child, no more than sixteen, let me sit down and shoulder her load. It was no easy matter to rise under the great bundle and to get going up the steep hillside. Doubtless knack as well as strength is needed, but for such

slight, poorly-nurtured young creatures 100 lb. seemed a far too heavy burden to bear on such a path as that. Near the foot of the pass we lighted on an encampment of charcoal-burners, one of whom proved to be Masao, the sturdy young porter who was with me on Kaigane-san last year. After a halt for lunch we pushed on at 12.30 for Narada, and the next hour proved the most trying of the whole journey. All traces of a path were frequently obliterated by huge landslides, and on the slippery broken rocks hobnails were worse than useless. The torrent had to be crossed repeatedly, and no view was to be had. The situation was adequately described in the terms of the *Guide on Hakone* already quoted: "For the most part, the celebrated places preserve mostly in steep and unapproachable points as in precipices or valleys. . . . Owing to toilsome ascent, many difficulties must be endured by travellers. The result of toleration is pleasure."

At last we struggled out of the torrent-bed, mounted a steep spur on the left bank, and crossed the face of a landslide which seemed to lie at the maximum "angle of repose," and where peace of mind for the wayfarer was offered by long creepers twisted into ropes in case of a slip. In the forest here I found quantities of pale *Schizocodon soldanelloides*, and was told that later on and lower down it reappeared pink. Soon after two o'clock we descended into the bed of the Hayakawa proper, for hitherto we had been following a tributary. The prospect now completely changes and entirely compensates for the drawbacks of the earlier toil. The main stream, up to a point known as the Norokawa,

cuts its way through a deep cleft whose rocky walls rise sheer above the clear green waters that well deserve their title Hayakawa ("the rushing river"). Soon these had to be forded, which was successfully achieved on Shimidzu Chokichi's broad back. The way he stepped gaily, in water up to the waist, from boulder to boulder, for a distance of 150 yards diagonally across the torrent, under Kennaway's solid twelve and a half stone (to say nothing of the boots) was a treat to witness, and Chokichi's own enjoyment was only second to our admiration. Further on we had to cross a *tsuri-bashi* ("hanging-bridge"), which consisted of strands of iron wire and creepers on which were laid lengths of wooden planking, 8 or 10 in. wide, with a hand-rail of wire stretched a couple of feet or so above. It was an odd sensation to find oneself moving along a narrow causeway, not a foot in breadth, with a swift, swirling torrent some 70 or 80 ft. below. The fragile structure sways cheerfully from side to side, and dips and rises with every step. The best—at least the most amusing—plan is to go over first oneself, alone, since one's own movements are thus the more secure and those of the other man subsequently the more entertaining. It is then the easier to appreciate the title by which the more primitive forms of these bridges were formerly known—*mannem-bashi* ("the bridge of ten thousand years").

By 3.15 P.M., after eight hours of leisurely going from Ashiyasu, we found ourselves at Narada, and for the third or fourth time only in his existence did the "oldest inhabitant" look upon the face of an "outside countries man." All the inhabitants own

the one common name Fukazawa, and rarely is marriage made with those of other villages. As we sat on the verandah of the headman's cottage, we made tea in the presence of a dirty, unkempt crowd, who closely examined ourselves, our belongings, and our actions with eager, wild-eyed curiosity. The article that excited most interest was my camera, proclaimed by the knowing ones to be a telescope.

After tea we were taken to view the wonders of Narada, for these folk regard themselves as unique in their possessions as others consider them in their habits. A grove of great cryptomeria on the hillside shelters the shrine of Nara-Ō, a princess who "once upon a time" visited the spot and gave it a name and a title to fame by the bestowal of many rare objects of beauty and utility. Of these gifts Narada is amazingly proud, the chief of them being styled *Narada no nana fushigi* ("the Seven Wonders of Narada"), and doubtless, in the estimation of the numerous Fukazawa family, of the whole world. They were described to me as follows:—

1. *Kataha no ashi*, a flag whose leaves all spring from the same side of the stem.

2. A pair of *karasu* (crows)—never more nor less. When the Princess first arrived she brought a pair with her, and the number has never varied!

3. *Sentaku-ike*, a tiny pool whose waters possess magic cleansing powers for washing purposes.

4. *Binrōji-ike* ("betel-nut pond"); articles of clothing embedded in the mud at the bottom

take on the fine black dye known as *binrōji-some.*

5. *Shiwo-ike* ("salt pool"). Until the coming of Nara-Ō salt was unknown in Narada, but in these waters vegetables can both be boiled and salted at once.

6. *Go-ō-sui* ("The August Princess's Water"): a spring with healing virtues of many kinds, particularly in disorders of the "department of the interior."

7. The last, and all-embracing, marvel of Narada is, that the Princess ever came there at all!

Near the shrine of Nara-Ō, a track turns off eastwards to Kajikazawa and Kōfu, and offers an alternative route to those who prefer to avoid the more toilsome and disagreeable passage of the Narada-tōge.

At 4 P.M. the rain came down, and we hurried on towards our night's resting-place at a primitive *onsen,* lying high up on the left bank of a wild ravine an hour down the valley. In the dimness of the pouring rain we saw the smoke and steam of two bath-houses struggling upwards, and soon the sulphur-fumes told us the nature of the hidden springs. Our arrival created a great sensation, for we were the first foreigners, we were afterwards told, to apply for a night's lodging, and soon we became objects of unbounded curiosity both to our hosts and to the motley crowd of chattering bathers of both sexes who sat soaking in the great tank at the entrance to the building. This *onsen* represented the lowest

level of the many primitive establishments of its class I had yet visited, but then the patrons are poor and not exacting in their demands. As we mounted up creaking stairs to the best room available, our hearts sank a little; dirty *futon* (cotton bed-quilts), the paper hanging in discoloured shreds from damp plaster walls, and *fusuma* (sliding screens), with the wind and rain driving against the tattered *shōji*, all combined to render the outlook the reverse of attractive. However, "any port in a storm," and after retiring to drown the thought of our prospective discomforts in the sulphurous waters of the *onsen*, in the company of a score of companions of all ages and both sexes, we returned to the present enjoyment of a feast of delicious trout (for ten of which we had paid a chance fisherman less than twopence each), a dish of eggs and bacon of our own, and cocoa galore, for indeed the resources of the *yuba* were very slender for healthy appetites. The *futon* were few as well as filthy, but fortunately flealess, and in spite of draughts within and half a gale with torrents of rain without, we slept in comparative comfort. The next morning, May 14th, weather conditions, like the bath-house, were still badly in need of mending, and forbade a start till 10.30 A.M. A mile down the river a track climbs up a little lateral valley on the left bank, and in some 20 miles reaches Kajikazawa over the Nanatsu-tōge.

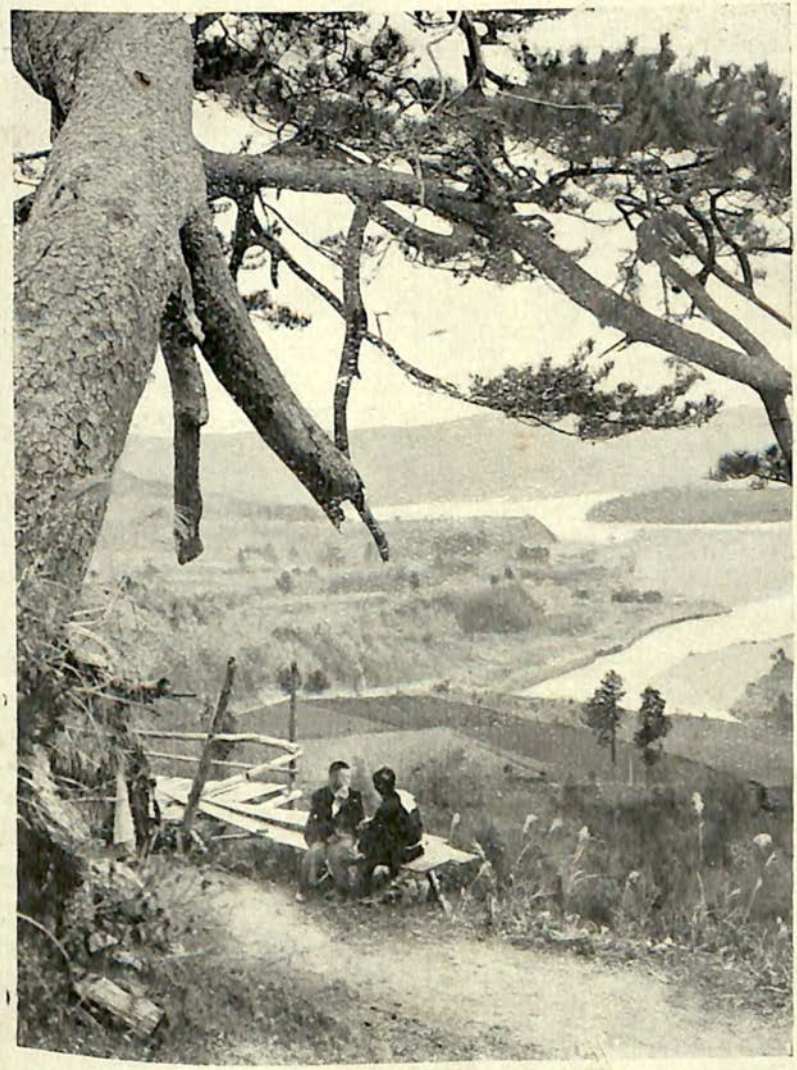
On this part of the Hayakawa "placer" gold is worked, and at a wayside cottage where we sheltered, in the hamlet of Arakura, the owner showed us specimens with no little pride.

The track from time to time descends to the river-

bed, or rises to cross the buttress of some great intervening spur at a height of 1500 ft. or more. Near Arakura a faint trace still remained of the old track that once led from the right bank over the Denzukutōge to the head-waters of the Tashirogawa, and then across the northern ridge of the Akaishi-san range into Shinshū, near Wazō, a few miles north of the old *onsen* of Koshibu-no-yu from which I made the first ascent of that fine peak in bygone days. It traverses a wild and lonely region, and involves work of the roughest kind. The finest scenery in the whole of the Hayakawa valley meets us on either side of Arakura, particularly on the north, where a wire *tsuri-bashi*, some 200 ft. in length, crosses a romantic glen at a height of 50 ft. above the swift, full stream. Farther down came another bridge of two spans and more than twice as long, and the narrow wooden planks, wet and slippery with the falling rain, gave to us who wore hobnailed boots a disagreeable sense of insecurity.

The hills now began to recede for a while, and in place of the taller trees came plantations of *Papyrus Edgworthia* and tobacco. Our day's journey ended at 5.45, as we neared Hō-mura, one of the most charming spots of the route, where a miniature Gibraltar rose boldly above the river beyond a wild glen crossed by a *mannem-bashi* of a particularly shaky kind. Decent night quarters were found at the Hoshimi-ya at Hō-mura, and at last we knew we were on the tracks of "civilisation" by reason of prices thrice those of less frequented spots.

We learned that a party of Germans from Yokohama had reached this point some years before from



The Fujikawa.

[*To face p.* 98.

the valley of the Fujikawa, and by all accounts their behaviour was such as to justify the subsequent imposition of almost any charges the landlord might have thought fit to demand.

Truly it is the march of "kultur" such as theirs that, like the restive donkey, hits hardest those who follow in his wake!

High up on the hillside above the village lies a gold-mine of local fame, stated to have been worked continuously since A.D. 1681. The ore, which is sent down in wooden "shoots," is found in quartz-veins in the Palæozoic clayslate and sandstone. Soon after leaving Hō-mura, at 8.15 A.M., our track diverged from that of our predecessors, as we kept closer to the bank of the Hayakawa up to its confluence with the Fujikawa, a less toilsome and more picturesque route. The scenery is varied and charming all the way, and as we crossed the tributary Amebata-gawa on the right bank, we halted to enjoy at leisure a prospect whose beauties had attracted the august attention of a former Emperor at a spot marked by a stone set up to commemorate his "progress" here. Lovely ferns of many kinds mingled with the scarlet azalea, and the exquisite pale lavender of the sweet-scented flag *gogwatsu no shōbu*, while overhead hung splendid fronds of deeper-tinted wistaria in all its glory. Beyond Obarajima the valley opens out, and the broadening stream sweeps grandly round an intervening spur, disclosing a noble prospect of its junction with the parent river. A mile before that point is gained we crossed the Hayakawa for the last time by a new *tsuri-bashi* of wood and wire, and the traverse of its 700 ft. of palpitating length to the

outskirts of Iitomi at 2.15 P.M. saw our long valley journey at an end. The next dawn Kennaway started on his voyage down, for a two-shilling fare, to the Pacific shore at Iwabuchi, while Chokichi and I crossed the hills to Shōji by way of Tambara and Furuseki. Near the summit of the pass midway we halted face to face with the dazzling cone of Fuji soaring eastwards, while behind us stretched the long snow-clad ridge of Shirane-san, its next loftiest satellite.

On the hillsides at our feet a riot of lovely crimson azaleas spread far and wide, and soon the turquoise waters of the lakes of Motosu and Shōji (3160 ft.) lay shimmering under a cloudless sky of deepest blue. Away to the left shone two other of the companion lakes of the one great chain of five, with the fifth and last, Yamanaka, invisible beyond the northern slopes of Fuji. The mighty lava-stream that once swept down the north-western flank of the great cone is here seen with its course arrested by the flanks of the hills, whose farther side hems in the Kōfu plain. The line of division between the two formations is so distinct that one can step off from the wrinkled lava on to the Tertiary sandstone or conglomerate in a single stride.

It is in the deeper hollows along the line of demarcation that the lakes have been formed, and the constant variation of their surface level suggests some subterranean connection. In several spots near by their shores natural ice-caves may be found, the result of percolation of water through the porous lava, which freezes in the form of beautiful stalactites and stalagmites of ice. The finest of these, and the

most remote, lies near the foot of the densely-wooded hill of Ō-maruyama, a footstool of Fuji-san some 3 miles south-east of Shōji lake.

This, after a quiet week-end rest at the quaint little "foreign" hotel perched on the promontory that juts out into the lake, Chokichi and I set out to explore. Two bell-shaped openings, 30 ft. in depth, gave access to the cave into which we descended with the aid of a rope and a pine-tree stem. As we passed along the glassy floor, at least a quarter mile in length, our lighted torches illuminated its weird recesses, suggestive of a scene in fairyland. From Shōji we finally passed round the northern base of Fuji by the lakes and the lava-bed to Yoshida, and made thence a regretful return to "civilisation" by the help of the quaint one-horse tramcar to Gotemba, and the Tokaidō railway "home." The humours of the tram-car afforded an entertaining distraction from the regrets that shadowed my retreat from the mountain solitudes of Kōshū. Our car, as the downward one, had the right of way, and this its conductor exercised to the full. Sometimes the ascending opponent was hoisted bodily off the rails; in another case, all the occupants of both vehicles changed places; while yet another, laden with merchandise, was taken charge of by our conductor, who unyoked its labouring horse, mounted the roof of the car, and rode down in triumph to the next siding, where it was stowed away till a convenient season for its recovery!

By far the most accessible, and at the same time one of the most imposing, of the peaks of the Southern Japanese Alps, is the Komagatake of Kōshū, whose

triangular top, rising to nearly 10,000 ft. from massive walls of granite, forms such a striking object to the west of the railway line that climbs up from Kōfu to Lake Suwa, mainly along, or just above, the valley of the Kamanashi-gawa. Here and there a glen cleft in the foot-hills of the chain suddenly opens up a prospect of some of the loftiest and most precipitous granite cliffs in all Japan, and one of the finest expeditions within easy reach of the prefectural high-road is the traverse of the mountain, from the province of Kōshū, into that of its western neighbour, Shinshū. It is now best reached from the railway station of Hinobaru, by a devious track that wanders across the lanes and streams of the Kamanashi valley to the village of Daigahara, at the east base of the mountain. My earliest journey was made before the railway was completed, and I passed down the valley from the Suwa direction by the Kōshū-Kaidō itself, and as far as I could gather it was the first occasion of a complete crossing of the mountain by a European traveller.

From Karuisawa, at the foot of Asama-yama, I had reached Shiwojiri by the line that crosses the hills, *viâ* Shinonoi and Matsumoto, over a romantic little pass, Obasute-yama ("The Hill where the Aunt was abandoned"). Mr Douglas Freshfield compares the low mountain heights beyond Shinonoi to the Apennines, especially those rising above the famous inland town of Nagano, capital of the prefecture of that name, and of the province of Shinshu. My faithful hunter, Shimidzu Chokichi, was again my companion, and as we shouldered our heavy packs in the early afternoon of a grilling mid-August day,

and fared forth from Shiwojiri, we were soon thankful for an early rest in the quiet coolness of a splendid cryptomeria grove that shelters a quaint old village shrine beyond. Mindful of its grateful shade, I read with sympathy a warning in English set forth by the guardian priests :—

"NOTICE.—Any people differing of following itmes in the tempies yard will be prosecuted :—

To catch the bard and fish.
To take the plant.
To passage on the carrage and mount."

(date) "4 M 36 SH MEIJI

Naganoken."

At the charming inn, Bōtan-ya, at Kami-suwa, overhanging the lake, I had a singularly kind and civil welcome, of which not the least pleasing feature was the grave courtesy of the two little sons of the house, neither yet in his teens. The disadvantage of the electric light within that encouraged the mosquitoes from without was counterbalanced by *shōji*, covered, not with tissue paper, but with mosquito netting, a valuable innovation.

Many signs of the approaching railway strewed the valley of the Miyagawa, and in some places disfigured it; at Fujimi-mura the road climbed up to the watershed and reached its highest point, 3100 ft., on the western slopes of Yatsugatake. A striking vista was suddenly disclosed from the summit of the pass, down the valley of the Kamanashi-gawa towards the hills girdling the Kōfu plain, with the far-off cone of Fuji dominating all, 50 miles distant as the crow flies. At the limestone quarries and

kilns of Tsukue the main valley of the Kamanashi makes a great elbow bend, and runs nearly south to its source on Komagatake, while just beyond Tsutagi we passed from the province of Shinshū into that of Kōshū, through one of the best grape-growing districts in Japan. Our roasting morning trudge brought us shortly after mid-day to Daigahara, where Chokichi and I found comfortable quarters at the Takeya, though the charms of the little garden outside my ground-floor room were somewhat discounted by the lack of air, and the abundance of those odours so often inseparable from the quarters of favoured guests. The charges, again, though not unreasonable in themselves, were twice those of less frequented inns, and I was told, as I quite expected, that lately a party of foreigners with their Japanese "guide" had passed that way—and so "civilisation" marches on! Here we were joined by Chokichi's sturdy son Kumajirō, and a friend from Ashiyasu.

The ascent of Komagatake the following day proved one of both interest and charm. Leaving the long village at its northern end, and turning south-west across the well-tilled fields, we passed through every variety of woodland charm and forest grandeur, until in five hours' steady walking we gained the little rest hut (7800 ft.) at the cluster of huge granite pinnacles known as Byōbu-iwa. On the way glorious golden lilies mingled with the deep pink, varying to creamy white, of the mountain rhododendron, and the vermilion-leaved mountain ash, as we rose and passed along the sharp-crested granite ridge of *Oya-shiradzu Ko-shiradzu*, whose flanks

plunge steeply down, forest-clad, to the deep ravines of the Ōjira-kawa and the Ōmu-kawa on either hand. The expressive title, "knowing not parents, knowing not children," tells of the terrors inspired in the heart of the earnest but inexperienced pilgrim-climbers who are almost its only visitors. A little party of these under the leadership of a venerable *sendachi* (president) I surprised on the top of the ridge, engaged in the weird incantations and the finger-twistings known as *kuji-go-shimpō*,[1] which I had first encountered on Ontake-san in earlier wanderings. They had journeyed from Ushigome in Tokyo, and were now invoking at a tiny shrine the divinity of Kuronotō-san, to whom this great granite ridge is dedicated. A kindly old dame, of very placid mien and charming manners, welcomed us at the hut, and gave us of such comforts as she had for our lodging for the night. A two hours' scramble in the clear air of early morning then landed us on the highest point of the mountain. The steep rocks of Byōbu-iwa we found provided with iron ladders and chains to assist the upward way, and beyond it rose the really noble granite cliffs that support the final peak of Komagatake. The summit prospect is one of astonishing breadth and beauty. Far beyond the bright Kōfu plain the purple cone of Fuji rises from the Pacific shore, and from a deep forest-clad saddle facing us rises the monolith of Hō-wō-zan with the loftier serrated ridge of Shirane-san, flanked to the north by the massive bulk of Senjō-ga-dake, and then, north-west, the snow-streaked summits of the Northern Japanese Alpine range. So fascinating

[1] Cf. *Japanese Alps*, p. 280.

did I find the surroundings that I decided to spend a second night on the mountain. An excellent camping place was found at a spot called *Shichi-jō*, some 1200 ft. below the top, a little to the southern side of the main ridge, close by a tiny spring of icy-cold clearness. The ground was carpeted with Alpine flowers of every hue, and sweet with aromatic herbs. In the dwarf pines near by quite tame ptarmigan ambled about unafraid, and Chokichi pointed out the "feeding places" of wilder chamois on the cliffs towards Hō-wō-zan and Jizō-dake. I slept in a pocket-hammock slung from two stout pine poles under a roof of boughs and pine fronds, and my hunters curled themselves up by the side of the camp-fire at hand. The morrow's dawn will always remain an imperishable memory of loveliness and varied splendour indescribable. In the still air just before sunrise a sea of clouds stretched motionless, and the farther edge of these, gilded by yet invisible beams, formed images of an imperial crown, a stately ship, and then a ridge of serrated mountain peaks. Meanwhile the arch of heaven above them slowly passed through every gradation of exquisite colouring, from black to purple, and on to saffron, green, and blue with delicate streaks of pearly pink. The pale cone of Fuji rose, no more substantial than a cloud, over the nearer purple shoulder of Hō-wō-zan, and as the whole landscape far and near woke in life and light and warmth to the new day, one no longer wondered at this people's primeval adoration of the rising sun. It recalled the retort of a quick-witted Parsi to a thoughtless scoffer against his ancient cult: "You laugh at our worship

of the sun, but perhaps you English would be inclined to do the same if in your climate you ever saw enough of it!"

As we retraced our steps, later on, to the topmost shrine, we noticed the varied votive offerings of former pilgrims—dark tresses of a woman's hair; tiny swords of rusty iron; miniature *torii; tenugui* (towels) stamped with the badge of some *kō*, or pilgrim's club.

The descent of Komagatake into the province of Shinshū proved a toilsome task, but worthy of the toil. Leaving the summit at 9 A.M. we traversed the narrow northern granite arête for a while to a gap beyond which rose the jagged ridge, well-named Noko-giri-yama ("saw-mountain"), and then dropped down the extraordinarily steep western flank of Komagatake through a magnificent virgin forest, seamed here and there by narrow gullies filled with dazzling snow. About 2000 ft. below the top we passed the ruins of a hunter's shelter, and near here came across a lovely little brown squirrel which Chokichi called by the various names of *risu* or *ki-nezumi* (lit. tree-rat). The animal's fur is highly valued, and a specimen shot and taken down, together with a ptarmigan captured higher up, excited considerable interest among the country-folk of the plains. Shortly after midday we reached the torrent-valley of the Tōdai-dani, an affluent of the Kurokawa-gawa, and a stiff climb up the right bank led us to a rocky ledge on which stood a little shrine of plain, weather-beaten wood. By its side lay a small *kōri* (basket) of bamboo strips which Chokichi opened, to show me the skull and some

bones of a hunter whose body had been found some years before at the foot of the cliffs we had just descended. Lower down the ravine we heard a chamois making its way through the forest close by, and the shrill cry of the *yotaka* ("night hawk") or Japanese goat-sucker. At four o'clock we found ourselves at the boundary line of the provinces of Kōshū and Shinshū, near which stand three huge granite blocks and a sacred stone dedicated to Jizō-sama. Our way now lay among the water-worn boulders of the Kurokawa-gawa, and the light was already beginning to fade as we caught sight, ahead of us, of the thatched roofs of the two cottages known as Tōdai, our eagerly anticipated haven of rest. That rest, however, was not yet to be ours, for the only occupant proved to be a peasant girl who declined to take us in on any terms whatever. Disappointed and weary we struggled on for yet another hour, the sombre valley only lit up by the reflected light on the wide white waste of the granite river-bed. Outside the little hamlet of Kurokawa we met a farmer whose kindly face inspired fresh hope, and an anxious inquiry met with an offer of such shelter as he had to spare, "for you see," said he, "it is the season of the *O kaikō-sama*" ("honourable little gentleman," as the silk-worm is entitled), "and we have little spare room or time to offer guests." The wants of the precious worm, indeed, are insistent and unceasing. He has to be fed at least every two hours, night and day, and his needs come before all else. He is treated, as his title suggests, with great respect, and the Japanese consider all who have to deal with him must be scrupulously clean both in

body and clothing. No quarrelling should go on in the room which forms his refectory, or else the silk he produces is bound to lose its lustre and strength.

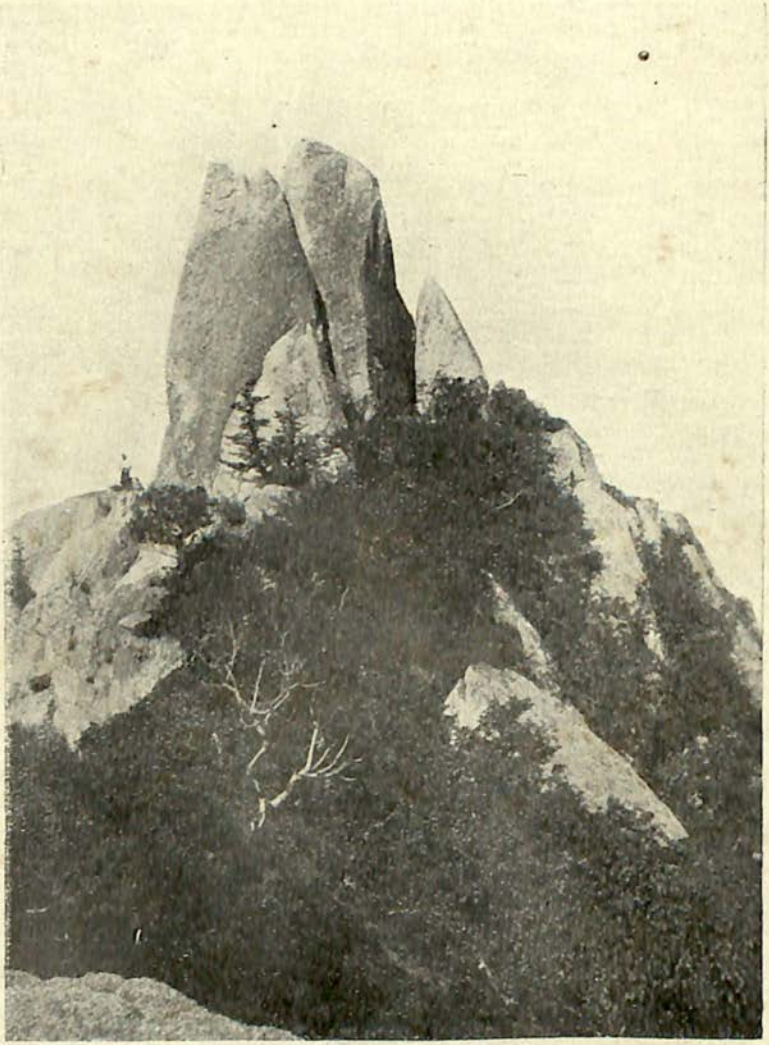
Our good host, Miyashita Kikujō, allotted to Chokichi and myself a large airy storeroom adjoining the house, and, apart from the attention of a solitary mosquito and innumerable fleas, we felt we might have gone farther and fared much worse. The situation reminded me of a notice I had seen at a local railway station, describing in English the attractions of a famous resort of pilgrims in another part of Japan, since it declared that "the principal occupation of the inhabitants is to feed peacefully upon tourists!" Early the following morning I was waked to receive the farewell greetings of Chokichi's son, Kumajirō, and his friend Midzuichi, my younger companions, who were to return from here to their home in Ashiyasu by another route.

As I later on performed my toilet outside, I became the centre of the wondering attention of the juvenile population of Kurokawa, to whom the sight of the white skin of a European was a novelty hitherto unknown.

A further attraction was provided by the arrival of two performing monkeys, one seated on the back of a mongrel dog and the other on that of his young master. The latter combination happened to be immediately succeeded by a curious-eyed little villager with a tiny but hairy and agile baby on his back, and the resultant resemblance between the two couples proved as complete as it was astonishing.

From Kurokawa a delightful trudge through the

charming valley of the Mibugawa took us in three hours past the thriving little town of Takatō into that of the parent stream of the famous Tenryū, whose course we followed awhile until we turned off across the low foot-hills where Shiwojiri lies. Here we rejoined the railway, and by way of Matsumoto and Shinonoi regained our starting-point and the friendly amenities of Karuisawa, the San Moritz of modern Japan.



Hō-wō-zan.

[*To face p.* 111.

CHAPTER VII

EXPLORATION IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS OF JAPAN

(III.) *A Virgin Peak—The Conquest of Hō-wō-zan.*

PROFESSOR CHAMBERLAIN has remarked of Kōbō-Daishi[1]—most famous of all Japanese Buddhists (and mountaineers)—that, "had his life lasted 600 years instead of 60, he could hardly have graven all the images, scaled all the mountain peaks and performed all the other feats with which he is popularly credited."

An old chronicle describes some of the risky experiences with which he met on some of his mountain expeditions, but adds the warning that "these are feats which the weak-minded and the irresolute should not seek to emulate." It is possible that in this caution there lurks some recollection of the great man's adventures on the one peak which tradition tells us he failed to conquer—Hō-wō-zan, the miniature Aiguille du Géant of the Southern Japanese Alps. It may also be conjectured that it was the story of this one failure that inspired an early local geographer, writing of that region, to declare: "This is one of the most mountainous regions of Japan: there are in it trackless wilds, for these mountains are beyond the power of human legs to climb."

[1] See Murray's *Handbook*, p. 77, 9th ed.

It was partly the stimulus of this alleged inaccessibility and partly the defiant appearance of the sharp pinnacle, which I had often gazed on with curious interest from surrounding peaks, shooting up from a dark and precipitous ridge, that compelled me to give Hō-wō-zan—the Phœnix peak—the first place on my list of "new" expeditions for the summer of 1904. My natural base was the town of Kōfu, and thither, on 12th July, I accordingly repaired to meet my faithful helper on many expeditions, Shimidzu Chokichi. He was unable, however, to join me for the moment, as he had been commandeered by a surveyor of the Sambō Hombu ("General Staff"), but he sent as an advanced guard and as a pledge of his own eventual arrival his sturdy son, Kumajirō, and two other kinsmen, Shimidzu Yajurō and Torajirō. At several country stations on the route to Kōfu, cheerful companies of recruits, twenty years of age or thereabouts, boarded the train on the way to their nearest enrolment centre. The Kōfu plain was partly under water, the result of recent storms, and with many bridges destroyed we had to make a wide detour from Kōfu to reach Ashiyasu, by a sweep south-west, across the Fujikawa to join the Kajikazawa road near Ogasawara. From here we mounted up to the "Dove's-nest Pass" (*Hato-uchi-tōge*), above the hamlet of Takao. The male villagers were celebrating the festival of the local Shintō shrine, while the women were toiling in the fields and cottages hard by, but the arrival of a "foreigner"—the first to pass that way—caused the drum-beats that called to worship to summon them in vain until we had disappeared. A charming view of Fuji

appeared south-east, vignetted between hills of vivid green, while far below, to the north, the scattered chalets of Ashiyasu clung with difficulty to the rugged sides of the Midai-gawa ravine. Fording the swollen torrents on the way down, we made our halt for the night at the primitive *onsen* of Iwashita,[1] only recently opened, on the right bank of the river, for it was nearer the beginning of our climb. The lodging was of the plainest kind, but nothing could have been more charming than the willing efforts to please of the old dame in charge. Her artless yet dignified courtesy made ample amends. Eggs, rice, and sugar were produced, and an excellent hot bath fed by water conveyed by a bamboo-pipe from a hole in the face of the cliff across the stream. At dawn we were up and crossed the torrent by a slender, quaking plank to the left bank, then climbing up to Ōzori, where the usual path from Ashiyasu is joined. Soon we had left behind us the fields of buckwheat, millet, and soya-bean, with the mulberry trees close by, and passed a plantation of larches and cryptomeria, due to the energy and enterprise of the father of my former kind host, Natori Unyichi, the headman of Ashiyasu, who twenty or thirty years before had done so much for the welfare and progress of the peasantry of his native valley. As we followed my old route up to the Tsuetate-tōge, already described, the roasting morning sun beating on our backs on the exposed hillside made it a punishing walk. Just before gaining the crest of the ridge, we called a halt at the Shimidzu-Gongen; and as we rested in the grateful shade by the side

[1] Also called Iwami.

of the spring, and feasted on the wild strawberries and raspberries in varied and refreshing abundance, we did not wonder that this true "God-send" should have been dedicated to the "Divinity of the Living Water." It is the only spring the woodcutters and hunters, who almost alone traverse these wild regions, can count upon for many toilsome hours, and we, like them, drank and rested with thankful hearts.

Arrived at the Tsuetate-tōge, two hours later on, we threw down our packs and stopped for lunch at the tiny shrine, which owns the sinister dedication of "Oni-yama" ("Devils' Hill") standing in a little clearing among the overshadowing maples, birches, and firs. As I once more watched my companions lying asleep in the cool shade, peaceful and unafraid, close by the shrine, I fell to meditating upon the strange contrasts suggested by this combination of the ancient and the modern—the science of to-day, side by side with the quaint nature-worship of a thousand years of yesterdays—as represented on the one hand by the little inscribed granite pillar that had been brought up from the valley below to be set up as a surveyor's mark on the adjoining summit of Hori-ḳiri-yama, and on the other by the weather-beaten boards of the little oratory. Two of the frail erections had already disappeared since I was last here two years ago, and the sole survivor now showed signs of the work of the "tooth of time."

The prospect thus symbolised—of the destruction of those primeval instincts of man, and his inborn desire for some kind of contact with the invisible powers of the world of nature about him, wrought

by the progress of the science of the twentieth century, if it is to be a destruction unaccompanied by the provision of some worthier and more satisfying substitute to meet an indestructible need—is not a cheering outlook. Ten minutes after leaving this spot our track parted from the familiar downward route to the Norokawa, and mounted north, past the remains of the Kiriyake huts, destroyed by an avalanche the winter before, in a clearing among the dense forest of *shirabi* (*Abies Veitchii*, the fir originally discovered by Sir Rutherford Alcock, on his famous ascent of Fuji-san); its timber is said to be considerably used in the manufacture of paper. A steep and broken granite slope leads on to a level stretch called Tsuji, and then a gentle descent of twenty minutes brought us to our camping place at Ōmuro, a good five hours' scramble from Ashiyasu, or the *onsen*, exclusive of halts. The Ōmuro consists of a number of dilapidated huts in a large open space in the forest of firs, with a spring of ice-cold water welling up at the southern end. Owing to a dispute between the villagers of Ashiyasu on the south and those of Seitetsu-mura in the valley of the Kamanashigawa on the north-east, both of whom claim ownership of this hillside, the woodcutter's camp has fallen into decay, neither party being willing to undertake the toil and expense of maintaining the huts and steep paths in repair. The ground is deep in that accumulated sawdust which always proves a true hotbed of fleas, but all around the clearing bloomed mountain flowers in great variety and abundance:—*Linnæa borealis; Aquilegia glandulosa; Gentiana algida; Pyrola secunda; Solidago virga-aurea;*

Nasturtium palustre; Aconitum Japonicum, etc. I took the precaution of slinging my hammock on the stoutest beams in the least damaged hut, but the Shimidzu kinsmen lay lower, and, I fear, fared worse, for even the tough hide of Torajirō himself on the morrow showed many traces of frequent perforation, for the warmth of the cosy camp-fire, a now novel experience, waked our sleeping tormentors to unwonted activity.

We were up at dawn, and on the move soon after six for our long-looked-for attack on Hō-wō-zan's sharp peak. A steep slope of smooth granite led us in forty minutes to the top of Sunaharai, the first peak of the serrated ridge running north towards Hō-wō-zan, and in the wood of alders and silver birch bright azaleas lent a welcome touch of colour on the way. The dazzling granite-sand of Sunaharai, "the sand clearing-off peak," suggests to a Japanese friend that "its name is intended to impress the climber with the fact that he is now shaking off the dust of earth on his way to the sacred heights."

The loftiest point of the Hō-wō-zan ridge is Jizō-dake, which we reached in one and a half hours of easy scrambling from the Ōmuro. Rocks of fantastic form, and of colours varying from white to purple, rise from the shattered slopes, and water-worn hollows here and there are known to pilgrims as "The demons' wrestling-ring"; "The ink-stone of Kōbō-Daishi," etc. The faintly-marked track now runs on the west side of the crest, and amid the creeping-pine we found pale purple *Soldanella* still in bloom, together with *Pedicularis yezoensis*, *Geranium eriostemon*, and the lovely cream rhododendron. From the *sankakuten* (triangular survey station), erected last year, a

wonderful view is disclosed, from Yatsugatake down to Fuji on the east, and, on the west, of the Shirane-san range and Seujōdake, with the bold granite cliffs and pyramidal summit of the Kōshū Komagatake straight ahead. But the most arresting object is the sharp pinnacle of Hō-wō-zan, now seen rising in the foreground from its massive pedestal of broken granite. To reach it we descended the arête to a low saddle, through *haimatsu* and undergrowth, where we came across *Campanula punctata*, *Adenophora polymorpha*, *Trautvetteria palmata*, and a lovely *Cyprepedium Yatabeanum*, in whose dew-filled cup a tiny fly had found a watery grave. As we emerged on to the saddle, and were gazing in admiration across the deep cleft of the Norokawa at the mighty ravine of the Ō-kamba-dani of Kaigane-san, the upper half of its 4000 ft. filled with dazzling snow, our attention was abruptly diverted to a startling and unusual vision.

In a state of wild excitement my men suddenly clutched me by the arms, and pointed out a splendid chamois seated on a rocky promontory jutting out in the ravine below the saddle, westwards, some 200 yards away, calmly surveying the view we ourselves had been admiring. "Look, look, the *iwa-shika!*" they hoarsely whispered. One of the three, who carried an old muzzle-loading rifle (although it was the "close season" for game!), at last sufficiently recovered himself to crawl down the broken rocks to stalk the animal, whereupon it quietly rose and ambled away. Kumajirō, quick and nimble as the monkey he so much resembled, then raced down the ravine, seized the gun from its owner's hands, and a moment after two shots in rapid succession echoed

from cliff to cliff, and then all was still. I now found myself left alone with the third of my trio, Fukuzawa Yasujirō, to finish the climb as well as I might. Together we moved on to the base of the pyramid from which the final pinnacle rises, where at a spot called *Sai no Kawara* ("the river-bed of souls") a little stone dedicated to Dainichi Nyorai, one of the persons of the Buddhist Trinity, marks the farthest limit to which travellers are supposed to attain. Here Yasujirō stopped and urged me to go back, as further effort was useless. I then mounted alone up to a little ledge, some 20 in. by 12, from which at first there did indeed seem no hope of progress beyond. The twin pillars leaned "*Gasshō-dachi ni,*" as the Japanese describe the position of the hands placed together in prayer, or a pair of gigantic carrots leaning together on a table.

At the point of contact a tall "chimney" was formed, and at the base of the higher pillar stood a gigantic detached wedge, known as *Ten-sho-ko-daijin, i.e.* "The Heaven-shining-mighty-Divinity," a title of *Amaterasu-no-mikoto* (the Sun-Goddess). The great monoliths together are known to the initiated as *Jizō-butsu,* from a fancied resemblance, from afar, of an image of the guardian divinity of travellers and little children. I estimated that the taller of the two was about 75 ft. in height, and the lower some 12 or 15 less. From my tiny platform, a closer inspection showed the only chance of success lay in getting up the convex angle of the lower pillar, but this was impossible without extraneous help. My companion refused to do more to help than press my ice-axe against my feet to steady my standing on

the ledge, but with this help I began to bombard the top of the crack at the topmost point of contact of the monoliths with a stone securely tied to the end of 80 ft. of light Alpine rope. Nearly every time it failed to reach it returned on my back and shoulders; to dodge it was impossible for the little ledge left no space for playing about on. At last, after half an hour of disheartening effort, a lucky shot went home, and to my intense relief a preliminary strain on the rope assured me of its security, and that the stone was firmly jammed. Then came the tug of war. Holding the rope in my left hand to steady myself, I applied every possible inch of the surface of my person to the edge of the right-hand pillar, and by painful struggles began to worm my way up at the pace of an ancient snail, or of a Japanese legal process. Every 4 or 5 ft. I had to pause for fresh breath, the rope just serving to keep me from slipping down again. At last I found my way held up by a curious, protruding block of granite in such a position that the rope, from the direction of which I had been gradually moving away, now afforded me no further help. It was a case of "touch and go," and so I determined to touch the rock and let the rope go. Holding on by my finger-ends to gain fresh strength and breath for a final effort, I took my courage in both hands, and letting the line swing away to the left and downwards, I committed my whole weight to the obstruction above. By dint of much kicking and hauling, I succeeded in drawing myself up till my forearms rested where my fingers had been. Another pause for a final struggle, and then one supreme effort landed me, perspiring and panting it,

is true, but happy beyond expression, on the top of the block, and soon on the summit of the lower pinnacle itself. From here to the actual highest point was a comparatively easy task, for though the way up was nearly vertical, the holds for hand and foot were excellent, and the little climb formed a delightful climax to a strenuous scramble. Within an hour from my ledge below I found myself standing, for the first time in my life, on a hitherto untrodden, though famous peak, the top of Hō-wō-zan, a tiny granite platform, no more than a couple of yards square, islanded in a sea of clouds; for once more I "missed the view and only viewed the mist." There were no inducements for a prolonged stay, and the gymnastics of the descent were rendered simple enough by looping the rope round a convenient knob of rock on the lower pillar, and using it to steady me on my downward way.

Yasujirō's relief at realising he would now have a chance of assisting at a feast instead of a funeral was indescribable. For the astonishing nature of that repast, however, he was probably as little prepared as myself, and it was spread with a suddenness no less surprising. No sooner had we regained the saddle where our comrades had deserted us, than we were rejoined by the two truants, Kumajirō bearing on his broad shoulders the carcase of the chamois itself, which he had successfully stalked in the ravine below the col. It turned out to be a fine buck, about five years old, and weighing some 70 or 80 lb.[1]

[1] The approximate measurements were as follows:—height, to top of shoulder, 32 in.; length, muzzle to tail, 48 in.; length of face, 8 in.; and of horns, 6 in.

Its build was sturdier and less graceful than that of his Alpine kinsman, with rather smaller and less curving horns and a thicker muzzle. Scarcely had we exchanged mutual congratulations than the animal, still warm, was laid on the ground at my feet, and cut open by the old hunter, who extracted the liver and respectfully begged me to "honourably deign to partake" of the smoking flesh! At the moment I was just preparing a brew of cocoa, and the well-meant attention almost proved too much. The old man seemed somewhat disappointed at my refusal, for he afterwards explained that it is in that particular organ the special strength and virtue of all animals reside, and to consume it while the life-blood still is warm would ensure the participation in its characteristic qualities of agility, strength, and speed! I learn from my friend Dr Batchelor, the great authority on the Ainu, that this practice is a usual one in connection with their bear-feasts, since they not only venerate the animal as the strongest and bravest they know, but that on these festivals "the entrails are cut up and eaten raw." This, like the drinking of the blood, is said to be for the purpose of obtaining the prowess and other virtues of the bear. It is also stated that on some occasions, when a bear has been slain for the sacrificial feast, as it nears its end the cry is raised, "We kill you, O bear! Come back soon into an Ainu." Dr Batchelor also, in his most interesting work on *The Ainu and their Folk-lore*" (p. 336), illustrates the same idea in connection with the water-ousel and the flying-squirrel. An Ainu companion gave as the reason for asking for the heart of a water-ousel which the Doctor had

shot, that "if he took out the heart and ate it raw and while warm he would be able to stand fatigue, would wax eloquent, and would be able to shoot 'quickly and well.'" The Ainu was able to give no explanation of the particular virtue possessed by the water-ousel in this respect, but Dr Batchelor found "the same idea universal among the Ainu, the heart of one bird being considered good for this purpose, and the heart of another good for that." In a legend supplied by another Ainu on the subject, he related that "The water-ousel came down from heaven. . . . His heart is exceedingly wise, and in speech he is most eloquent. When, therefore, he is killed, he should be immediately torn open, and his heart wrenched out and swallowed. This should be done before it gets cold or damaged in any way. If a man swallows it at once he will become very fluent and wise, and will also be able to overcome all his opponents in argument."

The flying squirrel is known to the Japanese under a variety of names (e.g., *nobusuma*, *musasabi*, etc.). Owing to its powers of flight it is popularly known also as *momodori* ("peach bird"), and Japanese rustic folk, like the Ainu, class it as a bird. The latter know it as *At Kamui*, which signifies "the divine prolific one," for it is believed sometimes to produce as many as thirty young at a birth. When partaken of, the flesh is believed to be a cure for barrenness, and as such is highly valued, but on no account may it be kept as a charm.

It is this belief which lies at the root of cannibalism, a form of metempsychosis which has existed in quite recent times in Formosa, among the Hakka,

the Chinese immigrants dwelling in the lowlands of that island. I am told by a distinguished Japanese ethnologist that even in Japan itself, during the Satsuma Rebellion of 1877, cases were known of victorious warriors of that famous clan who, after slaying a foe, partook of portions of his internal organs in the hope of thereby acquiring a share of his courage, strength, and skill.

To return, however, to our chamois stalk, its sequel provided by no means the least singular incident of this surprising expedition. The ascent of the famous "Jizō-butsu" summit of Hō-wō-zan appeared to have produced quite an impression on the solitary witness of the final strenuous little scramble whose descriptions of it to the other men doubtless lost nothing in the telling. Two or three days later they approached me with this startling suggestion: "As you, sir, have been the first to succeed in getting to the top, what a splendid thing it would be if you would build a shrine to Jizō-Sama at the foot of the peak, and would yourself become the first *Kannushi* (guardian priest of the God)!" The suggestion struck me as the most singular proposition for "church building" and the quaintest offer of "preferment" I ever received, but there was no doubt of its sincerity.

In spite of the continuous drizzle, it was a happy party that wended its way back over Jizō-dake and down to the secluded bivouac at Ōmuro, and at the cheerful camp-fire we roasted and ate our chamois to our hearts' content.

On the morrow we left at 7.45 A.M., and descended to the bed of the Norokawa by a route diagonally

(north-west) across the western flank of Jizō-dake, so as to reach a camping-place at the eastern base of Kaigane, in view of a new ascent of that splendid peak by a more direct route than my previous climb. The walking was exceedingly rough, and the way difficult to find. The stillness of the cool forest shade was most impressive, for the only sounds to be heard were the twitter of an occasional sparrow, the sweet, full notes of the nightingale (*uguisu*, or *umuisu*, as my men called it), and the subdued murmur of the Norokawa borne up from thousands of feet below. On the way down many torrents had to be crossed on the slenderest of pine-stems, and in one place a chasm of unknown depth, with the sinister title of *Jigoku-ana* ("the hole to hell"), required some steadiness and nerve: the pleasure of the passage was not enhanced by the attack of a cloud of mosquitoes at the most critical moment. At another spot we suddenly found ourselves on the edge of a ravine, where, in the face of the dazzling bare granite cliff, there appeared the square opening of a mine shaft. My men told me it was known as the *Go-ban-sawa* Gold Mine, and belonged to the well-known tobacconist millionaire, Murata, of Tokyo. An attempt had been made last year to exploit it from the Norokawa ravine, but with no great success, and the exigencies of the war had led Mr Murata to transfer his enterprise and capital elsewhere. The spot stands about 7200 ft. above the sea, and from here we descended through deep forest shade, lightened here and there with sweet-scented pink rhododendron and the delicate waxen stem of the "Indian pipe" (*Monotropa uniflora*). After five

hours of toil we found ourselves on the river brink, where the turbulent Norokawa cuts its way through a romantic defile. Bright splashes of crimson azalea paint the brown rocky cliffs above the boiling torrent, which here we found we had to cross. The task was not a light one, and was only accomplished thanks to the strength and skill of Kumajirō. Wading with difficulty, waist deep and at no little risk of being swept away in the boiling waters, he gained the right bank, and after nearly an hour of unremitting effort he succeeded in trimming and felling a *yanagi* (willow) some 40 ft. in height and nearly 2 ft. in diameter, which he laid with unerring aim exactly across to the point from which we had to start. From here we passed up the valley, mainly on the right bank, for one and a half hours, beyond the old Hirokawa shelter, to a little hut put up a year ago to mark the point of division between the Imperial forests and those of local ownership. At this charming spot we spent a delightful week-end, and as a contribution to our Sunday dinner Kumajirō brought in a score of *iwana*, a kind of trout, red-spotted on the under side, and weighing in some cases about half a pound. With these and a bowl of Maggi's *consommé*, supplemented by Japanese army biscuits, butter, and honey, my evening meal could not have been bettered. The army biscuits were unusually good, being made mainly of flour and potatoes, with a little sugar and sesamum seed, and proved more palatable and sustaining than any such I ever ate. They were much in favour with the Japanese troops during the Manchurian campaign.

Our new climb on Kaigane started at 7.30 on the

following day, and took us across the Norokawa up the steep, forest-clad buttress, which we climbed for nearly 2500 ft., parallel to the Ō-kamba ravine. Here we turned south, to the left, and after crossing an intervening torrent, in half an hour we found ourselves, at noon, by the side of a large pool in an open spot, about 8500 ft., commanding a striking prospect eastwards of the dark range across the Norokawa that culminates in the Hō-wō-zan arête. Overhanging the pool on one side a crag bore a tiny shrine dedicated to *Ike-daijin* ("the spirit of the lake"), the *genius loci* to whom the far-off inhabitants of the Ashiyasu glen used to send their deputations to conduct the rites of *ama-goi* in times of drought. It is this practice that accounts for many of the little mountain-shrines and the tracks which lead to them. Kumajirō was soon at work with his woodcutter's chopper and saw, and with the help of great strips of bark from the giant birches overshadowing the pool, an excellent shelter was quickly reared. Here to my great delight we were joined by my good Chokichi, who had been climbing with a Sambō Hombu surveyor, in the Shirane range above us, but on learning of my arrival at the upper Hirokawa hut he hurried down from the heights to search me out. The following morning an arduous climb of nearly three hours took us in an almost direct line to the main arête of Kaigane, a little north of the actual summit, which was finally gained by a pleasant scramble up the arête, which we had struck some distance to the south of the spot where I had reached it on my previous ascent. To describe the wonderful prospect would be to catalogue

all the chief ranges and highest peaks of the mainland at its broadest span. Many an old acquaintance greeted me, on my arrival, from near and far; but it was the call to make friends with a new one that had to be heeded—Ainotake, the southern neighbour of Kaigane. For some 1000 ft. we descended the sharp, splintered arête to a saddle between the two peaks, and then rose again 800 more to the top of Ainotake. The last part of the ascent lay up a slope of snow, which afforded a delightful glissade on the way down, and the time taken from one point to the other was one and a half hours of easy walking, apart from a halt for "third breakfast" midway.

After a descent in the rain to our bivouac by the pool, we made our way down on the following morning, in brilliant sunshine, to our shelter by the Norokawa, where we spent a lazy day in preparation for our expedition up the river to climb Senjō-dake and finally cross over the Kitazawa-tōge into Shinshū. While Chokichi stayed with me and fished, the other three went up the stream to construct a pole bridge at an awkward spot halfway, and leave some of the baggage there in order to save time on the following day. During our stay we were greeted by the arrival of two men and a lad on their way from Arino, near Kōfu, *viâ* the Ōmuro of Hō-wō-zan, with a small granite surveyor's mark, destined for the top of Kotarō-mine, at the end of the northern arête of Kaigane. Through a misunderstanding with friends they found themselves foodless, and were very grateful for some fish and army biscuits I was able to give them. A perfect

morning cheered us as we left our camp, at 6.30 A.M., and the sun had already gilded the top of the dark, wooded, snow-seamed ridge beyond the Ō-kamba ravine. The walk was sufficiently strenuous, for there was practically no track, and the sinuous torrent had sometimes to be forded waist deep, crossed by leaping from one great boulder to another, or by means of the pole bridges of yesterday, and progress was unavoidably slow. But the extraordinary beauty of the romantic glen surpassed anything I had previously met with in Alpine Japan, and for the three hours we took up to its junction with the Kitamata it was a constant and kaleidoscopic succession of charming scenes. Its chief feature was the splendid *fuchi*, deep pools of emerald green, now and then opening out from some narrow, rocky defile, the home of the *iwana*, each one more beautiful than the last. The second of these—*dai ni no fuchi*—was said to be nearly 30 ft. deep. In some places we found quantities of what my men called *doro-yanagi*—a kind of willow which is used in the manufacture of Japanese Panama hats. This part of the Norokawa is noted for its timber, and when, eleven years later, my friend Mr Oswald White, H.B.M. Vice-Consul in Osaka, traversed it, as the next European to do so, in the opposite direction, he found it had been in the meantime, for some years, exploited by the Fuji Paper Mills Company, in connection with the manufacture of wood-pulp, but that the work was now abandoned, the limits of disafforestation having been reached.

At length, as the hillsides receded the valley

opened out, and near the point where it receives the Kitazawa, on its way southwards from the saddle between Komagatake and Senjō-ga-dake, it curves away to the south-west round the northern end of the Shirane-san ridge.

After five hours of steady going, exclusive of halts, we found our camping-place at the foot of Senjō, between two torrents known as Ō-senjō-guchi and Ko-senjō-guchi respectively. This consisted of a rough shelter of birch-bark, some 20 yards from the now attenuated Norokawa, on the left bank, at a height of 6500 ft., and from here on the following day (23rd July) we climbed our peak, which was now for the first time ascended by a European traveller. The expedition, I am bound to confess, was rather a dull one, although the mountain, according to the latest survey, reaches the respectable height of 10,009 feet. The way up, which occupied four hours, though rough, is not difficult, and mainly involves a climb at first by the Ō-senjō-guchi and then over long stretches of broken rocks, resembling a steep and continuous moraine covered with rank grass and dense low vegetation, or occasionally up a tongue of avalanche snow, until near the top. But the wealth of Alpine flowers is great and varied, and as usual the *Potentilla gelida* greeted me on the actual summit, from which, alas, the clouds shut out the longed-for view.

From the hut, after a lazy week-end, we fared forth at 6.30 A.M. for the exploration of the Kitazawa-tōge, the pass which leads from Kōshū into Shinshū, and of which hitherto nothing was known to foreign

travel. For half an hour we retraced our steps along the left bank of the Norokawa (of which the upper part here is locally called Hirasawa), back to its junction with the Kitazawa, and then, turning an intervening spur by means of slippery ledges above the torrent, finally dropped down into the Kitazawa bed, which we ascended to its birthplace below the summit of the pass. A score of times we had to cross and recross the roaring stream, swollen deeper and fiercer by the recent rains; then, running it at last, literally, to earth, we ploughed our way through wet, clinging grass and dripping ferns to the summit of the Kitazawa-tōge (7200 ft.), which we gained in three hours from the Senjō-guchi camp. In the still solitude of the splendid pine forest (*tōhi* = *Abies Menziei*) on the pass, the note of the *koma-dori* (Japanese robin), the *kō-uso* (a kind of bullfinch), and the *ruri* (blue flycatcher) greeted us. The sun shone out, and with the play of light and shade through the trees, and the brilliance of the clearing sky beyond, a halt was doubly welcome. A steep descent of two hours along the edge of a deep gorge, whose sides were scarred with avalanche tracks and landslides, took us into the bed of the Kurokawa-gawa (locally known also as the Tōdai-gawa), where we joined my last year's route from Komagatake. A violent thunderstorm suddenly swamped us, but in the ensuing sunshine our soaked garments speedily dried on us as we walked. At *Mitsu-ishi*, on the border-line of Kōshū and Shinshū, we halted by the big "three stones" to pay homage to the splendid view of the white cliffs and towers of the granite ridge of Komagatake overtopping the massive forest-

clad flanks that rose precipitously above the broad ravine. Mindful of the chilly reception at Tōdai (known to my men as "San-gen-yade") a year ago, we kept to the warm stones of the river-bed, where we made our tea, and then pushed on through the kinder hamlet of Kurokawa, of hospitable memory, into the broad valley of the Mibukawa, which we entered near the village of Izumi-hara. Glorious billows of cloud in a sunset sky saw us over the picturesque bridge, and night fell quickly as we trudged on thankfully to our night's resting-place at Takatō, where, at the Masuda-ya Inn, we found a kindly welcome after a twelve hours' walk of varied interest and charm.

After the cool air of the mountain-glens, however, the closeness and heat of the lower valleys, with the inevitable disadvantages inseparable from the best rooms of a Japanese country inn (its smells and its fleas), afforded an unpleasant contrast. I parted regretfully from the younger men of my party, for they had worked willingly and well; Kumajirō, in particular, proving a perfect treasure. It was a real delight to watch the harmony with which he and his cheerful parent, Chokichi, co-operated. Like him, he possesses that advantage of a first-class piano in the somewhat hot climate of Japan—an iron frame—and I believe it was a positive pleasure for either of them to transport me over the ugliest passages where a boiling torrent awaited the false step, and where the slightest slip would have involved us in a common ruin. While his kinsmen retraced their steps across the Kitazawa-tōge to Ashiyasu, taking great care to wake me at early dawn to receive their respectful

farewell greetings, Chokichi came on with me for further expeditions. In a moment of foolish optimism I chartered a *basha* to transport us to Shiwojiri, the railway junction for Matsumoto and Karuisawa, but I spent the rest of the day at my leisure in regretting it. The 25 miles occupied eight hours, of which only one hour was spent in halts. At Matsumoto, a half-hour's run in the train, I enjoyed the hospitality of the always kindly folk at the Marúnaka-kwan, and was provided, for the sum of 2s., with *hatago* (*i.e.* supper, bed, and breakfast) in the most charming of rooms imaginable, with milk, bread, apples, omelettes, tea, cakes, etc., in abundance. It proved but the forerunner of several happy return visits in later years. Close at hand in the grounds of an ancient shrine a *yo-mise* (night fair) was being held, but of all the quaint sights and sounds the greatest attraction was provided by a clever and amusing *hanashi-ka* (story-teller). A favourite specimen, among all the anecdotes, love-stories, etc., seems to be one dealing with the adventures of two miserly fellows called Hachi-bei and Kichi-bei, and is worth reproducing. One bitter winter's day, when a fierce wind was driving the snowflakes into every nook and cranny, Hachi-bei called on his friend (if misers *can* have friends), and to his astonishment found him squatting in his empty room without a stitch of clothing or a *hibachi* to give a spark of warmth. On inquiring the reason, he was told that Kichi-bei was anxious not to waste his clothes through wearing them out by sitting in them. Noticing, then, that above his head Kichi-bei had a large stone insecurely suspended by a slender string, Hachi-bei asked the

reason. "That," said Kichi-bei, "is to save firing, for the perpetual fear in which I sit of the string breaking, and the stone smashing my skull keeps me warm enough to do away with the need of *hibachi* and fire." As they went on to discuss the problem of cutting down domestic expenses to the very lowest limit, Kichi-bei remarked that as any sort of "relish" with his rice was needless extravagance, he always contented himself with a pinch of salt. "Oh," retorted Hachi-bei, "that is *most* wasteful; I merely put the sourest pickled plum I can get on my table, and it makes my mouth water so every time I look at it that I have no need for either relish or salt. Now, if you'll come home with me I'll show you what real economy *does* mean." As they were just starting out, Hachi-bei noticed Kichi-bei was leaving his *geta* behind to save wear and tear. "Oh, that won't do at all," he called out. "I've just put my *tatami* away to keep them from getting dirtied, and I can't let you make a mess of the boards with your muddy feet." Well, on they went, but when they got to Hachi-bei's, Kichi-bei, who didn't know his way about the house, asked his friend to oblige him with a light. "Oh, certainly," said Hachi-bei, and with that he let out with his fist and hit Kichi-bei such a blow in the eye that he saw far more lights than he ever needed or bargained for!

Note.—Since the above was written an entertaining account appeared in the *Japan Chronicle* (31st Aug. and 2nd Sept. 1917) of variations on some of the foregoing routes by Mr Oswald White. As these appear to be the first accomplished by European travellers, it will be of interest briefly to indicate them.

From a camp in the Kitazawa ravine, between Senjō-dake and

Koma-ga-take, he took those two peaks "right and left." The former peak was climbed from the pass now known as Kitazawa-tōge, by a path made to facilitate the movements of Japanese mountaineers and wood-cutters in that region. This route appears to be easier, though a little less direct, than the original one from the Senjō-guchi hut at the southern base of the actual peak.

The way taken by Mr White up Koma-ga-take was more arduous, but of considerable variety and interest.

Hō-wō-zan was ascended from the Norokawa valley itself, from a camp near the Hirokawa hut, by the Akanuke ravine, at the head of which the "chamois stalk" took place thirteen years earlier. It involved a good deal of rough work, but affords an interesting alternative to the usual route, already described from the Tsuetate-tōge. It was not found feasible to climb the final peak, as, apart from the physical difficulties, the *gōriki* had a superstitious dread of possible consequences. "If you got a scratch," they said, "you would die and nothing could save you!" Mr White describes the curious mixture of religion and irreverence on the part of his men. One of them took the trouble to carry up a small stone image of Jizō as a votive offering in fulfilment of a pledge, to be set up at the foot of the "Jizō-butsu" peak, and yet he seemed to see no inconsistency in digging for fancied stores of money in the ground close by. To rob the dead, and yet toil up with a heavy image to be dedicated to the god, did not strike them as at all incongruous.

After a number of unsuccessful expeditions, Japanese or European, Hō-wō-zan was not again ascended until October 1917, by Mr Daunt's Kōbe party (Messrs H. E. Daunt, F.R.G.S., F. J. Gausden, and B. Nakano), led by three active and determined *gōriki* from Ashiyasu. Climbing from the north side of the final peak, they descended by the route above described. A most entertaining and well-illustrated account of this fine expedition appears in Mr Daunt's magazine *Inaka*, vol. viii., 1918. (Far-Eastern Advertising Agency, Kōbe.)

THE SOUTHERN JAPANESE ALPS.

Shiojiritoge 2363
Sh. Suwa
U. Suwa
Ka. Suwa
Akadake 9620
Kanzawatoge
Hidegatake
Iriai-koido
Tokaido
Kokushidake
Kimpuzan 8439
Komagatake
Komagadake 8866
Senjogadake 9748
Kozan
9884
Jizodake
Mitsuminedake
Kaikoma 8336
Onatake
Aino-take 8268
Notorisan 9377
Narsadatoge 5618
Narsada
Okuwara 2412
Ida
Akaishizan 10,146
Hamuro
9449
Shichimenzan 5817
Kyumakusayama 5666
Daimukenzan 7649
Tenryu
Mesakidake
Fujikawa
Yatsuga-take
Yatsuo
Benzusugitoge 5037
Kaijikuzawa 784
Kobu
Sasagotoge 3568
Kamishashi
Otaki
To Tokyo
K A I
Shaka 2743
L. Nishinomi
Ka. Yoshida
L. Yamanaka
Kagosakatoge
TOJIYAMA 12,231
Kengamine 12,398
Hoeizan
Subashiri
Gotemba
Otomatoge
Ashitakayama 3864
Omiya
Hakone
Mishima
NUMAZU
SURUGA BAY
Ryuzenzan
Oigawa
Abekawa
Fujikawa
Kanogawa
Kamanashi
Sakawa
Yui
Kambara
Ejiri
Shimizu
Kiyomi
Ice Cave
Kami-ide
Murayama 1837
Hotsuma 2244
Minobu
Shibumabe
Kawaguchi
Motosu
Kawaba
Hamuro
Shimoide
Tenryu
Ina-koido
Tokaido
Kiso-kaido
Nakasendo
Kanogawa
Kamanashi
Fujikawa
Abekawa
Oigawa
Tenryu
Kiso
Yoshida
Fuji
Shizuoka
Kambara
Ejiri
Yui
Kambara

O. M. Poole, Phot.]

Shimajima.

[To face p. 135.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NORTHERN ALPS REVISITED

(I.) *New Faces of Old Friends.*

In an earlier volume, whose appearance it was hoped might be justified by the fact that it sought to tell of scenes and adventures in a secluded mountain region, almost a *terra incognita* to the outer world, I endeavoured to describe some of the chief features of the great range I designated the Northern Japanese Alps. Eighteen years passed by before I again found myself taking the road towards the same romantic glens and the dark ridges towering above them in wide-spreading waves, though meanwhile I had, indeed, often "lifted up my eyes" to them from the tall summits of the Southern Alps, or from the famous volcanic peaks of the erupted chain known as the Magna Fossa or Fuji Belt. That first love had never lost its hold, and the time had now come to renew the former intercourse and to draw closer the old ties with the friends of bygone years, or to make the acquaintance of new ones hitherto only known by sight and name. As in the earlier days, our starting-point was Karuisawa—as Mr Douglas Freshfield has entitled it, "the San Moritz of Japan." Lying on the broad, level plain of volcanic ash almost

under the shadow of the smoking cone of Asama-yama, the most noted of active Japanese volcanoes, it has witnessed a number of tragedies during recent years, of which that peak has been either the occasion or the cause. In the summer of 1910 several persons, including one European, met a dreadful death when climbing during an eruption. But its most sinister association was derived from its crater fires for a brief period succeeding the waters of the Kegon cascade of Nikkō as the chosen resort of youthful suicides. Some years before a veritable epidemic of *felo de se* had broken out among many of the students in Tokyo and elsewhere. Disappointment in love, failure in examinations or business, despair with the perplexities of life, had, in some fifteen or sixteen cases, been followed by the fatal leap from the top of Kegon into the boiling cauldron 250 ft. below. The fact that nearly all these occurred in late spring and early summer suggested that a predisposing condition might be found, according to Japanese views, in the irritating effect of hot weather, which was held to conduce to the melancholy that often issues in self-destruction. A particular sensation was created by one of the earliest of these, that of a student of the Tokyo High School, a lad of eighteen, who left, inscribed on the trunk of a tree by the edge of the fall, a farewell message which concluded: "The real state of the universe may be fully described by one word 'incomprehensible.' Out of regret for this, in the anguish of my soul I have at length resolved to die. And when presently I shall be standing on the rock that overlooks the fall, no anxiety of any kind will disturb my mind. I shall

discover for the first time that the depths of woe and the very highest bliss may blend with each other."

A Japanese writer (Mayeda Chōta), in discussing the tragedy, drew attention to the despair caused among many earnest-minded students by the pessimistic views of certain Western philosophers, remarking, "Unfortunately, at the present time, it is with German philosophy only that most Japanese students are acquainted. And the general tendency of this teaching is to encourage contempt for the lives that are passed by ordinary men." After stating his conviction that much of Japanese education is morally defective, he adds: "We develop the intellect, but we leave the moral faculties to fare as they will. . . . *What profit is there to our young men in the dreamy theories, mystic speculations, and gloomy forebodings of German philosophers?* It is not surprising that minds so neglected as many of those of our young men are, should lose all balance and impel their possessors to commit such acts. Until as a nation we get to know what is the real significance of this, our human life, what are our relations to God and to our fellow-men, we shall not make a proper use of the various equipments which we have imported from the West" (*Koe*, July 1903).

The priests of the sacred and ancient shrine of Futa-ara, at the foot of Nantai-zan, made a dignified appeal to the instincts of patriotism and filial piety of prospective suicides, and a notice-board erected at the approach to the cascade bore the following inscription:—

"To throw away precious life in such a manner is to defile the sacred mountain and one's own name.

"It is an act of irreverence towards the Gods, of disloyalty towards the Emperor, and of disobedience towards one's parents.

"Civilised men should remember three things:—

"1. It is sad and disgraceful that boys, with many years of usefulness before them, should allow themselves to be distracted with some petty occurrence, and should resort to a course which renders them as unsightly in death as their motive is miserable.

"2. A man's name belongs to his family.

"3. His life belongs to his country.

Therefore, to cast away both without reflection is to sow the seeds of regret in a future state. This is the teaching of Japan's greatest sages."

The protest, unfortunately, failed, nor had the erection of a police box at the "jumping-off place" on the edge of the cliff any better success. Relief finally came from a startling source, for the village authorities of Nikkō suddenly announced that, owing to the increasing expenses incurred by the burial of the bodies found below the fall, in future all such would be left to rot uninterred. Such a procedure, in its personal indignity and the disgrace thereby inflicted on the family name of any prospective unfortunate, opened up possibilities too dreadful to be contemplated. And the suicides at Nikkō abruptly ceased. But mainly because the venue was transferred, by substituting self-cremation in the fires of Asama, and, subsequently, also, in those of Aso-san in Kyūshū, for drowning in the Kegon cascade.

Finally, however, the epidemic subsided, though twelve years later (in the autumn of 1916) a well-known Tokyo journal, the *Yomiuri Shimbun*, reported a serious recrudescence, suggesting it was the result of a sort of neurosis due to defects of education. "The youth of the nation," he maintained, "is physically and mentally deformed, for the entire aim of modern education in Japan is to cram for examinations, and failure to pass them is the ruin of many. In one of the leading Middle Schools of Tokyo last year, no less than eight students attempted suicide, though all did not succeed, the cause being over-study." One may hope that the writer's views are unduly pessimistic, though they undoubtedly are shared by many competent observers, both Japanese and foreign, among those engaged in educational work in Japan.

Since the above was written, an instance of singular interest has come to my knowledge. As it is probably the only occasion on which a first-hand account, by an eye-witness, of important details has been accessible, it will be of service to quote from the vivid personal account :—

"Two European members of the Central Japan Mission were last spring making the ascent of Aso-san, when, on the edge of a cliff close to the actual mouth of the volcano, they found 'two pairs of shoes and some valuables, along with a letter indicating that two students had committed suicide by jumping into the volcano that very day.' One of the climbers 'descended the cliff and reached the place where the students had jumped off, and in answer to his shouts,

received a reply from below. . . . It was quite impossible to see anything, owing to the volumes of vapour constantly coming up.' After some difficulty a rope was obtained from a Buddhist shrine some distance away, and with the help of a Buddhist priest who happened to be on the spot, the rope was lowered down. . . . 'Unfortunately it could not be seen by those below, and the heat scorched it at once and rendered it useless. . . . The students represented themselves as being very badly burnt already, with loss of sight, and it seemed impossible for them to last till effective help could be obtained.' The situation was then reported to the police at Tateno, at the foot of Aso-san, and the next morning a body of fifty firemen and two policemen went up the mountain, found the students still alive, and by means of a steel net descended and hauled them out. They also removed the corpse of another student who had apparently jumped down some days previously. . . . One had both legs broken and died soon after reaching home; the other escaped with the loss of one eye. . . . The Buddhist priest told us that there are a great many suicides on Mount Aso—especially in the spring. Their occurrence at that particular time of year is explained by the fact that the annual school examinations take place in March."[1]

Reports had recently reached us from our friend "Usui" Kojima of an enchanted valley penetrating into the recesses of the main chain of the Northern Alps of Japan some distance north-west of Matsumoto. This we determined to explore, for as yet

[1] *C.M.S. Gleaner*, Feb. 1918.

no European had set foot in it, and thitherward we set our faces in early August of 1912. Our natural starting-point was Akashina, reached from Karuisawa in a six hours' journey by the railway running through Uyeda and Shinonoi to the Matsumoto plain. At Uyeda one realises something of the significance of rural, as distinguished from urban, Japan. In England we have nothing which rivals in extent or influence some of those great teaching centres crowded with farmers' sons who are not only *of* the land but intend to remain *on* it. The equipment of the great Institute of Sericulture at Uyeda is a typical instance, and in both its agricultural, manufacturing, and research departments, is a revelation to those who see it for the first time.

Near Uyeda the Buddhist temple of Shakusonji juts out from the face of a great cliff overhanging the silver current of the Chikumagawa, like the *musharabiyeh* of some Egyptian palace, and close by the river-bank a lovely lotus pond was bursting into the full glory of its gorgeous pink and white blooms. The train crosses the fertile valley and then bears off abruptly westwards at Shinonoi, over the crest of the Obasuteyama ("the Hill where the Aunt was abandoned") to worm its way, mole-like, through the tumbled mass of opposing heights, and then slides down, by the banks of the broad Saigawa, to Akashina in the plain of Matsumoto, on the eastern flanks of the northern Alpine range. A sign-post on the platform announces that this is the most convenient point of departure for the great peaks now in full view. A dozen miles in—or rather with—jolting jinrikisha took us to the little hamlet of Miyashiro with its fine

Shintō Shrine dedicated to the goddess of Hodaka-yama, to whose sacred summit we were, later on, to climb. She is said, as a Japanese friend put it, to "reign over wind and storm," and in times of drought is sought with the propitiatory rites of *amagoi* ("intercessions for rain"). Deputations of hunters sent by the suffering farmers penetrate to the lower slopes of the mountain, where fires are lighted and guns discharged to compel the attention of the divinity to the commotion and quench the desecrating flames with the needed showers. Other peaks so associated with this form of "sympathetic magic" are Jōnendake, and Kasadake in Hida. I have at times been quite unable to obtain the services of hunters on my expeditions owing to their absence from home on the *amagoi* rites.

The only accommodation available at Miyashiro was the house of the *Kannushi* (the "god guardian" or "chief priest" of the great shrine). He had never set eyes on a foreigner ("an outside countries man") before, yet nothing could have exceeded the grave courtesy and kindly welcome of his reception. Forthwith he led us to a charming room overlooking a lovely rock-garden, where, half hidden in the azalea bushes and iris beds, the waters of a mountain cascade fell into a little pond with ceaseless roar. Towards midnight this lullaby suddenly ceased, and we awoke to find dim, ghostly forms moving silently across the garden stepping-stones.

Our host and his son, mindful of a chance remark during the evening, had turned out of bed to divert the stream, higher up its course, into a remoter channel to ensure our repose.

As we left the little hamlet on our way up to

Nakabusa Onsen the following morning, we passed a magnificent bronze statue, on a granite pedestal, to Dōdō, the ancient mountaineer who, centuries before, had led the way to the summit of Ariake-san ("the Mountain of Dawn"), the shapely granite peak at the head of the valley, which stands out like the bastion of a great fortress, overlooking the Matsumoto plain, where it is famous as the "Fuji of Shinano." The statue reminds one of that of De Saussure at Chamonix, but strikes one with a suggestion of more life, and its situation, under the shelter of the tall trees that shade the great silent shrine, is incomparably more fitting than the approach to a big and luxurious Alpine hotel.

The 8 miles' walk to the *onsen* led up a valley of surpassing loveliness, each turn of the winding glen more romantic than the last. Here and there the track merely rested on struts of timber driven into the precipitous crags of dazzling granite, overhanging the flashing emerald waters of the Yugawa, with an almost sheer drop of 500 ft. to the valley floor. Above us towered the tree-clad cliffs—on the right bank, of Ōtenjō; on the left, of Ariake-san—to an altitude of 5000 or 7000 ft.

The *onsen* itself lies, at a height of 5300 ft., in an open space at the actual end of the valley, a complete *cul-de-sac*, from which the only escape is by a climb over forest-clothed ridges of extraordinary steepness, 8000 to 9000 ft. in height. The hot spring at its source in the hillside is over 200°, and is conducted in separate channels to various holes and tanks for the convenience of the several hundred summer guests who delight in its healing and soothing

waters. The sulphur and carbonic acid gas it contains make it wholesome and helpful both for internal and external use. The accessibility of the *onsen* and the delightful journey by which it is reached, will in days to come render it one of the most deservedly attractive spots in unfamiliar Japan.

On rising ground above the main buildings for the accommodation of bathers, a charming *jōtō* ("first-class") annexe was approaching completion, and Momose San, the kind and courteous proprietor, was bitterly disappointed at being unable to entertain us there as his first guests. He had been apprised of our coming by my friend Kojima, and nothing could have exceeded the eagerness and attention with which he strove to please. He turned out his own family, we discovered, to give us the best rooms he had, and in deference to "foreign" views of privacy carefully papered the wooden gratings that served as doors to the entrance of the principal bath. The only "fly in the ointment" was the boorish behaviour of some lads of the rougher student class, from whom almost alone any objectionable conduct is met with in these secluded spots. Among their favourite pastimes is the loud recital, in a high falsetto, often at a late hour of the night, of portions of popular dramas, to which the damp air and quieter surroundings are held to lend additional effect! In this respect they differ seriously from those ancient Greeks whom in so many ways they otherwise resemble, for the Athenians considered noisy singing in public baths a special sign of boorishness.

Delightful expeditions, now made for the first time by a European traveller, were the ascents of

Ariake-san and Tsubakura-dake. The height of Ariake-san is about 7500 ft., and a less than three hours' walk up the forest-clad granite cliffs placed us on a bellevue of unusual interest, the broad plain of Matsumoto lying at our feet on the east, and on the west the dark, massive flanks of Tsubakura and Ōtenjō, overtopped by broken granite ridges, the outer waves of a vast sea of mountains that stretches over an area of some thousands of square miles as far as the eye can reach. My companions, besides the faithful and agile Seizo Nemoto of Myōgi-san, the nimblest climber I ever met, were Momose San and three visitors to the *onsen* who asked to be allowed to join us—a journalist, an artist, and a photographer. I noticed that, as we passed the little shrine below the summit, some of them removed their hats and reverently bowed their heads in worship, while the rest took no notice whatever of its existence.

Tsubakura-dake, the "Swallow Peak," rising north-west of the *onsen*, afforded a strenuous scramble of nearly five hours, at first extraordinarily steep, through forest trees of every kind, the home of lovely little squirrels and the grey-furred monkey, followed by stretches of tiresome bamboo grass. Here we emerged into the clear, refreshing air of the zone of creeping-pine, where Alpine plants abounded, notably the *Gentiana Algida*, with its handsome white bells, and the deep blue star of the *Gentiana Nipponica*. The *haimatsu* is the home of the hare and the ptarmigan, and in the shattered rocks of the granite ridge lies the haunt of the chamois and the handsome black bear. Close

by the edge of a sheet of dazzling snow near the summit (9300 ft.) we found a cleverly contrived shelter only just vacated by a hunter whom we had met in the forest below. The wide prospect embraced an enormous area of valleys, ridges, and peaks, from Fuji on the shores of the Pacific across to the far-off waters of the blue Toyama Bay.

We were loth to leave the delightful surroundings of the *onsen* on the morrow, for their variety and charm had laid an arresting hand upon our fancy; and when the kind-hearted host, with his assembled household, gave us their good-bye greeting, "Do, please, come back soon," we felt that the fault would not be ours if we failed to keep the promise, "Come back, indeed, we will." As we descended the valley we passed three artists hard at work before their easels, and lower down, when the steep hillsides fell gently away from the mouth of the glen, a huge purple, water-worn mass of granite suggested a gigantic tortoise crawling to the torrent edge. Further towards the plain the grey old shrine of Hodaka-jinja slept half hidden in its stately grove, whose background was formed by the pale blue haze of the distant hills that form the eastern walls of the Ōmachi-Matsumoto plain.

At the house of the good *Kannushi* of the sanctuary we again made a welcome halt, for an unlucky stumble in *waraji*-shod feet higher up the valley had resulted in the dislocation of the great toe of my right foot, and we knew the final 5 miles of our walk towards Matsumoto would need, in every sense, the "best foot foremost." It took us, in time, to the long, straggling street of

Hodaka-mura, whence in a "*gara-gara basha*" we were trundled, as night fell, to the friendly and familiar haven of rest of the Marunaka-kan. It was the time of the *Bon Matsuri* (the "Feast of All Souls"), and at the front door of wayside cottages we saw burning the *mukae-bi* (the "fire of welcome") placed to guide back for a brief visit to the old home the spirits of the departed now returning. On the *Butsu-dan* (the family altar-shelf) lights and offerings of food and wine were waiting for them. In the gathering darkness the golden glow of lighted lanterns hanging from the broad, thatched eaves, together with the fires, was most impressive. In the open space before some village shrine a great circle of youths and maidens danced round a little orchestra of flute and drum which accompanied the song of the dancers. When the moon rose and shed a soft radiance over the country-side the scene was picturesque in the extreme. That night, for once, the spotless *tatami* and silken *futon* of our inn obviated the usual fight with countless fleas, and the little room with its electric light was all the cooler for the moving air of the stream that flowed beneath our open *shōji*, whose sheltering *amadō* no prowling policeman appeared sternly to order our hospitable landlord to close against prospective thieves and murderers.

A word let drop overnight about the pleasures of a previous visit some years before had awakened friendly sentiments in the breast of our host, and these speedily took form in a handsome carp he proceeded to catch in the pond of the little garden of the inn and offer for our immediate consumption

—raw. We were forced to own our inferior taste in preferring it cooked, and at an early hour the next morning it duly reappeared, grilled to a turn.

From Matsumoto our ways diverged, and in due course I fared forth, with Seizo, on the familiar road across the plain to Shimajima, for new climbs on Yari and Hodaka by routes as yet untried by travellers, European or Japanese.

It was eighteen years since my last journey thither, but the signs of change were few and inconspicuous. The road was as dusty, muddy, and rutty as usual, though some of the poor little hamlets that dot them at intervals show slight traces of increased life and prosperity. A really regrettable feature was the marked retreat of the townward limits of the fine old forest of pines from which Matsumoto derived its name—"The place where the pines (*matsu*) begin"—for it affords an interesting instance of the way in which the place-names of Japan are so often descriptive of geographical situation or physical surroundings. Regrets were redoubled as we observed an official of the Nōshō-mushō ("Board of Agriculture and Commerce") marking many more victims for the woodman's axe. As we chatted of place-names by the way it was remarked what curious contradictions were offered, of the rule quoted, by a number of the villages through which we were passing. At *Endō* (*endō* = "peas") no peas were to be had; while at *Akamatsu* the red-pines (*akamatsu* = *Pinus densiflora*) were conspicuous by their absence.

In some localities the inhabitants complain that their place-names appear to have been bestowed

entirely on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. For instance, the famous old capital of the "island province" of Hida, which lies in the middle of a broad plateau, is known as Takayama, "the lofty mountain." The name of a quaint and lonely village that clings with difficulty to the side of a steep and broken hillside in Central Kyūshū I visited is Sakanashi, whence arises a local proverb, "*Ōsaka saka nashi; Sakanashi saka aru*," *i.e.* "In Ōsaka ('the big incline') no incline exists; in Sakanashi ('there is no incline') there is a steep one!"

The warmest of welcomes awaited me at the Shimidzuya, my old-time inn at Shimajima, and all that was needed to make it complete was a suitable bath. In this respect I found the good folk had not kept abreast of the times, and I was reduced to the necessity of a pilgrimage to the public establishment in the middle of the village. A brief inspection, however, of this led to a hasty retreat; for even at that early hour of 4 P.M. the appearance of the water left much to be desired—or, more strictly, much more had been left than was desirable!

Critics of the Japanese character have at times charged that people, perhaps somewhat hastily, with fickleness, but of the bathing habit it may safely be maintained that their love for hot water has certainly never grown cold.

It is in the bathing customs (costumes are non-existent) at ordinary Japanese inns that so wide a divergence from all we are used to at home is found, and, as such, merits some brief notice.

Arriving towards 5 P.M. or so the European traveller will usually find himself offered the privilege

of the first dip—if one may so term the operation of parboiling his body in the large oval wooden tub in water at about 110° Fahrenheit, for the space of twenty or thirty minutes. Next follow, after his exit, the other guests in order of dignity, or of arrival at the inn—men first, for here it is not a case of *place aux dames*. Then the landlord takes his turn, succeeded by the male members of his family, until finally the landlady and her female relatives, if any, give way to the domestics, irrespective of sex, according to the capacity of the tub and the number able to get in at once. The chattering and splashing thus continue for six or seven hours on end, and in spite of the fact that no soap may be used in the bath, and that all actual washing has to take place *outside* the great tub, it is scarcely to be wondered at, as I have indicated, that the appearance of the liquid therein does, indeed, when all have finished, leave much to be desired.

Few things can be more startling to an average Japanese—whose clothes, if he be poor, are frequently washed, and his body far oftener still—than to learn that in most "working-class" homes in *our* highly "civilised" country, bathrooms are either non-existent, or, where provided by a conscientious landlord, are frequently used for no more personal purposes than as a coal-box, a dust-bin, or a miniature flower-bed!

In some respects, however, I found Shimajima *was* moving with the times. The local manufacture of a special kind of pottery now supplemented the usual agricultural pursuits, and a fine new school stood in a commanding position above the village, its spacious playground supplied with quite modern

gymnastic appliances. The path over the Tokugō Pass (7100 ft.) proved indeed an old friend with a new face, and the past twenty years have brought great improvements in its condition. The beauty of the romantic gorge, happily, had in no wise waned, and the precipitous cliffs displayed all the old glories of the brilliant scarlet of the azalea bushes that picked out the dark forest slopes, and the graceful festoons of the sweet-scented wistaria hanging from many a bold crag. In the autumn these same hillsides afford a wonderful feast of colour with their varied glow of every tint, from a delicate yellow through tender pinks to fiery copper and deepest crimson.

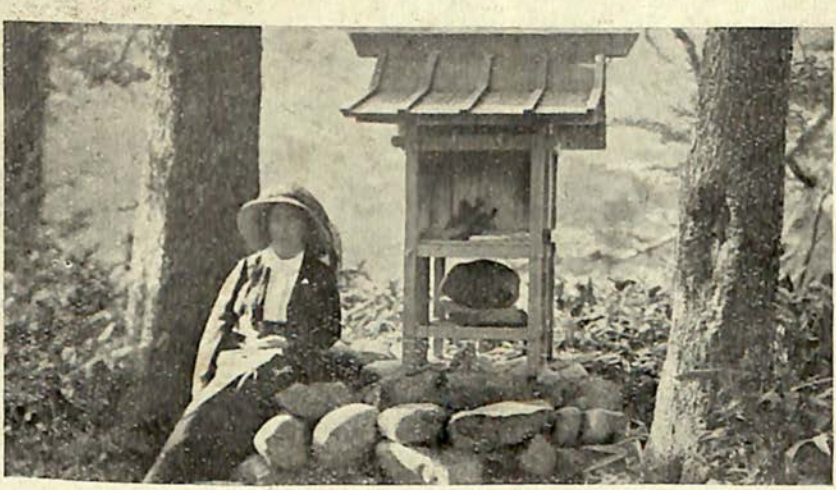
On our way down to the Tokugō hut at the northern foot of the pass,[1] a civil greeting suddenly arrested us as we were accosted by a pleasant youth, who announced he had been sent from Kamikōchi with messages from Katō-Sokichi, the landlord, my old friend and host of the Shimidzuya at Shimajima, who also has charge of the *onsen* inn, and from Kamonji Kamijō, my old guide and companion on earlier expeditions in this Yari region. Kamonji had been commandeered by a military surveyor of the General Staff, and could not join me till later on. Katō's kindly feeling took visible shape in two large bottles of beer, since he felt sure the long walk must have been very thirsty work!

But our immediate goal, now, was the ascent of Yarigatake by its northern face, and this we must approach from the head of the wild ravine of the Takasegawa, into which as yet no foreign foot had ever penetrated. So with grateful messages to my

[1] 5100 ft.

old friends for the new proofs of their unchanged good-will, we turned off from the Kamikōchi path at the familiar old Nōshōmushō hut, forded the broad swift waters of the Adzusa-gawa, and pushed on through the forest on the right bank for some two hours to our night's bivouac. In the old days, few signs of the presence of man or beast were ever visible in the rank vegetation, but now between the birches and the pines a network of cattle-tracks winds in and out; for down the valley, near the *onsen*, lie the huts of the herdsmen and the cattle they tend, belonging to the experimental farm of the Nagano Prefectural Government.

As night fell we pitched our camp and ate our supper by a cheerful fire of pine-logs, while the clear crescent moon arose from beyond Chōgadake ("the butterfly peak"), and touched with silver radiance the spires and battlements of Hodaka, towering imposingly behind us. When bedtime came, Seizo slung my hammock between two tall pines, and after settling me in with quite maternal solicitude, retired to spend the night by the camp fire with the two *gōriki* (porters) from Shimajima. The dark stillness was only broken by the low murmur of the distant torrent and occasional snatches of their conversation. On the morrow a strenuous climb of some eight hours took us up the wild Yoko-ō ravine and over to the hunters' *gîte* at the eastern base of Yarigatake. The route was opened up on my first ascent with H. W. Belcher some twenty years before, and I found that it had lost nothing either of its interest or its severity. The gorge is one of the sources of the Adzusa-gawa, and rises in three precipitous pitches, topped by



Shrine of the Mountain Divinity at the Foot of Hodaka.

Kamikōchi Onsen.

[*To face p.* 152.

slopes of snow, to the great horse-shoe wall of disintegrating rock known as Ōbami. In the lower part of the valley, at about 7000 ft., I again found delicious black currants growing wild, and near the foot of the rock wall abounded Alpine flowers of every kind and colour. The height of the Ōbami-tōge, as I have named it, is nearly 10,000 ft., and from it, in a cold drizzle of rain, we descended obliquely down snow and beds of *haimatsu* ("creeping-pine") interspersed with gigantic boulders from the cliffs above, to the *Bōzu-goya*, at 9000 ft., our bivouac for that night. This consists of a V-shaped cave formed by several huge wedges of rock, and affords an excellent shelter. On a ledge near the entrance stood a tiny image of the ancient priest (*bōzu*), alleged to have been the first pioneer of Yari. The abundance of *haimatsu* close at hand not only provided me with a luxurious spring mattress for my stony couch, but with fuel for the roaring fire that soon was blazing at the entrance to the cave. As we sat round the grateful glow we watched the setting sun gild the sharp spear-head of Yari behind us with its soft radiance, and, soon after, between the graceful pyramid of Jōnen and the cone of far-off Fuji in front, rose the moon to sail across a sky of deepest violet, in which the stars began literally to *blaze* with an almost dazzling brightness. But a rude awakening was in store for me, as I turned from my contemplation of these splendours. Mingled with the good-night greeting of the two *gōriki* came the abrupt announcement that they declined to attempt any new route on Yari with me in the morning; "For," said they, "Kamonji has never done it, and Kamonji is *Yari*

no Ō (the King of Yari), and if *he* has not done it, no one else can." "Very good," I said, "then Seizo and I will do it alone, and you must go back and tell your kinsman Kamonji the reason why." "*O yasumi nasai*," they said, "honourably deign to rest," and I crawled to my corner of the cave, and on my cosy pine mattress I was soon sleeping an untroubled sleep. The next morning dawn disclosed a lovely cloud sea surging up from the Akasawa ravine, 3000 ft. below, but the sun's warm rays soon drank up its waves, and by the time breakfast was over the "spear peak" was silhouetted sharply against a cloudless heaven. As Seizo and I moved off from the cave, the *gōriki* suddenly asked if they might not also come. Whether it was due to shame or to fear of consequences at Kamonji's hands I never knew, but at 6.45 we started out together, and turning our backs on our bivouac we set our faces due north towards the ridge that forms the east arête of our peak. Half an hour of steady walking up shattered rocks took us to the knife edge of the arête, but it was not till we overtopped it and could look over and upwards that we clearly realised the work in store. The slope at our feet fell away at an angle of nearly 70° to a narrow snow couloir of some 1500 ft. in depth, which lower down forms the birthplace of the torrent of the Takasegawa. Above the couloir to our left rose the exceedingly steep north face which we had come to scale. A look of blank dismay settled on the faces of the *gōriki* as I pointed out a possible way up, and with the descent of the abrupt and slippery inner wall of the couloir towards it their spirits sank lower still. Even the

sight of a tuft of glorious purple *Aquilegia Akitensis*, of regal beauty, on the rocks, failed to cheer them, and I had difficulty in persuading them to follow Seizo and myself in the steps I cut, almost spacious enough for a performing elephant, across the steep and narrow ribbon of snow. Once across and with something for their strong fingers to grip, their courage began to rise. The work was severe for the rocks grew steeper as we mounted upwards, and their disintegrated condition demanded the greatest possible care. A block, once dislodged, splintered itself as it ricochetted from point to point and then fell into and down the couloir in a thousand fragments. Next to the short, sharp struggle on the final peak of Hō-wō-zan, the climb was the hardest and most interesting of its kind I had ever attempted in Japan, and it was fortunate I had such splendid support as Seizo, perhaps alone of all Japanese, was able to afford. His nerve and sure-footed nimbleness, with perfect balance and ease of movement, combined to render him the most extraordinary human being on difficult rocks I have ever seen. The vertical height from the couloir crossing-place was about 1000 ft., and no more exact picture of it could be offered than the view, by Mr Valentine-Richards, of the upper part of the Finsteraarhorn from the west, in vol. xxiii. of the *Alpine Journal* (p. 309). The final rocks, forming the *yari* (the "spear point") from which the peak derives its name, became so sheer that we were driven into a narrow "chimney" up which we found a most sporting way for the last 150 ft. The top of this cleft formed a notch in the little ridge—some 20 ft. in length—on

which stood the few remaining fragments of a tiny hunter's shrine in the last stage of decay. As we emerged into the sunshine with our task achieved, the relief and exultation of the *gōriki* found vent in cries of "*Banzai! Weston Sama, banzai!*" and even stolid Seizo's honest face beamed with unwonted enthusiasm.

The height of Yari is 10,430 ft., and the view it commands is one of the widest and wildest in the whole of Japan. The most striking features of the nearer prospect are the steep and shattered ridges to the north-west, which rise from the desolate valleys that finally sink towards the shores of the Japan Sea, and to the south the great granite ramparts and towers of Hodaka, which can be reached in a long day's scramble by the sinuous arête that connects the two peaks. In the region to the north and west lie hundreds of square miles of mountain and valley land, with hardly an inhabitant but the hunters and fishermen, or the solitary charcoal burners of the lower glens. In the south-east stands the dark wall of the Southern Japanese Alps, and over one of their ridges is uplifted the graceful cone of Fuji, its southern slopes rising in unbroken curves from the shores of the Pacific. Indeed, the prospect is one which embraces practically the whole width of the main island at its broadest span.

By way of adding further variety to our expedition, we descended to the *Bōzu-goya* bivouac by a route avoiding the familiar south-west arête up which the ascent is usually made. This is shorter and more direct, but the steep rocks are very friable and involve delicate handling, though a couloir near the bottom affords some exhilarating sport.

From the *Bōzu-goya* we left our Yoko-ō-dani route to the right, and descended by slopes of broken rock and wind-blown snow to the well-known Akasawa cave near the source of the Adzusa-gawa. The sight of the old bivouac, now become a favourite camping-place for native mountaineers and others, was redolent of many memories, grave and gay, of bygone expeditions, and incidentally of less fragrant associations which some of these had left behind them. It is not too much to hope that, as mountaineering grows more popular, more thoughtful respect may increasingly be shown both for the charms of Nature herself and for the feelings of those who come in their turn to worship at her most stately and secluded shrines.

The familiar walk down the beautiful glen to Kamikōchi[1] would have been an easier task but for my damaged foot. While the sharp rock splinters half hidden in the rank vegetation, and the fallen tree-trunks slippery with moisture, were as annoying as ever, the turbulent waters of the torrent needed far less frequent crossing than of old, and for a considerable part of the way a fairly well-marked track was visible by its side, thanks to the journeys of the surveyors of the General Staff who have been at work of late in this valley, under the guidance of Kamonji, who, as the dentist's assistant said of his employer, is "principally forceps," in his knowledge of the Yari region.

It was indeed delightful, as night fell, to meet the warm greeting that welcomed me from the good landlord of the *onsen* inn. As I sat on the floor of

[1] 4980 ft.

my little room overlooking the bath-house, at my evening meal, I heard the *shōji* slowly pushed aside, and the quaint, wizened visage of the old *riyōshi* (hunter) himself was thrust in. It was soon plain that eighteen years had not lessened the limits of the familiar expansive smile, nor had the weird cackle which with him does duty for a laugh lost aught of its infectious humour. Though the build and gait and nimbleness at times suggest an entirely Simian ancestry, for in them he resembles nothing more than a wholly benevolent gorilla, yet Kamonji is never anything but a man. I found he still hid himself away in the solitary hut which for nearly half a century has served him as winter hunting-box and summer haunt. For in the summer-time he fishes for trout in the three lonely meres that lie hidden in the depths of the dark, silent forest at the foot of Hodaka, or in the neighbouring waters of the broad Adzusa-gawa; while, when the winter snows drive down the bears and chamois from their lairs amongst the loftier ridges, his spirits revive with fresh ardour for the more strenuous quest.

For nearly a week, he said, he had been waiting to welcome me back to the mountains we loved so well, and his unaffected pleasure at our reunion was delightful to witness. To celebrate the occasion we arranged to try the first ascent of the highest peak of the whole Hodaka group from Kamikōchi direct by a route he had once partly worked out when stalking a bear some seventeen years ago, but which he had not actually accomplished in its entirety. It is known as Oku Hodaka, 10,200 ft., and forms the apex of the gigantic cirque of granite cliffs that thrust

out one arm into the broad bend of the Adzusa-gawa towards the Tokugo-tōge, and with the other stretches out a sheltering wall above the spot where Kamikōchi lies in solitary security.

A grand but somewhat threatening "rose of dawn" greeted us when at length we fared forth on our climb. Kamonji, mindful of former stormy days through which we had fought together, was clad in a rough coat of undressed chamois skin, with his quaint, yet kindly, ape-like features encircled in a cotton *tenugui* (towel). A heavy day's rain had swollen the Adzusa-gawa, and we had difficulty in finding a ford, but we succeeded in crossing it beyond the Kappa-bashi (bridge). The rank bamboo grass and dense undergrowth were heavy with moisture, and we were soon soaked through and through. Over an hour of this brought us into the forest proper, and here we were detained for a feast of wild black currants, which alone appear to be found on this mountain and on Yatsu-ga-take in Shinshū. Soon we left the rugged track of interlacing roots and slippery earth for a tedious hour's scramble up the broad rock river of the Shirasawa ravine, which runs right up to the foot of the middle of the concave rock wall that forms the central section of Oku Hodaka. The upper portion of the moraine-like floor of the ravine was filled with a long slope of hummocky, wind-blown snow, and this gave us welcome relief, until it ended in a *bergschrund*, some 30 ft. in depth, into which we descended carefully by the aid of axe and rope, and finally obtained a secure lodgment on the rocks beyond. Here, at 8000 ft., we halted for "second breakfast," and it was well we did so, for

it was the last food we were to get for many toilsome hours. Our way now lay up a rock buttress of extraordinary steepness, and for the next two hours the exertion was unusually severe. This face of Hodaka affords the longest *continuous* scramble in the whole of the Japanese Alps, and ranks in difficulty with many excellent Alpine climbs. Kamonji progressed with remarkable agility, and, like Seizo, held on as much with his toes as with his horny, wrinkled fingers. The grip given by his soft straw *waraji* on the wet and slimy crags was fully needed, for at last the low, threatening clouds into which we were now rising began to discharge themselves with pitiless effect. Soon the rain and the swirling vapour hid all but our immediate surroundings from view, except when the sudden gusts of wind roaring over the wild ridges revealed crags and towers overhanging ravines of amazing desolation. By and by the wind appeared to be attacking us from all directions at the same moment, and the rain to rain up as well as down. We had been climbing hard continuously for nearly six hours; our clothes had long been soaked through and through, fingers were numbed, and our persons chilled to the very bone. Sharp edges of splintered granite had cut my Alpine *kletterschühe* to pieces, and now pressed hard and sharp through the sodden soles of cotton rag. The wreathing mists distorted the fantastic forms of the surrounding cliffs as well as obscured them, and as one obstacle was surmounted it merely gave way to another looming dimly beyond. At length I had to face the question as to how much more of this buffeting we could stand, and how much further,

wet, hungry, and cold, one might justifiably go oneself or fairly ask the men to persevere. Then suddenly, and for a moment, the vapours thinned, a rent was torn in the cloud curtain, and through it a point appeared. "*Dekimashita, dekimashita!*" ("We've done it, we've done it!"), cried Kamonji, as a broad grin of mingled relief and satisfaction bisected his anxious face and chased away its gathering gloom. And then he stood aside and invited me to step on to the shattered crag that forms the summit of the finest granite peak in the whole of the Japanese Alps. We dared no longer stay than to exchange a mutual word of congratulation, but there was just time to observe blooming in those bleak surroundings the cheerful little yellow petals of a tiny *potentilla* (how well here entitled *frigida!*). Whatever else is wanting, it has never failed to welcome me on nearly every one of the highest points of Alpine Japan.

We had reached the top at 11.40, and the descent took four and a half hours of almost harder going than even the upward way. Now we had to face the wild blasts and driving rain, and in the wreathing mists the route for the first 2000 ft. was often hard to find, while *waraji* and shoes were reduced to a condition of ragged pulp. Near the foot of the peak the slippery bamboo brakes had become a network of quagmires, and the rivulets of early morning had grown into roaring torrents. By the side of one of these a companion offered me a lift across, but half-way our combined weight planted him firmly in an unsuspected quicksand, so I was compelled to dismount and drag him out. The swollen waters of the Adzusa-gawa dashed down the valley with an

ugly booming of the great boulders rolling in their granite bed. Only after a desperate struggle, feeling a precarious way from one great rock to another, in water up to the waist, was the farther bank and safety gained. Suddenly started from beneath our very feet a great hare. This was clearly a challenge to Kamonji's ruling passion, which even his weary condition could not refuse, and one well-aimed stroke with his stout mountain staff brought its last run to a speedy end.

The wild weather and rude buffetings meted out on Hodaka were more than compensated by the warmth of the welcome that greeted us at the hospitable door of Kamikōchi on our arrival. Never was *onsen* more soothing to tired limbs, nor *tamago-zake* (egg-flip) so gratefully reviving. Great were the rejoicings that night at our success, and the scene of merrymaking round the pine-log fire in the big "common room" was prolonged and picturesque. Before leaving the valley Kamonji begged me to visit his lonely lair by the "silent pool," where he showed me the various footgear and weapons of the chase that constitute its chief treasures. Finally, he extracted a promise to bring next year my *oku-sama* to honour his dwelling, and in his company to explore the secrets of the great hills into which hitherto her sex had not yet learned the way—*Decies repetita placebit.*

Twelve months later, precisely in August 1913, the friendly *shōji* of the Marunaka-kwan at Matsumoto once more opened to us in welcome, and ultimately to speed us forth on further exploration of the Kamikōchi region. This time we were in "double harness," for now a lady climber of Alpine

experience was to make her way to peaks on which as yet no feminine foot had been placed. To the farewell greetings of our good host were added a couple of charming fans and a large bottle of excellent strawberry syrup, most seasonable gifts in view of the sultry stretch across the sun-scorched plain to Shimajima. No sooner had we gained the Shimidzuya there than urgent entreaties were showered upon us to "deign to enter into the honourable hot bath without delay, *while it is still clean!*" We did deign, though it was but 3.30 P.M., and we found it did not belie the description, so that for once we were able both to enjoy it with thankfulness and to quit it with regret.

On the morrow, with Seizo, Kamonji, and his sturdy son Kayōkichi—who looked twenty-five, but was really forty-three—we again pursued our way up the beautiful glen in the cool freshness of early dawn. Near a halting-place by the side of a couple of red-daubed faces of Jizō-Sama, Kayōkichi slew a leveret that darted across the path. At the foot of the Tokugo Pass we ate our *bentō* (lunch) at the little shelter known as *Iwana-dome* ("the trout barrier"). Beyond this point in the torrent the fish can no further go. Near the foot of Aso-san in Kyūshū I have found a similar "place-name," where at Tochinoki is a waterfall entitled *Aigaeri* ("the trout return"), since beyond its foot these fish too are unable to ascend.

The arrival of a "foreign" lady climber at the Kamikōchi Onsen created quite a sensation, and we were conducted thereto with befitting ceremony by the good landlord himself, for he came out some

distance to meet us and to welcome us to his friendly roof. The three delightful weeks we devoted to the exploration of the region were full of interest and variety, and more than ever convinced us of the future that Kamikōchi has in store. With Kamonji and Seizo we repeated the new ascents of the previous year under ideal conditions and serener skies. For Yari, however, we avoided the toilsome route by the Yoko-ō-dani and reached the Bōzu-goya by way of the Akasawa glen, where we spent a comfortable night, both going and returning, under the shelter of the great wedge of rock near the talus of red fragments that streams down from the cliffs that give the ravine its name. Close by Kamonji pointed out the spot where once he found the bodies of two huge black bears, locked in death-grips, just as they had fallen in their struggle over the edge of a precipice nearly 2000 feet in depth. The only drawback to our bivouac was the discovery that the familiar spring of former years had run entirely dry, and the men had to fetch supplies from Baba-taira, more than half a mile higher up the valley. The climb of over 2500 feet to the Bōzu-goya was mainly a snow one, when once the torrent-bed was left behind, for the snowfall of the previous winter had been unusually severe. Many Alpine flowers were still in bloom on the rocky slopes on either side—*Gentiana verna* with its deep blue star, *Geum dryadoides*, *Veratrum album*, *Anemone parviflora*, and Japanese *soldanella*, both pink and white. Most unfamiliar of all, however, was a lovely little dwarf rhododendron, whose exquisite creamy blooms lifted themselves but a few inches above their rocky bed. To fortify ourselves for our final effort,

Snow Couloir on N.E. face of Yarigatake.

Mrs W. Weston, Phot.]

Bōzu-goya on Yarigatake.

[*To face p.* 164.

we ate our "second breakfast" in the sunshine at the entrance to the "priestly cave," and as we peered into its chilly depths and saw the mattress of solid ice that now covered the floor, we congratulated ourselves on having chosen the Akasawa *gîte* for our two nights' resting-place. As we mounted upwards, Kamonji led us past another lair some twenty minutes farther on, which he called the *Sesshō goya* ("hunting-box"), and which at a pinch could accommodate five people tightly packed. From the *Bōzu-goya* to the top of Yari we followed my last year's route with but few variations.

In the middle of the Takasegawa couloir, Kamonji's little yellow dog, which had followed us unbidden thus far, struck work, and after surveying the long, steep snow-ribbon below and then the great rock wall above, wisely decided on a "strategic movement to the rear." He turned tail and departed by the way he had come, and for two days we saw him no more. For once Kamonji himself seemed somewhat shy of the task before him, and for a while he and Seizo pottered about on devious "fancy" routes of their own. At length I had to call them back, and for a while we kept close together, but near the top the old hunter once more strayed off in search of better things, and we left him to his own devices—and much worse ones! The top was gained in exactly three hours from the cave, Kamonji bringing up the rear in a highly excited but withal most interested frame of mind, due partly to the fact he had reached a familiar summit by a wholly novel and unorthodox route, and partly to the consideration that the adventure had been made in a lady's company.

"One crowded hour of glorious life" too quickly passed by the little summit shrine, and less than that time took us leisurely to the Bōzu-goya below. The descent thereafter to our bivouac was enlivened and alleviated by delightful snow glissades, at which Kamonji and Seizo seemed to find great amusement, but in which they, *waraji*-shod, declined to share. On the rocks at the foot of the final slope a painful discovery was made. On the way up earlier in the day Seizo had there deposited a spare outer garment for coolness' sake, and for motives of convenience Kamonji had left in its company an extra pair of dark blue hempen pantaloons. Their resting-place happened to lie in the precise path taken by sundry falling rocks, dislodged from their snowy bed by the sun's gathering heat. Had I not witnessed the complete and utter destruction of the garments thus wrought in a moment of time I would not have believed it possible.

Before we dared leave the shelter of the protecting wedge of the Akasawa cave the next morning, some time was spent in tidying up the well-trodden floor of earth, flinging afar into the dense undergrowth the accumulation of rusty tins, dirty paper, and disused *waraji* that remained as a disagreeable reminder of previous visitors to the shelter.

On our way down the valley to Kamikōchi, we diverged a little to make a detour along the left bank of the Adzusa-gawa, where the General Staff surveyor's track afforded somewhat easier going. Some 3 miles before it joins the Tokugo-tōge path near the Nōshōmushō hut, we passed the remains of what Kamonji called the Tokusawa shelters. From here,

he said, one can gain the summit of Jōnendake by its western flanks, and so descend to Iwahara, on the western outskirts of the Matsumoto plain, by the Karasugawa route, the line of my first ascent some nineteen years ago.

Kamikōchi, we found on our return, had been inundated by a flood of visitors in great variety. With many of them we had much entertaining intercourse. Several of the artists now painting in the neighbourhood invited us to "private views," and we were sent back with some charming souvenirs of their work.

A band of thirty students of the Tokyo Higher Normal School, an unusually pleasant set of lads, asked me to give them an address on mountaineering in their Japanese Alps; while the headmaster of the great school at Nagano, with several other members of the Shinshū Alpine Club, came up for a talk of a similar kind.

A party of climbers following our footsteps to Yari were compelled to return defeated and disconsolate from Baba-taira, at its foot, for there the head-waters of the great torrent, swollen with the melting snows, proved wholly impassable.

One day arrived a pair of youthful Teutons of great size but of little capacity for climbing. Their impedimenta included many boxes and baskets of provisions, and, in addition, a couple of large camp bedsteads of corresponding weight. We were not surprised to learn that their six *gōriki* had found the expedition to Kamikōchi, from Shirahone over Norikura, a somewhat trying one, particularly as the travellers' ill-trained condition made them at a critical

point suddenly "grow weak by the way." Perhaps it was a not unnatural reaction that later on led to an outburst of noisy revelling, to the exceeding annoyance of fellow-guests and consequent sarcastic comments on the conduct of the "drunken foreigner."

Most entertaining, however, of all our friendly visitors, was Dr Ōmori Funakichi, Professor of Seismology in the Imperial University of Tokyo, the most distinguished exponent of that science of to-day. At the moment he was engaged in investigations on the conditions of Yake-dake, the great volcano that towers to a height of 3000 ft. above the Adzusa-gawa, a mile or two below the Kamikōchi baths. He explained to us that between it and its famous twin Asamayama, of identical height and character, some 50 miles to the eastward, there exists some subterranean connection of hidden volcanic fires, to which is due the mathematical regularity with which their alternate eruptions coincide. For when the one is quiescent the other is at work; while one slumbers its kinsman is wide awake and in full blast. The eruptions of Yake-dake do grievous harm at times to the great mulberry plantations in the province of Hida, for the wind-blown ashes spread far and wide beyond the immediate surroundings. His prophetic forecast of coming trouble found swift and effective fulfilment. In less than two years took place the most violent eruption of modern times.

On 6th June 1915, at about 7 A.M., a series of earthquake shocks of increasing intensity began, marked by the sudden opening of four new craters on the eastern slope, half-way between the summit of the mountain and the valley-floor of the Adzusa-

gawa. From the biggest of these poured forth a mingled torrent of rocks and mud, which tore a passage through the forest of birches, beeches, and pines, a mile in length and nearly a quarter of a mile in width. This drove across the valley at its narrowest point, and dammed up the river with a huge barrier of the trees and rocks swept down in its course, cementing them with the flowing mud as it came to rest, to a height of some 60 ft. or more. The river thus held up was now transformed into a lake a mile and a half in length, and for the present at least rendered impassable the romantic route from Kamikōchi to Shirahone Onsen and Shimajima, where the Adzusa-gawa flows through the mountain gateway into the Matsumoto plain.

Dr Ōmori has an observatory on the lower slopes of Asama-yama, and in a vivid picture of a midnight eruption described the sight of the white-hot bombs ejected from the crater as suggestive of a gigantic display of nocturnal fireworks. He calculated that the initial velocity of some of the fragments was about 150 ft. per second, or nearly one-fifth of that of a shell from a 12-inch gun.

The ascent of Yake-dake itself is quite easy and full of interest. A rough scramble of some two hours over wrinkled spurs of volcanic rock and crumbling pumice took us to the Nagao (or Yake-dake) tōge, 7100 ft. In the forest we were greeted with the sweet notes of the *ruri* (blue Japanese flycatcher), and amid the more sombre pines the blood-red leaves of the sumach appeared, extraordinary in their intensity of colour. From the *tōge*, one looks westwards over to the shapely peaks of the Kasa-dake

ridge in Hida, an early love of mine, only wooed with success at the third year of asking, a good many years gone by. A thousand feet above the pass, to the south, landed us on the crater edge, where dense fumes were welling up from the great pit and from smaller fumaroles in the masses of vivid primrose-hued sulphur close by. The way up may be accomplished either by the steep slope of mingled ashes and volcanic clay, or by still steeper crags of igneous rocks, intensely hard, that build up the outer margin of the final crest.

Confronting Yake-dake across the valley of the Adzusa-gawa, and higher by some 600 ft., rises the craggy granite mass of Kasumi-dake ("the Mountain of the Mists"), a name which, when we approached to pay our court, it certainly did not belie. Nearly the whole way up ascends a steep gully over 3000 ft. in vertical height, over the upper part of which stand sentinel fantastic spires of granite that recall the spears and wedges of the Engelhörner ridges above the lovely valley of Rosenlaui in the Bernese Oberland. Above the couloir top the rocks slope upwards, to end in a knife-edged ridge, the farther side of which falls sheer for several hundred feet into a chasm which Kamonji told us was known as the Kasumi-za. The height of our peak was 3600 ft. above Kamikōchi, and the ascent took three and three-quarter hours, including several halts, while the descent occupied an hour less. The climb is a really excellent one for an "off-day's" scramble, or on a day when waiting for the weather to mend. On the day we chose it this proved, unhappily, to be broken beyond immediate possibility of repair, and the higher

we ascended the more persistently the rain came down. In the forest of firs and birches near the mountain-foot, in which lies embosomed the lovely little lake of Tashiro-ko, the ground had dissolved into a sodden morass, but as we floundered through it to firmer ground beyond we felt it was impossible to get wetter than we already were, for our cup of discomfort and our boots alike were full to overflowing. And yet by a species of homœopathic treatment equilibrium was wholly restored on arrival at the *onsen* by a further cup, that of *tamago-zake*, and a prolonged sojourn in the waters of the healing spring.

On weather more amenable for a "training walk" in this romantic region, no more delightful one could be imagined than what I have called the "High Level Route" round the skirts and shoulders of Yake-dake over the Abō and Nagao Passes, 6100 ft. and 7100 ft. in respective heights. From Kamikōchi the first is crossed by a track which wanders high above the Adzusa-gawa around the deep bays and across the rugged spurs that form the eastern folds of the great volcano. At times it crosses the precipitous landslips that scar the dense, forest-clad slopes, whose glorious virgin timber as yet has scarcely echoed to the woodman's axe. Here is the winter refuge of the bear, the boar, the chamois, and their lesser fellows.

The quaint *onsen* of Hirayu, reached in four easy hours, is walled in completely by lofty hills on every hand, but where the narrow ravine opens it lets out the Takahara-gawa on its way to join the Hida-gawa, and so the Pacific Ocean. The primitive

bath-house of my earlier visits has given place to a newer erection ensuring more privacy, for, where once the sexes were provided with but one great common tank, there are now separate compartments, for those who prefer them, under the same roof.

For the first time in my many years' wanderings in Alpine Japan, I this year found at Hirayu a boor, rude enough to go out of his way knowingly to intrude into the ladies' compartment. Yet the white-faced terror in which he fled, in conscious guilt, before an avenging foot, had an extraordinarily amusing effect. From the onlookers he received neither word nor glance of sympathy. Their quiet, though unspoken, disgust spoke volumes of nice-minded disapproval.

Of all the Alpine hamlets of Japan, Hirayu is one of the most Swiss in appearance. Its remoteness in earlier days—for when I first visited it in 1892 my companion was the first "medicine-man" ever seen there—was due to its inaccessibility. But now an excellent Prefectural road runs up the valley from Funatsu, some 22 miles to the north-west, and is later on to climb over the Abō-tōge to Shirahone and then to link up at Inekoki with the *basha* road to Shimajima and Matsumoto. This will greatly facilitate intercommunication between the prosperous province of Shinshū and the isolated regions of Hida.

Our route descended the valley of the Takahara-gawa (locally known also as Modzuo-gawa) in order to cross over from Hitoegane to Gamada by a track over the intervening ridge. As of old, however, we once more learned that "the bridge on the other side has been destroyed by recent floods," so we had,

perforce, to trudge round two sides of an isosceles triangle instead of a short cut along the base to our objective. It added some 5 or 6 miles, and an extra "night out." The village of Imami, grandly placed at the confluence of the two wild torrents, has increased in size and in importance since it recently became the base for a little trolley line that serves the timber-fellers in the great virgin forests near the base of Kasa-dake. At Gamada, the scene of disappointed hopes during three successive visits for the ascent of that beautiful peak, we spent an uneasy night in the dark and secluded guest-chamber of the big cottage that does duty for an inn. Its main food resources appeared to be eggs, beer, and a few ancient tins of meat of native origin.

The distractions and discomforts of that brief sojourn at Gamada will not readily be eclipsed for variety or quality. Our noontide visit to the *onsen* in the middle of the village created a great sensation, for it was the first occasion it had been so honoured by a European lady visitor. It constitutes the local forum, and the bathers of both sexes, whose tanks are only divided by a wooden partition, are able to discuss village politics and gossip without difficulty.

During the afternoon the plague of flies in our airless and gloomy quarters made rest impossible, and though when night fell they departed, their work was carried on by still more active agencies. Two tipsy neighbours in an adjoining room howled confidences at each other for hours across the *hibachi* at which they rapped their pipes unceasingly. When they retired, exhausted, a horse, securely fastened in a stall with his nose almost touching the fodder

he was forbidden to consume, stamped in misery throughout the small hours, but above all this and beyond even the torrent's unceasing roar, the frantic screams of a leather-lunged infant rose triumphant and uncontrollable. Taking one attraction with another, therefore, a night at the Matsushita-ya ("the inn beneath the pines") is calculated to awaken emotions (and keep them so) that its romantic title somewhat belies. An early start from Hirayu would obviate the need of risking that experience, by enabling one to pass up the valley and cross the Nagao-tōge to Kamikōchi in a single day. This course would naturally be still more feasible when Gamada can be gained from Hitoegane direct should the bridge be found still intact.

A half mile above the village the trolley track crossed the turbulent stream by a solid wooden bridge, by the side of which a single width of planking afforded a substitute in case of sudden need. To pass this in safety needs some nerve, for its swaying length, some 40 ft. above the roaring waters, is moist and slippery to the tread, and any unsteadiness could only have fatal results. Such conveniences for travel in Alpine Japan are well named "Bridges of a myriad years," by reason of the natural emotions they inspire. High up above the left bank of the torrent the dark cottages of Nakao nestled in a sunny meadow, and awakened grateful memories of the haven of rest I once found there from the superstitious hostility[1] of the valley-dwellers lower down. A three hours' walk took us above the upper limits of the splendid forest to the *tōge* itself, and

[1] Cf. *Japanese Alps*, p. 245.

Kamikōchi's welcome roof once more greeted us by noon in pouring rain and sodden garments after a walk of much charm and undeniable variety.

In the course of some very suggestive observations on a paper read by the present writer at the Alpine Club in 1915 (*Alpine Journal*, vol. xxix.), Lord Bryce remarked upon the almost total "absence from the Japanese landscape of that pastoral life which is so pleasing a feature in the mountains of Europe." Indeed, apart from the eight or ten stock farms in Hokkaidō, there are only some half dozen districts in the whole of the mainland where cattle are encountered, and these are nearly all quite off the usual tourist routes. Perhaps the most attractive of such spots is the grassy pasturage of Minowa, in Gumma Prefecture, midway between Maebashi and Lake Akagi, which, more closely than any other, recalls some of the lower "Alps" of Switzerland with their grazing cattle in the summer months. As I have already mentioned, the lush meadows of Kamikōchi also afford pasture for a herd belonging to the breeding farm of the Nagano Prefectural authorities. These are frequently met with on the *onsen* side (the right bank) of the Adzusa-gawa, and at times are illegally joined by the monarch of the herd, a mighty bull of great strength and spirit, when the herdsmen happen to be careless of their charge, who is supposed to be confined to the enclosures on the other side. One such irregular visit took place when my wife and I were returning home from a stroll along the attenuated track between Kamikōchi and the Kappa-bashi. Suddenly, to our astonished gaze presented itself the form of this fierce monster planted firmly

in the path no more than a dozen yards ahead. There he stood, waving his uplifted tail, pawing the ground, and shaking his huge, sharp horns with alarming and increasing energy. Under the circumstances the wisdom of "taking the bull by the horns" was clearly a counsel of perfection. It is all very well to talk of it figuratively, and in cold blood, when no such beast is within range; but when a violent creature suddenly appears and offers those unpleasant extremities for one's literal acceptance, that idea sounds singularly out of place. Here, for us, was a dilemma indeed, with ourselves likely to be soon upon its horns in a way too actual to be at all comfortable. At the moment my wife happened to be in front of me, for the pathway was too narrow, just there, to allow two to walk together, even though they be "agreed." In answer to an agitated exclamation, "He's coming for me, what had I better do?" the only natural reply was, "You take cover to the right, and I'll go to the left," a manœuvre no sooner suggested than executed. The situation thereupon assumed a really comic aspect, for the angry animal, though eager to settle our united account, was so divided as to his attention that he was clearly unable to decide what charge to make. Leaving him to debate the problem with himself, we rapidly continued our strategic movement to his rear, and made record time to Kamikōchi. With a clear track and no distractions in front to worry him, the bull then dashed ahead, only a little farther on suddenly to meet Kamonji on his homeward way with a basket of trout he had just taken for our evening meal. I do not know whether the bull or the bear-hunter

was the more surprised, but certainly the situation of the old *shikari*, now the sole object of the brute's undivided attention, was one of very real peril. As for bears and how to stalk them, what Kamonji does not know is not worth knowing; but now, as the hunted instead of the hunter, he presented a situation full of possibilities—for the bull! With him, however, to act was as quick as to reflect, and in a moment, to the animal's astonishment, he leaped, fish, tackle and all, into the Adzusa-gawa. Thither the bull proceeded to follow him, but when Kamonji dived and disappeared entirely he gave up the chase and retired by a devious way to the bosom of his numerous household on the farther shore. Kamonji, emerging from the stream farther down, at last regained the *onsen* in a highly moist condition and an exceedingly agitated frame of mind. This, I think, was due as much to a sense of insult as of threatened injury, offered in his own chosen preserves by an intruder and an alien.

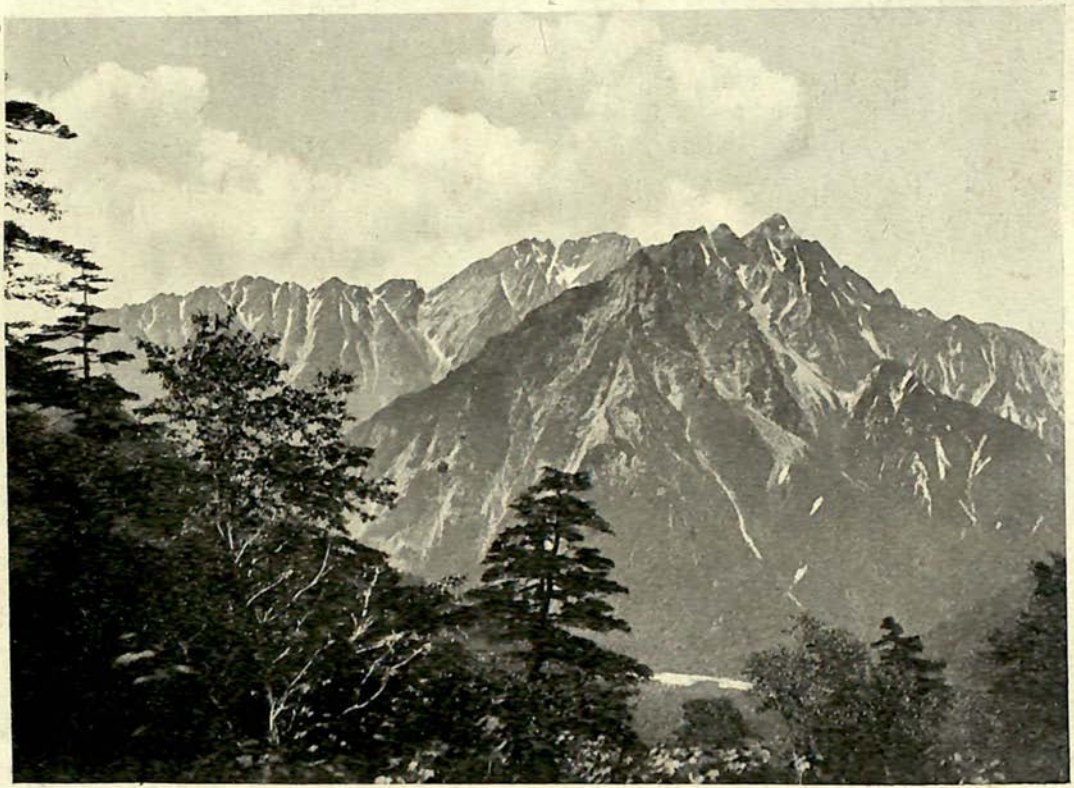
Following hard upon the disappearance of the bull, came our first introduction to that far more interesting and amenable creature, the great black bear of these mountain fastnesses, with which Kamonji finds himself, in every sense, much more at home. At times, if hunger has not driven him down into the lower valleys, the hunter will run him to earth in his rocky lair and smoke him out. On this occasion he exhibited himself to us unsought.

To avenge the surly treatment suffered on my memorable ascent of Oku Hodaka in the storm of the previous year, I resolved once more to pay my addresses, this time in the company of my wife, in the sunshine of a genial summer day. On 29th

August, with Seizo and Kamonji, we left the *onsen* just before daybreak; the only sounds audible were the murmuring of the river in its stony bed, and the hearty chorus of the combined snores of a score of guests and domestics in unison, which almost rivalled it. The scene outside was one of fairyland. The upturned horns of a crescent moon[1] of dazzling brightness, almost embracing a great star of equal radiance, moved across the sky beyond the great gateway of the hills, through which the Adzusa-gawa rippled like a sheet of silver mail. Grey mists and purple shadows lay low in the valley, and white strata of vapour spread in filmy sheets above the willows and the pines that lined the banks.

Just short of the Kappa-bashi we left the right bank and reached the rock-strewn floor of the Shirasawa ravine by crossing a tributary stream, which enabled us to avoid the usual fording of the Adzusa-gawa farther on. This stream is called the Takegawa, and gives an alternative name, Takegawa-dake, to the great peak from whose snows it derives its earliest source. We had just refreshed ourselves with a feast of wild black currants in the forest, and emerged from its dark shadows on to the moraine-

[1] It is of interest to note how much is made of the moon in Japanese art and poetry, and how little of the stars. On mild moonlight nights, thousands of folk will crowd the bridges and the water-side, and houses often have special moon-viewing chambers. In August and September both young folks and old will sit up the whole night long to watch the moon rising over the sea, and one of the most favourite subjects of Japanese art is the bright red moon appearing from behind a bamboo grove. Instead of the "man in the moon," however, the Japanese see a hare pounding *mochi*, or rice-dough, into cakes. The "jewelled hare" is a poetical term for our "queen of night."



T. Z. Takano, Phot.]

Hodaka, from near the Summit of the Tokugō Pass.

[To face p. 178.

like slope, when Kamonji's quaint visage suddenly underwent an extraordinary transformation. As we followed the direction of his keen bright eye, we saw some 200 yards ahead of us the unwieldy form of a magnificent black bear lurching along the red broken boulders of the ravine, nosing about as if for expected food. He had crossed from the bushes on the left where he had evidently been feeding on roots and berries, and now was continuing his search on the right, where presently he disappeared. So early in the year, and so far down in the valley, the sight was as unexpected as it was interesting.

At 8 o'clock we gained the snow, near the head of which we noticed a little *moulin* (glacier mill) in full working order, and when we quitted it we were able to do so by stepping straight on to the rocks at the left-hand side where, last year, I had been compelled to descend some 30 ft. to gain their level. On the right we now saw laid bare the granite strata of the lower slopes, then hidden, which stood in nearly vertical strata of quite regular form like the "herring-bone" bricks of some Cyclopean Roman wall. The summit was reached at noon after some six hours of steady work, and Kamonji's [1] unaffected pleasure at the success achieved by his *Okusama* ("honourable mistress") was as pleasing as it was sincere.

The prospect, of which the rain had robbed us on my former ascent, was now revealed in all its impressiveness; first and foremost, to the northward stretch the windings of the serpentine arête, snow-corniced here and there, that connects the grey granite battlements and spires of Hodaka with the

[1] Kamonji died in the autumn of 1917.

brown mass of igneous rocks that abruptly throw up the sharp spear-head of Yari-ga-take. On either hand the snow-seamed cliffs fall steeply to densely wooded ravines, the home of bear, chamois, boar, and other lesser game. The only sound that broke the summer silence was the softened murmur of the far-off torrents; the sole object visible that suggested movement was the slender column of pearl-grey vapour that rose vertically into the still air from the crater of Yakedake, beyond whose ragged crest the distant summit ridge of Ontake looked towards us over the twin-topped bulk of Norikura, a famous extinct volcano, itself 10,000 ft. in height. Still southwards, but lying at our very feet, the splendid precipices of Hodaka spread out their wide arms to enclose the ravine up which we had made our way. The crags and snowy couloirs afford a fruitful climbing ground for the most ardent of Alpine wanderers: but on them a sure foot, a steady head, and reliable companions are indispensable.

Our reluctant return from Kamikōchi to the outer world began with grey mists, and ended in genial (as the day wore on perhaps somewhat too genial) sunshine. Crossing the Tokugo Pass, and dropping down the glen to Shimajima, we thence proceeded to Matsumoto in style. "Style" took material shape in the conventional *basha*, drawn by an exceedingly unconventional steed; for our sturdy, well-fed little grey disdained all rest, but one brief moment for a drink, scattered all traffic within collision range, and landed us, heated, dusty, but triumphant, at Matsumoto station in just over one half of the three hours' covenanted time.

CHAPTER IX

THE NORTHERN ALPS REVISITED

(II.) *Shirouma—"The White Horse Mountain"—Glacial Phenomena in Japan?*

FOR the close of our summer climbing in 1913, we were transported from the soothing waters of the hot springs of Kamikōchi, near the southern end of the Northern Alps, to the bracing air of the snows of Shirouma at the other extremity.

The northernmost end of the Japanese Alps begins in granite cliffs that rise boldly from the bright waters of the Japan Sea, known to popular fancy as *Oya shiradzu Ko shiradzu* ("The place where neither parents nor children even are heeded"). The name remains, though the reason for it no longer holds good. Along this beautiful Corniche route of Japan a railway now runs, flashing in and out of numberless tunnels that suggest a journey through a gigantic flute. But years ago the only way from village to village on the seashore was a perilous dash around the foot of the cliffs during a brief moment of ebbing tide. Each traveller had to "look after No. 1," hence the alarming title by which they became notorious.

As the granite axis of the range recedes inland, its elevation rises, till 30 miles from the coast it

culminates in a cluster of peaks called Ō Renge-san ("The Great Lotus Mountain"), of which the highest point reaches nearly 10,000 feet. While this is known to the Etchū folk on the north as Ō Renge, the Shinshū people on the south call it Shirouma-dake, or Hakuba-san. Both names have the same meaning, "The White Horse Peak," but while the former is the Japanese, the latter is the Chinese, rendering of the same characters in which it is written.

On a clear morning in August, years ago, I stood on the highest tip of the eight-petalled flower, and looked down in surprise on magnificent precipices that dropped in a series of great snow-clad ledges and couloirs towards some of the most Alpine-looking ravines to be seen in Japan.

It was hard to turn away and leave them untrodden, but I had a sick friend waiting for me at the Renge Onsen, 5000 ft. below, on the west flank of the mountain, and for a while at least their exploration had to be relegated to the region of dreams of "what might have been."

In the summer of 1913, however, my wife had promised to help me to fulfil the dream. From our charming inn at Akashina we set forth upon our quest. Mountaineering interest had been growing apace in Japan during those intervening years, and on the platform at the little railway station we observed a sign-post which proclaimed that this is *the* place to alight for Shirouma-dake. The first half of the journey to the mountain-foot, at Yotsuya, may now be covered by a new light railway that runs from Akashina to Ōmachi, but we on this occasion felt ourselves cradled in the lap of luxury as we

embarked on a five hours' drive in a spacious landau, a trifle *passé*, but still passable from the point of comfort. In years gone by it had doubtless carried a succession of distinguished occupants about the streets of the capital, but the advent of the automobile has relegated it, and others of more weird and uncomfortable construction, to more remote but more attractive regions.

Towards Ōmachi, the upland plain for a while broadens out, and comfortable quarters bait both man and beast at the roomy hostelry which years ago I visited as the Yama Chō. Its present energetic young host, however, Momose Shintarō, is an enthusiastic mountaineer, whom I had already met in the hills. He has not only renamed the house *Tai San Kwan* ("The hotel that looks towards the hills"), but at the front door a tall post displays the legend that "This is a station of the Japanese Alpine Club." As we departed we were presented with artistic *tenugui*, in blue and white, decorated with a view of the tall peaks far off westwards vignetted in an angle of the nearer foothills. By the side was the inscription, "The foot of the Japanese Alps."

Down the middle of the broad main street of Ōmachi ran a sparkling stream. The shingle roofs of the broad-eaved houses are weighted with granite boulders, for the winter snowfall is heavy here, and the quaint little chimneys are provided with paper windows, turned away from those prevailing winter winds that blow across so long and steadily from the Siberian plains. Beyond Ōmachi the plain again contracts, and through the encroaching hills on its eastern margin the narrowing road climbs steadily,

to skirt the shelving tree-clad shores of three lovely lakes, Kizaki, Nakatsu, and Aoki. Then it mounted over the Sanozaka Pass to Yotsuya, an old-world hamlet surrounded by mulberry plantations in a broad, stony plain traversed by the clear waters of the Matsukawa. These wild wastes of water-worn boulders of every size speak significantly of the resistless, widespread power of the great mountain torrents of Alpine Japan in times of flood. The work they do, of erosion and destruction, is strikingly akin to that of the glaciers of true "Alpine" lands, and has in some cases given plausible grounds for attributing to the agency of ice what is really almost certainly the result of the varied activities of water alone. As Mr Douglas Freshfield has observed (*Alpine Journal*, vol. xxviii., 63), it is impossible to traverse the mountain valleys of Alpine Japan without being impressed with the immense influence of water in moulding and modifying the character of their scenery. Professor Shigetaka (Jūkō) Shiga has also drawn attention to this in his famous *Nippon Fukeiron* (Japanese landscapes), the classical work on the subject.

At Yotsuya we were welcomed at a modest inn, the Yamakiya, whose civil and willing host is himself a keen climber and a genuine lover of his beautiful hills. It was now the silkworm season, and the *O ko sama* ("the honourable little gentleman"), as the precious worm is styled, kept the whole household fully awake in attending to his wants. The leaf-strewn trays, arranged in tiers that filled each upstairs room but ours, were alive with the ceaseless nibbling of countless myriads, with a resultant sound precisely

like that of the scratching of a thousand pens in the Cambridge University Senate House on an examination day. The only distraction the watchers suffered was the momentary uproar due to the sudden crashing of the *shōji* in a ground-floor room, as an enterprising burglar made good his escape after an ineffectual effort to abscond with the baggage we had left there overnight.

In spite of all the efforts of our host, Matsuzawa Teitsu, our morning start was delayed by the late arrival of our coolies. It was the feast of the *Ni-hyaku-tō-ka* (the 210th day), for that is the beginning of the fateful ten days whose weather is all-important to the Japanese farmer anxious for the future of his crops. Our men had been celebrating the festival with *sake* and song, and doubtless the overnight burglarious visit might not have been unconnected with the same.

The route to Shirouma crossed the plain westward, and at length took to the right bank of the Kitamata Glen, mounting over densely-clad spurs until we reached the stony desolation at the entrance to the ravine which forms the source of the Matsukawa itself. Here lie great masses of débris fallen from the surrounding craggy steeps, and the sight of these, with the force of the boiling torrent as it burst from under its snowy covering, spoke eloquently of the transporting power of water in times of flood. The snow in which the torrent rises runs up the valley and on to the flanks of Shirouma, and affords nearly the longest continuous walk on summer snow to be found in all Japan. The slope entirely fills the trough of the V-shaped ravine, whose sides open

here and there in dark and desolate glens. At the foot of a rocky buttress on the left bank, at the mouth of the valley, we pushed our way through dripping vegetation to our bivouac for the night. This consisted of a roughly-walled-in space under the lee of a huge rock wedge with a floor of boards and beaten earth, provided with a few pots and pans, all being the result of the enterprise of our good host and his friends. They had also provided several sets of *kana-kanjiki* (three-pointed *crampons*) and some ice-axes of a primitive design like that first used in the Swiss Alps by Leslie Stephen sixty years ago, but probably derived, in Japan, from the curious implements that form part of the equipment of the Japanese fire-brigades. After a comfortable night by the side of a cheerful fire we left as dawn was breaking, leaving behind us in the cave one of the *gōriki*—a person of a bird-like countenance and a despondent frame of mind—to guard our belongings against possible predatory bears and other hungry beasts in search of food. We gained the snow by a rocky descent like that leading from the old Concordia hut to the Aletsch Glacier. The ascent of Shirouma took five hours easy going, with frequent halts. In the first hour we rose 1500 ft. by a gentle incline, but the slope then steepened for its remaining 1000 ft. In places the surface was seamed with a transverse, or more rarely, a lateral crevasse, but its consistency never solidified to that of genuine ice. It was clear, also, that the general level varied much with the snowfall of the previous winter. The dawn at length broke cheerless and grey, but intermittent gleams of early sunlight pierced the veils of vapour

and flushed the granite pyramid of snow-seamed Shakushi-dake, on our left, with exquisite tints of rosé and gold.

Looking back, eastwards, the dark ridge of Togakushi rose like a long-backed whale lying in a grey sea of cotton-wool. On the rocky slopes near the upper snows of Shirouma, the Alpine flowers that here abound must in early summer paint the mountain-side with a veritable mosaic of colours of every hue. With *Go-shiki-ga-hara* on the Harinoki Pass, some 10 miles farther south, it is justly famous for the richest display of Alpine flora to be found in the whole range of the Japanese Alps. Overtopping these flowery slopes, we climbed, straight before us, to the main arête, and then turned northwards to the summit of our broad-topped peak. A few hundred feet below it stands a rough-walled shelter built up of the rock fragments that strew the final slopes. The height of the mountain is nearly 10,000 ft., and the prospect it commands justly entitles it to the formal distinction which with Hodaka it shares, of Ittō, or "first-class mountain bellevue."

The descent to the hut took no more than one and a half hour of actual going, and that without undue haste, so direct and amenable was the general slope. The cost of the expedition was exactly 12 yen (24s.), in which were included the pay of our three *gōriki* for two days, and the "hotel bill" of my wife, Seizo, and myself, for the two days spent within the kindly shelter of the Yamakiya Inn. Not that the attentions of the good landlord ceased with our departure, for he insisted on bearing us company for several miles of our homeward journey, riding on the doorstep of

the new and strange conveyance that carried us away. It was well he did so, for the threatening vagaries of the off fore-wheel so soon developed into such alarming gyrations that a catastrophe was only averted by halting to remove it, and finally secure it with the aid of a Japanese towel. This operation had to be repeated, however, with such unpleasant frequency that at length we left Seizo, the landlord, and the coachman to deal with it at their leisure, while we performed most of the way back to Ōmachi on foot.

As we traversed the Itoigawa Kaidō, the excellent Prefectural road that starts from the little port of that name on the Japan Sea, we were now able more fully to appreciate the distinctive character of charm of the three lovely lakes of Nishina, whose margin it skirts beyond the Sanozaka Pass. They take their name from a famous warrior of feudal days, Moritō Nishina, whose stronghold once stood on a little plateau high above their densely wooded western shores. A stone monument to his memory now marks the spot. Their waters abound in carp, trout, eels, salmon, and other fish, while the forests in whose shade they lie embosomed furnishes nearly one-third of the timber supplies, for charcoal-burning, produced in the Matsumoto plain. Aoki, the northernmost of the three, affords a picture of exquisite loveliness. Its deep green waters in their setting of dark pines mirror in their calm depths the nearer foot-hills, beyond which rise, snow-clad except in the depth of summer heat, the distant serrated ridge of Shirouma and its neighbouring peaks. Beyond Nakatsu, the middle and smallest of the

three, lies the gourd-shaped Kizaki-ko, 7 miles in circumference, less sheltered than the others, and offering a more open and cheerful aspect. To the lads of the schools around Ōmachi this lake is a godsend. In the summer they row and swim and fish unceasingly in its bright waters, and in winter its smooth, frozen surface provides ideal ice for skating. In the springtime, the stream of the Nogugawa, which drains it southwards, is dammed up at its outlet to increase the volume of the water of the lake. In three days it is filled to the brim, and for weeks onwards it supplies the local peasantry with a bountiful reservoir for the irrigation of their precious rice-fields.

During our noontide halt at Ōmachi we had a change of horses, and on starting afresh for Akashina we discovered that one of them was shod with shoes of straw. In earlier days the distances on country roads were often estimated by the number of sets of these worn out by the way. On this occasion, however, those so deteriorated were by no means done with, since they were promptly adapted as "silencers" to neutralise the agonising squeaking of the hind-wheel brake. It was exceedingly pleasant to find, as we traversed the broadening plain beyond Ōmachi, that the little lads of the countryside had lost none of the politeness which a score of years before had distinguished so agreeably their fathers, whom I used to meet on my wanderings on the same roads they themselves then trod. The spontaneous and respectful bows as they trudged cheerfully along in little knots of three and four to and from their village schools, showed now, as then, that

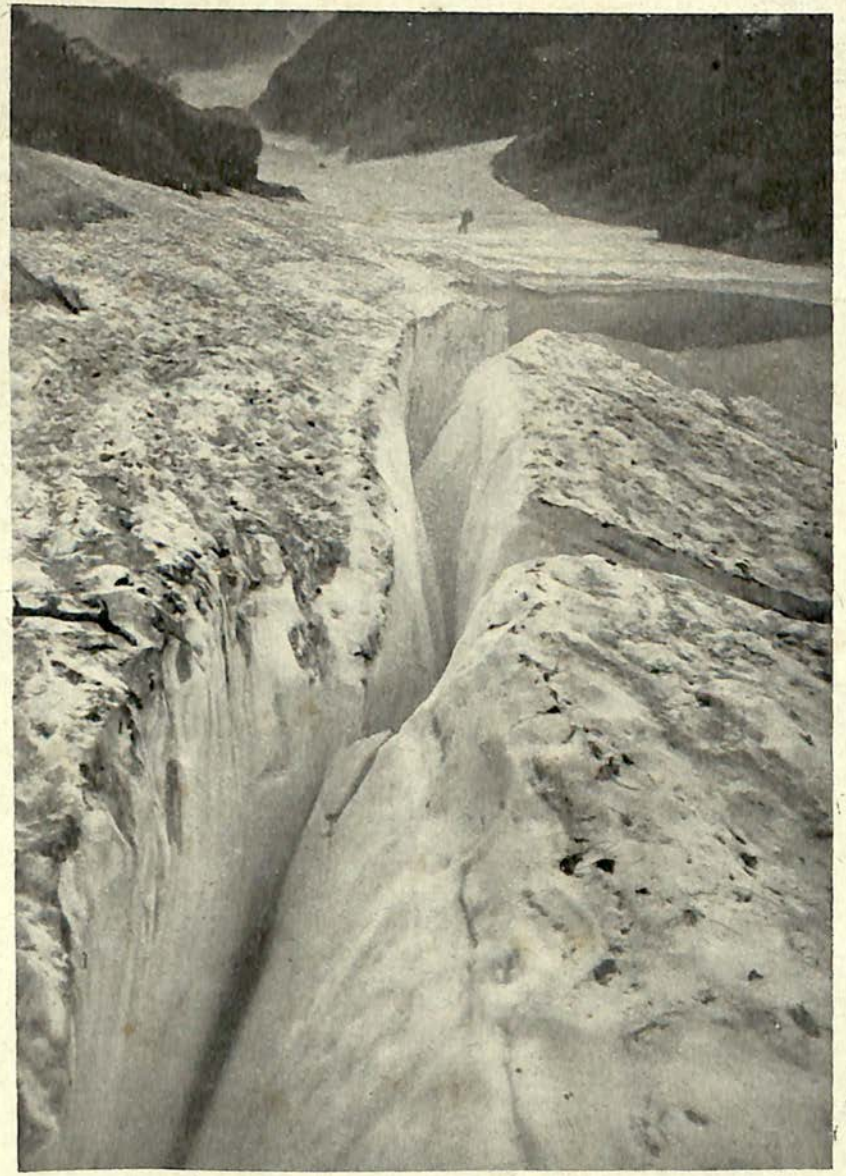
we were still off the beaten tracks of "civilised"—*i.e.* Europeanised—Japan. We had been already impressed by the numbers and excellent appearance of the schools in which the region abounds. It is clear that, in this respect at least, the teachers who manage them are worthy of their office, since they have striven with steady — and successful — effort to make their young charges worthy of the ancient title by which their forefathers loved their country to be known — *Kunshi no koku* ("The land of gentlemen").

The snows of Shirouma have in recent years been invested with unusual attractions for the native mountaineer of Japan. On the one hand he is impressed with the almost unique extent of the great broad slope that stretches far up towards the flanks of the mountain in the wild valley overhung by the steep, tree-clad sides of its enclosing walls. On the other it excites his curiosity as being the first locality alleged to afford indubitable proofs of glacial activity in prehistoric times.

The question appears to be one of sufficient interest and importance to claim a brief statement setting forth the varying views of the principal writers, both Japanese and European, who have dealt with the evidences brought forward.

The subject was first discussed at a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Japan in the year 1880, when a paper was read by the late Professor Milne, of seismological fame, entitled "Evidences of the Glacial Period in Japan."

The main conclusion at which he arrived was, that "though there were evidences that the tempera-



Snow Crevasse on Shirouma.

[*To face page* 190.

ture of Japan had once been lower than it is now, there was no conclusive evidence of a glacial period properly speaking." He also quoted Professor Gowland as observing that "near Yari-ga-take, the oldest part of the range" (now known as the Northern Japanese Alps), "where we *ought* to find evidence of the former existence of glaciers, if they existed, I did not observe any such evidences, and in none of the mountain districts which I have visited have I ever seen such evidences of glacial action." In the discussion which followed Prof. Milne's paper, and in which the leading foreign teachers of science at that time in Japan took part, there was a practically unanimous consensus of opinion to this effect. In a private journal which has recently come to my notice, however, written by the late Mr Edward Dillon, a companion of Professor Gowland's on some of his expeditions in those regions, he states that "between Funatsu and Sugoroku, the valley on both sides is lined with thick glacial deposits, whilst, higher up, between Imami and Hirayu, the path rose over morainic hills." He also thought he observed an old glacial moraine "on the way from Hirayu to the Hirayu-tōge." (I am bound to add that on the many journeys I have myself made on this particular route during the past twenty years, I did not gain similar impressions.)

On the other hand, Professor Rein, in his famous work (1888), when dealing with the geological conditions and the orography of Japan, remarks (p. 60) that "eternal snow and glaciers are not found in the empire of the Rising Sun," and (p. 39) "I will not omit to mention that I could nowhere observe in

my Japanese travels moraines, glacier scorings, or other traces of the Ice Age."

The subject appears to have attracted scarcely any attention among Japanese travellers and scientists until the year 1903, when Dr Yamasaki, Professor of Geography in Tokyo Imperial University, after a visit to the Shirouma region, read a paper on it in which he stated his grounds for believing that he "had recognised traces of glaciation, moraines, and glacial striæ in the Northern Japanese Alps." The numerous discussions to which this paper gave rise for some years subsequently have been summarised in a paper contributed by Professor Oseki to the *Scottish Geographical Journal* of March 1915. The conclusions at which he there arrives are, briefly, to the following effect, though apparently in some respects rather self-contradictory:—

(1) "The evidences of glaciation in Japan have been obtained only from the occurrence of *corries and morainic ridges* in the Northern Hida Mountains." Instances with sketches of these are given in the article quoted.

(2) "They are not very striking."

(3) "Moraines and striated boulders, striated surfaces, and *roches montonnées* have not been identified with certainty in the corries," although he adds that "on the western slope of Tateyama we found a corrie in front of which two series of terminal moraines had been deposited."

(4) Professor Hettner, a German tourist, passing in 1913 along the western outskirts of the Matsumoto plain somewhere near Shimajima, is quoted as having "found a large striated block on the

banks of the Adzusa-gawa, at an altitude of 800 metres, in a deposit of stones." On this, however, Professor Oseki observes that "if these are really of glacial origin we must conclude that a valley glacier 40 kilometres long must have occupied the valley of the Adzusa-gawa. This is a far greater glacier than any that has hitherto been proved to have existed in Japan. Otherwise we must be prepared to believe in a transport of glacial blocks by floods such as we can only regard as very exceptional." (On this it may be remarked in passing that had Professor Hettner ever traversed the valley of the Adzusa-gawa, he would have seen how utterly impossible it was for a glacier of the length suggested to have ever had any existence; and also those who have had personal experience of the terrific and far-reaching effects of some of these swift mountain torrents in time of flood know quite well that their power of transport *is* "very exceptional," indeed almost beyond belief.)

(5) "Professor Penck" (now Rector of the University of Berlin) "has discussed the evidences of glaciation on Yari-ga-take. . . . Under the south-eastern slopes of Yari-ga-take is a ridge strewn with blocks which, according to him, can only be a terminal moraine. He has also identified corries and terminal moraines in photographs which I have submitted to him." "On Hodaka-dake extensive snowfields occur. . . . For this reason we may also expect to find evidences of former glaciation." (The present writer has traversed these snowfields frequently and spent many weeks in their immediate neighbourhood without detecting any such signs of glacial activity.)

As against the foregoing views we have the arguments advanced by both Japanese and European scientists of at least equal weight and experience in the contrary sense.

Professor Matajiro Yokoyama, the well-known palæontologist of Tokyo University, states that he "found no remains of a fauna indicating cold climatic conditions in the quaternary deposits in the vicinity of the Bay of Tokyo, and in consequence he denied that the occurrence of a glacial period could be established. His views were laid before the German public by Lepsius."

Dr Kotarō Jimbō, the Professor of Geology at the University of Tokyo, has in geological conferences repeatedly stated that "all the phenomena on which Dr Yamasaki based his conclusions could be regarded as having been produced by weathering."

Dr Koto, formerly Professor of Geology in the University of Tokyo, writing to me some years ago, as to the alleged moraines found by Drs Yamasaki and Oseki on Tateyama, pointed out that "by the melting of the permanent snow there, during summer, the patches of it make small avalanches, which, together with burden detritus, scratch the sides of gulches. This action of avalanches imitates the glacier activity in making sliced (*i.e.* striated) walls. . . . The specimen brought back by Dr Yamasaki is probably a piece of wall. As yet no moraines are found."

On this particular point, Professors Lake and Rastall, in their *Text-book of Geology* (p. 86), observe that "like glaciers, avalanches have their own gathering ground, their well-defined track, and their

place of melting. They often bring down considerable quantities of rock material, and their path is often scratched and more or less polished. When left behind on the melting of the snow this rocky material looks much like the deposit of glaciers." Dr Rastall, commenting on Dr Oseki's pamphlet, remarks that its "evidence for glacial conditions in Japan seems to me unconvincing. The sketches are unsatisfactory, since an artist would naturally make the best of them to support his own views. The critical point, of course, is the discovery of moraines, and here the evidence seems to me very weak."

Dr Marr, Professor of Geology at Cambridge University, has pointed out to me that "one should not rely too much on the cirque argument when advocating the extent of ice-erosion," for "there are cirques *and* cirques, and some are undoubtedly *not* glacial."

Dr Bonney, in his Presidential Address to the British Association in 1910, stated that "cirques, corries, and bowl-like heads of valleys are mainly the work of water, their forms depending on local circumstances. . . . They are not restricted to glaciated regions. The principal cirques in the Alps exist in regions where peaks do not rise as high as 11,000 ft. . . . their floors are not at high levels, rather under than over 4000 ft. In other words cirques occur on the grandest scale where ice would have the smallest extension, the shortest duration, and the least erosive action."

The views advanced by Professor Jimbō, as to the wide and varied results of weathering in the Japanese Alps, commend themselves to the present writer as

offering an entirely adequate explanation of the phenomena described by Professors Yamasaki and Oseki.

The power of water in moulding and modifying both the general outlines of the Japanese mountain landscape and the details of its component parts, is indeed wonderful and wholly exceptional. And therefore, until far more clear and conclusive proof has been established to show that the alleged existing phenomena are certainly the result of glaciation, and could not possibly have been produced by the agency of weathering and water-power, it seems reasonable to conclude that the claims that have been advanced on behalf of glacial action in the Japanese Alps are not as yet sufficiently substantiated to merit acceptance.

CHAPTER X

THE NORTHERN ALPS REVISITED

(III.) *Tateyama—Harinoki—Ōtenjō.*

Of all the mountain passes of Alpine Japan there is one which stands, in every sense, head and shoulders above its fellows, both in the interest of the journey its crossing involves and in the extraordinary wildness and variety of the scenery traversed. When first opened some forty-five years ago, it was hoped to afford a useful means of intercommunication between the great silk districts of Shinshū and the fertile plain of Toyama, whose chief town is and has long been famous as the leading centre of the manufacture of patent medicines. But the modest track then projected across the two parallel ridges that have to be surmounted soon fell into disuse. In a few years' time, during which it was crossed by three or four parties of English travellers—Chamberlain, Atkinson, and others—the remorseless ravages of those influences of storm and tempest, the heavy snowfalls and burning summer's heat, which we style the tooth of time, had damaged it beyond repair. The route fell into almost entire disuse and had nearly passed into oblivion. For practical purposes it was dead—and what with avalanches of snow, earthfalls, and torrent

inundations, it was withal nearly buried; indeed its epitaph might well have been written, at the portals of the starting-point in the old-world little town of Ōmachi (oddly called "the *great town*"), *Tōge fuit.*

The present writer had the good fortune to re-open it once more to "foreign" travel some twenty years ago,[1] though perhaps no more than half a dozen European expeditions have in the meantime found it feasible to follow over the splendid route.

The renewal of such a worthy acquaintance then, after twenty years of separation, seemed a fitting opening to a final visit to the old familiar regions, of which one can truly say, without extravagance: "Where rose the mountains, there, to him, were friends."

This time I decided to reverse the order of my going and cross the pass from west to east. A twelve hours' journey—it was the last week but one in July 1914, and my companions on the night ride were mostly mosquitoes—took me from Yokohama on the Pacific to Naoetsu on the Sea of Japan. The line that then runs westwards to Toyama along the rocky margin of this almost tideless sea represents one of the finest feats of Japanese engineering in the Empire. Three immensely wide river-mouths have been spanned by bridges, of which the central one, the Kurobe-gawa, is one of the longest in Japan. High up in the face of granite cliffs the train passes along narrow ledges, or dives in and out of innumerable tunnels through the solid, forest-clad buttresses dropping steeply to the sea. Just outside Naoetsu is a famous and ancient Buddhist shrine amongst

[1] *Japanese Alps*, p. 129.

whose many votive offerings are numbers invested with a pathetic interest. They are the gift of broken-hearted mothers, who have presented dolls as nearly as possible like their own dead little ones to Jizō-sama, the patron saint of travellers and children. A less attractive but more materially important feature of the neighbourhood is the works of one of the greatest oil-fields in Japan; and in July a great show of mares is held every year in a suburb of the town. The coast-wise journey on this Corniche route of Japan recalled stretches of the south coast of Devon, without the rich red sandstone islets and cliffs. In little coves, at intervals, clusters of weather-worn châlets huddled together for mutual safety on this exposed shore, where the fierce, snow-laden winds of winter sweep over from the Siberian plains.

Far inland, to the south, the dark, snow-streaked ridges of the Tateyama group towered 10,000 feet, and at Namerikawa I changed into an odd little light railway, rickety, dusty, and slow, but a convenience in the heat of a roasting summer's day. Here I found waiting for me, through the kindness of my friend Kondo Shigekichi, a distinguished photographer-climber of the Nihon Sangaku-kwai, a sturdy *gōriki*, one Saiki Heizō, of Ashikura, and with him I thither trudged through the sultry afternoon to the ancient shrine that marks the starting-point—the formal *fumoto* ("mountain foot") of Tateyama, the "Beacon Peak." The good guardian of the temple gave me a kind and dignified welcome to his parsonage in the silent grove of splendid cryptomeria, but heat and many mosquitoes made sleep that night but a figure of speech. At this shrine the white-robed pilgrims

perform their *gyō* (their ascetic lustrations) preparatory to the ascent of the famous peak, for Tateyama is not only of interest to the mountaineer but is also of great sanctity to the pilgrim bands who make the summit shrine their goal. From Ashikura we walked up the right bank of the swift Jōgwanji-gawa, born high up in the hills west of the Harinoki Pass. Then we crossed its torrent-feeder, the Shōmyō-gawa, by a swaying bridge of wistaria vines, to gain the great buttress of basalt rocks known in legendary lore as Zaimoku-zaka (the "timber cliff"). The story tells how, when timber cut for the *fumoto* shrine lay here on its journey down to Ashikura, it was impiously trodden by a careless woman, who was immediately transformed into the stones we now see. Higher still, a single block of stone is said to represent the remains of the wife of Ariyaka Saemon, who with En-no-Shōkaku shares the pride of place as first pioneer of Tateyama. The lady is fabled to have wished to rival her husband's feat, and to have been petrified by an insulted mountain divinity for *her* impiety. The legends afford a curious resemblance to those of Pausanias, whose itinerary includes references to persons changed to stone for evil deeds, and to the restrictions forbidding women to ascend beyond the first stage of the great altar of Zeus at Olympia. Higher up the mountain a knot of Tokyo High School students stopped for a chat, and their spokesman inquired if I were "a friend of Mr Weston's."

A sudden and unexpected halt for night quarters was compelled by a violent storm that drove us to the shelter of a dilapidated skeleton of a hut

quite early in the afternoon. At intervals other wayfarers dropped in, and by nightfall the poor little erection was filled with a steaming, chattering crowd. Each brought his own contingent of fleas, and each flea, by common instinct, appeared to fly to me for pasturage. They probably regretted it when too late, surfeited with a supply of the alluring but deadly "Keating." The night's experience was weird and wild, for my pilgrim companions were rarely still for five minutes on end. Chatting at the top of their voices, singing, whistling, snoring, and indeed emitting nearly every noise of which human organs are capable. When finally, tired out, they sank into a drowsy repose, the caretaker of the hut woke up and began to boil the rice for the early starters on the new dawning day.

Above this Buna-jaya, as it is called, over the edge of a deep cliff in the centre of a mighty tree-grown amphitheatre, a far-off cascade, at the head of the Shōmyō-gawa, falls in three great leaps a thousand feet. The manner in which it had eaten its way back into the very heart of the cirque afforded a striking proof of the erosive power of these snow-born torrents of Alpine Japan. Near the eastern edge of a plateau known as Mida-ga-hara ("the plain of Amida-Buddha") my old route from Tateyama Onsen comes in, at the rest-hut of Oiwake.

Again I met several parties of nimble students on their way down the mountain, who all stopped for a chat, invariably winding up with the interrogation, "Are you a friend of Mr Weston's?" It was a little difficult to answer baldly, "yes," or "no." One of these nice lads, Mitsukuri, of the Tokyo High School,

son of a well-known banker, and pupil of my friend Dr Seymour, had just accomplished an excellent climb on Tsurugi-dake, the slightly highest peak of the Tateyama range, and should one day come to the fore as an active and enterprising mountaineer.

Above this plateau a series of steep and stony torrent-beds led to the still higher one on which the *murodō*, the pilgrims' "club hut," stands, at the foot of the snowy slopes and buttresses that descend from the serrated ridge of Oyama—the culminating point of Tateyama proper. The smoke of the damp wood fire, the ceaseless chatter of pilgrims coming and going at all hours, made the independent shelter and privacy of my little tent doubly welcome. Below the edge of the plateau where I pitched it, lay the livid sulphur-stream rent in the mountain-side, well called *Jigoku-dani* ("the valley of hell"). Solfataras, alive with bubbling pools of boiling mud and sulphur, alternate with clefts in the white rocky sides, from which jets of steam mingled with sulphuretted hydrogen spurt forth unceasingly. Closer at hand, in peaceful contrast, lie several little lakes of crystal clearness. The prospect from the camp is one of great interest and variety. In front, to the west, the flanks of Tateyama fall towards the broad plain of Toyama bounded by the blue waters of its great bay, while on nearly all other sides rise the encircling ramparts of the great range, whose many peaks afford expeditions of every kind on rock and snow alike. Chief of these are the ascents of the Oyama, goal of many pilgrims, and its neighbour, Tsurugi-dake (the "sword peak"), a much harder climb. Oyama, as Professor Shiga has pointed out, is a singularly interesting mountain in

S. Kondo, Phot.]

Shrine on Summit of Tateyama.

[To face p. 202.

its upbuilding. Through the great granite backbone of these Northern Alps volcanic rocks have burst their way, so that while the summit ridge and the east slope consist of granite, the west side is formed of gneiss on underlying strata of andesite. The remains of two old craters are traceable on the highest part of the mountain. A little shrine of exceeding sanctity crowns the loftiest point, 9874 ft., which is easily reached in an hour or so from the *murodō*, some 1700 ft. below; but though here and there the final arête is bound in chains, neither difficulty nor danger has brought them there. The prospect is one of extraordinary and perhaps unique splendour, the Japan Sea and its picturesque coast-line northwards being counterbalanced on all other sides by an ocean of peaks and mountain ranges in almost unending waves that are alone bounded by far distant Fuji and the Pacific shore.

Tsurugi-dake (9893 ft.) is a rather more strenuous undertaking, and the fine peak itself is hardly even a name to European mountaineers. The route crosses the Jigoku-dani northwards from the *murodō*, and traverses the ridge called Bessan into a magnificent snow-filled ravine, the Tsurugi-zawa, where there is a bivouac place by the side of a wedge of rock at 8100 ft., the same height as the *murodō*, from which it can be comfortably reached in five hours. An excellent snow-climb, in parts unusually steep, of considerable length, lands one on the summit ridge in a rocky gateway somewhat resembling the gap of the Schmadri-joch, between the Lauterbrunnen and Lötschen valleys, in the Bernese Oberland. Occasionally a bear may be seen on the snow, but these are

shy animals and less fierce than their northern kinsfolk in Hokkaidō. They will seldom show fight unless disturbed from rest, and then the intruder is apt to have a poor time. The walk along the ridge to the top is easy, the whole climb from the bivouac needing some five to six hours' steady going. Occasionally a fragment of a little votive sword is found on the summit, as one has met with on distant Kaigane in the Southern Alps. Prior to the ascent by a surveyor of the general staff in 1907, the only visitant had been some solitary hunter, for, striking as the mountain is, no pilgrims have made it the goal of their pious quest, since the sanctity of Oyama, itself more accessible and less strenuous of ascent, overshadows all other rivals to popular favour.

Near my camp on the edge of Jigoku-dani the ground was literally carpeted with soldanella, and lower down the beautiful dusky lily (*Fritillaria Kamschatensis*) *Kuro-yuri*, with its delicate fragrance, is to be found, one of the rarest of the Japanese Alpine flora.

The *fumoto*, or actual starting-point of the Harinoki-tōge proper, is the quaint baths of Tateyama Onsen, less familiarly known by the old title of Ryūzanjita, "the Foot of the Dragon Peak," as the great "Beacon Mountain" is also called. When, after leaving my camp near the *murodō*, I descended on it, for the third time, in pouring rain, the moisture of the surrounding air seemed hardly more excessive than the normal state of steaminess in any other weather. The dank, dense vegetation of the surrounding cliffs which tower above the *onsen* on nearly every side gives an impression of gloom that is

almost oppressive. The water of the sulphur-spring at the source is at boiling-point, and consists mainly of a solution of lime and contains free sulphuric acid. The accommodation for the bathers has considerably improved in later years, and an application, with a trifling suitable payment, will procure the key that unlocks the private section recently built. During my stay the place was a constant scene of disorder, unrest, and movement to and fro. For the members of the usual pilgrim parties are now swelled by the several hundred coolies employed on the riparian work in the adjoining hills, whose many torrents swell the turbulent waters of the Jōgwanji-gawa, that have in former years often wrought such havoc in the Toyama plain. A strenuous effort is being put forth to restrict these uncontrolled forces at their source, and the improved accommodation of the *onsen*, in both sleeping-rooms and baths, is due to the presence of the engineers in charge of the labouring gangs. All contrive to get entertainment out of the surroundings of their toil. Each evening the *sake* flowed freely in the charming quarters of the officials themselves, while nearly all night long, across the muddy space outside the dormitories of the pilgrims, or the sheds of the coolies, a constant procession moved to and fro, shouting and spitting, and singing in the "bird-like voice of the Japanese" songster eulogised by Mr Lafcadio Hearn. The exact nature of the bird he has not specified, but perhaps a night-jar or an owl would be an appropriate comparison!

The officials I met were kind and friendly, one of them, of the Toyama Kenchō, the brother-in-law of the well-known Christian doctor of St Luke's

Hospital, Tokyo, under whose care I had recently been for an injured knee. Through Mr Iyo's good offices I was offered an unusually charming little room, and provided with surprisingly excellent food for so remote a spot. For though the *onsen* is only some 30 miles from Toyama—and part of the way therefrom is very fairly good—it is over 4000 ft. above the level of the plain, and the nearer 12 miles or so involve a tug along a precipitous track high above the wild torrent of the Dashiwara-dani.

During my three days' stay the habits and antics of the motley crowd outside afforded considerable entertainment, but those of a sudden visitor to my own room eclipsed them all. Uninvited and unannounced, there abruptly burst in a shock-headed young man who without further introduction squatted on the floor and stated that he had come to have a little *asobi* ("diversion") with me. Time hung heavy on his hands, he intimated, these pouring wet days, and he proposed to kill some of it in my company. For the moment his singular appearance and behaviour suggested something other than "time" might be in peril. I explained, however, that I was unable to accommodate him. I was already occupied; nor could I bring myself to relent even when, after all other blandishments had failed, a bright idea struck him, and removing his right eye he insinuatingly handed it to me for inspection. The shock was somewhat lessened when I saw it was but an *iri-me* ("an artificial eye"), but on that appearing I requested him to retire, and so the *shōji* and the incident were simultaneously closed.

A much more delightful and welcome arrival was

that of my friend Oswald White, H.B.M. Vice-Consul at Osaka, who descended on the *onsen* from a fine expedition from the Toyama direction by way of Arimine, Yakushi, and Kurodake. He had been more fortunate in his weather than I, and indeed than many others at that season, for the storms extending over the Toyama plain proved to have killed over three hundred people and destroyed more than ten times that number of houses. Many river embankments had been washed away, and the cost of their repair alone involved some £300,000. The news of the disaster lent added interest to the labours of the toiling gangs we left behind as we turned our backs on the Tateyama Onsen, for our crossing of the Harinoki Pass.

Taking the expedition from the west, our first night's bivouac was to be spent at the Kurobe-daira hut, close by the crossing of the wild, romantic torrent of that name, whose wide outlet on the Sea of Japan I had earlier traversed on my journey along the coast. The track was quite distinguishable most of the day, having mended its ways considerably since first I made its acquaintance. Beyond the river, however, it failed to hold on to its pathway of reform, as we were next day to find out.

Near the head of the valley, above the *onsen*, a little lake lay at the foot of the cliffs, at one end of which the leaden waters were boiling and seething like those of Jigoku-dani far above. Overtopping the first of our ridges, the Zara-goe (7300 ft.), we met a couple of active-looking climbers wearing the badge of the Japanese Alpine Club. The usual chat was followed by a request for one's signature

and a quotation suitable to the romantic surroundings of our meeting-place.

A little south of the Zara-goe, on the edge of a plateau overhanging the valley down which the track passes towards the Kurobe-gawa, lies the *Go-shiki-ga-hara* ("the Rainbow Moor"), which shares with Shirouma the distinction of the richest spot in Alpine Japan for the variety and abundance of its flora. In early summer its beauty fully deserves its title, literally "the Five Colours Moor," the primary colours according to the old Japanese enumeration being five, *i.e.* red, yellow, green, black, and white. Amongst the plants that attract attention here are the familiar *Schizocodon soldanelloides, Primula Hakusanensis, Orchis latifolia, Trollius patulus, Veratrum album* (var. *grandiflorum*), *Trientalis Europœa, Stellaria florida, Gentiana Nipponica*, and many more.

From the Zara-goe we descended the snowy ravine that links it with a pass over yet another ridge, the Nukuidani-tōge, and crossing this we dropped down to the two little huts at Kurobe-daira, our first night's halt. Thus far the track had continued to deserve the better things said of its reformed condition, but henceforward it degenerated once more to that of a pathway which failed to keep up its reputation—"*ille ego qui quondam.*" It was only when we crossed the swift and troubled waters of the Kurobe-gawa the next morning that we found how manifold were its omissions and deficiencies, though in the long run it just succeeded in retrieving itself from downfall, final and complete. We crossed the torrent by means of

a *kago-watashi* of an ancient and amusing type. On three thicknesses of telegraph wire a small board, suspended by straw ropes, was slung so as to slide freely to and fro. A *gōriki*, having waded waist-deep across the river, hauled on a rope at the moment one lifted oneself in one's seat, with a forward movement to ease the strain. In course of time the passage was safely accomplished, after quite an entertaining experience, though a slip from the seat would probably have had quite fatal consequences. The sunshine and shadows of the wild ravine of the Harinoki-zawa, the cool quietness of the deep pools, and the splendid trees standing out against a sky of deepest blue, afforded an entrancing combination in spite of the disappearance of the erring pathway. Indeed, so destructive and so inevitable are the torrent spates, that it is strange a track should ever have been planned, and, stranger still, actually constructed. As we left the glen, however, it "found itself" once more, and for most of the way to the summit of the Harinoki Pass we had a good deal of its company. From the top (8120 ft.) a charming vignette southwards reveals the spear-head of Yariga-take, and then to the south-east between the serrated outlines of Yatsu-ga-take and the Shinshū, or Western, Komagatake, the cone of Fuji rises, nearly 100 miles away. At our feet long slopes of snow stretched down to the wild desolation of the Kaga-gawa ravine, hemmed in by sharp, bare peaks and splintered arêtes that rendered the whole scene one of singular and savage aspect. While the *gōriki* picked their way cautiously and with difficulty down the rocks on either hand, I was able to get an excellent

glissade almost 2000 ft. to the torrent-bed. Further on we pitched the little tent on the margin of the stream, while the *gōriki* made themselves a shelter under the lee of a huge rock close at hand. It was a delightful spot, and after a cosy night we only left it with reluctance when the gathering heat of the summer sun began next day to smite the exposed river-bed with a force that warned us of what was still in store. The track had wholly vanished, but some miles of trudging over the boulders or the vegetation on either bank once more restored it to us for good and all. Here and there one recognised the old landmarks of my former expedition, for twenty years had brought but little change.

An hour beyond the great rock known as Maruishi, we halted for lunch and a pleasant chat at a camp of coolies engaged in afforestation work—a welcome sight. The shade and stillness of the old Shintō Shrine of Noguchi in its grove of magnificent cryptomeria invited further repose, as the early afternoon brought with it a heat almost overpowering. For Noguchi—as its name tells us—is on the edge of the plain where lies Ōmachi, and the transition from the snows and the cool shelter of the hills and valleys we had traversed to that sun-scorched region must be felt to be fully understood. Doubly welcome was the friendly reception from Momose San at the Tai-san-kwan on our arrival at the old town — unspeakably grateful the soothing waters of the family "tub"—and the change thereafter from dusty boots, that almost cracked with the heat, and travel-stained garments, into the cool, soft

yukata, the charm and the value of which only such a transition can fully enable one to enjoy.

It was at Ōmachi on 9th August that we first heard the news of the outbreak of the "Great War," through the fantastic reports of an engagement in the North Sea in which both sides had suffered severe losses. As one had been wholly out of touch with "civilisation" for a fortnight, no inkling of possible strife had reached us, and the news brought with it the shock of a stunning, or at least bewildering, surprise. The country folk themselves, by whom one was surrounded, for the most part knew nothing and cared less. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance meant little to them, and the fact of far-distant European nations being now at death-grips was almost wholly outside their interests. It was but natural, for they had little cause to love some of the people now at each other's throats, while those whom individually they most respected when known (the British) were little more than a name, and that only familiar to very few. The prospects of the rice-harvest, or, even more, just now, of the forthcoming silk-worm season, constituted their chief, and almost their only, care. As the days went by, more and clearer information gradually filtered through, and when at length the various classes of the people of Japan, in general, came to crystallise their judgments and to formulate more definite conclusions, the results proved not only of the deepest interest, but, probably, to most English people *in England*, full of unexpected significance and perhaps perplexed surprise. Of this it may be profitable, since the question is now by no means a merely academic one, to speak in some detail a little later on.

Our immediate concern for the moment takes us into a clearer atmosphere, and occupies us with serener skies.

The growing enterprise of the more energetic of modern Japanese mountaineers has displayed itself of recent years in the form of expedition once known in the Alps as *grätwänderung*, or better, in plain English, as "ridge-walking." A number of excellent climbs have thus been accomplished by the bolder spirits such as Shigekichi Kondo, "Usui" Kojima, I. Tsujimura, M. Udono, with Saegusa, Takano, and others. The great ridges of which Yarigatake forms the culminating point have been traversed both north and south of that peak, and the Kōshū Shirane-san has also been trodden under-foot its whole serrated length. To associate ourselves with the highest pleasures and aspirations of our friends, we determined our own last Alpine journey should take a similar form, and at the same time carry out a long-cherished intention, the traverse of Ōtenjō ("Peak of Highest Heaven") from north to south. It was new to "foreign" travel, and even the name itself was probably not yet known to half a dozen Europeans, all told. On 18th August my wife and I, with the faithful Seizo, left the charming inn at Akashina, once more to retrace our delightful route up the Nakabusa valley, whose charms do but grow with more frequent contemplation. Great was the satisfaction of our good host that he was now able to instal us in the charming rooms he had hurried to completion—but just too late—for our reception two years before. With immense pride he informed us, as he did the honours of the *onsen* surroundings

on the "off day" we spent there, that one of the springs had been found by a government analyst to contain traces of radium. Visions of multitudes of tourists and of untold wealth doubtless now began to float before his eyes, a prospect which we could only view with sentiments somewhat mixed. When at length we bade farewell, his parting benediction took the form of the orthodox alpenstock—the eight-sided *kongō dzue*, duly branded with the *onsen* badge. A four hours' scramble in the cool air of the fragrant forest shade carried us to the saddle south of Tsubakura, and here we halted for our lunch at ten o'clock, near the hunter's bivouac we noticed two years ago. We learned that a party of climbers, bound, like ourselves, for Ōtenjō, had lately reached this spot, when, to their amazement, they found a splendid bear nosing about in the creeping-pine below the ridge. Without stopping to ask him to look pleasant, they secured a lucky snapshot, which so delighted them that they abandoned the climb and hurried home to tell the wonderful tale.

Our route lay almost entirely along the western, and barer, side of the jagged arête, towards the south, with the usual prospect of the wild sea of swelling ridges westwards as far as the eye could reach. Here and there some splendid granite crags on the shattered ridge gave excellent climbing; in the low creeping-pine abundant supplies of bilberries furnished a refreshing excuse for loitering on our way. Our life that day was indeed full of ups and downs, for in the four hours that were spent on the northern arête from the saddle to the summit, we gained but little height until the last half hour, when

we rose steeply to the final peak, and Ōtenjō was now a new-found friend. The height was 9600 ft., and the position of the mountain, as the western outlier of the Yari ridge with which runs parallel its entire length, commands a striking view.

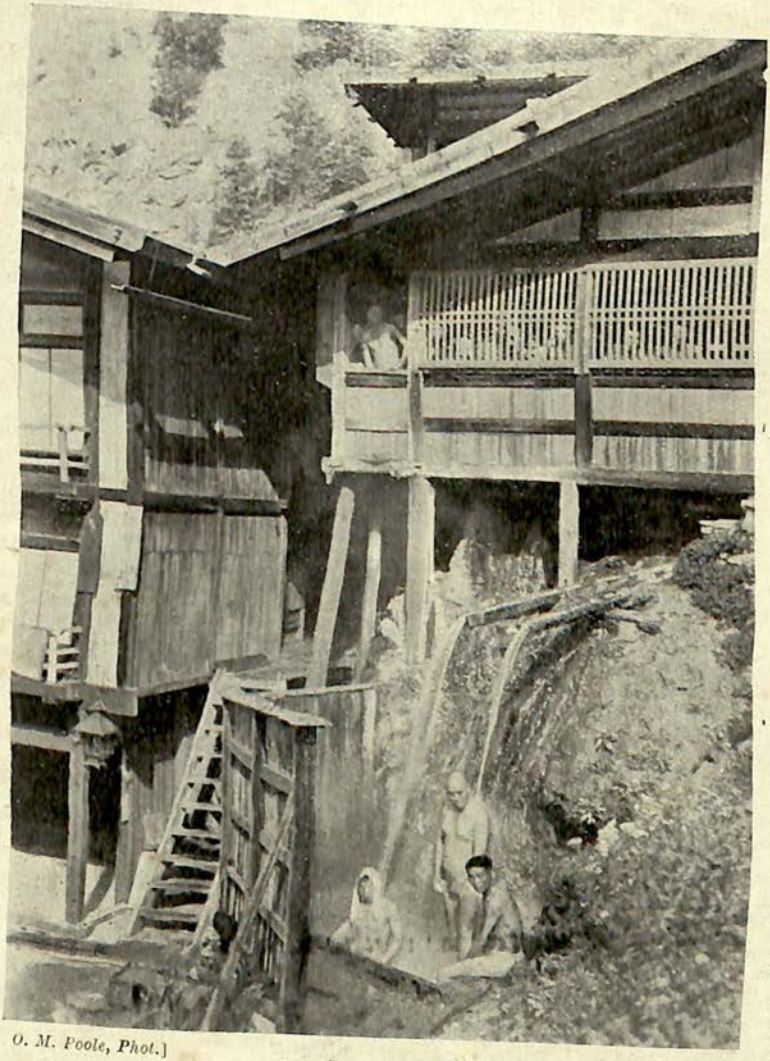
The day was still young as we left the summit and descended a thousand feet or so along the southern arête to our camping-place for the night, the so-called Ninomata *koya*. Here we found a long, low hollow in the rocks, the sides partly filled in with fragments of stone, and roofed with earth. The creeping-pine at hand afforded spring mattresses of the most comfortable kind, and after a cheery supper by the common fire at the entrance to the cave, we turned in to an untroubled sleep. The new day dawned in unclouded loveliness with the glorious prospect westwards of the great cliffs and snowy ravines of the ridge that runs from Yari to the towers of Hodaka. To the south-east rose an old friend of former years in Jōnen-dake ("the Peak of the Ever-praying Priest"), and, beyond that again, Fuji, pale purple in the distant south. Always southwards along the arête we descended, and then through a tangled forest of firs and birch we turned westwards, and dropped abruptly down a steep and broken watercourse to the dazzling granite boulders of the Ichi-no-Sawa glen. Beyond this a great landslide of mingled red rocks and earth had fallen from the eastern flanks of Akasawa-dake, and dammed up the waters of the Ninomata torrent into an exquisite little lake of crystal clearness. It was a most charming prospect, and we left it with reluctance for a strenuous struggle with the frequent wading of

the stream beyond, whose waters gathered strength and volume as they hurried to their confluence with the parent Adzusa-gawa, of which the Ninomata forms the remotest source. Here we were at last on familiar ground, for this romantic meeting of the waters—the Ninomata and the Yarizawa—had often invited rest on former climbs, when Yari itself had been the goal. As we descended the beautiful valley, clearer traces of a path in the forest undergrowth on either side as we crossed to and fro testified to the growing numbers of the mountain lovers who penetrate these solitudes. And so the day wore on, and *waraji* wore out. Quite suddenly the low, broad roof of the old hut at Tokugo showed brown among the birches and pines. An hour later the whole strength of the Kamikōchi household were turning out to give us greeting at the *onsen* porch, and our eleven hours' tramp from the top of Ōtenjō brought the first delightful "ridge-walking" of a European party along its serrated ridges to a happy and successful conclusion.

Our "good-bye" to Kamikōchi this year was one of special sadness, for we knew it was to be our final farewell, and yet we dared not say so to our friends. For the kindly sincerity of their greeting, "Please come back next year," we had no answer. It was no convention, we knew, nor could any convention worthily be offered in reply. In the cool clearness of the early morning we wended our way somewhat sadly down the valley of the Adzusagawa, and past the secluded mere of Tashiro, whose glassy surface mirrored the grey cliffs and shining snows of Hodaka unbroken. Our last sight of the beautiful

mountain was the noble prospect that closed in the valley as we turned the great buttress of Kasumi-dake, and joined the path from the Abōt-ōge eastwards towards the Matsumoto plain. Over many steep spurs and round deep bays it wanders, through dense forests and along grassy hillsides and torrent brinks, till suddenly it breasts an abrupt ascent to drop down as suddenly into the secluded hollow in which Shirahone lies. Above the ancient spa—for the Saito family, its present owners, have themselves held it for over three hundred years—towers the massive twin-topped bulk of Norikura, an extinct volcano of great age over 10,000 ft. in height. The mountain has recently attracted popular attention as the scene of an exploit by a company of Japanese infantry, who climbed to the summit in extraordinarily quick time in the summer of 1917. A photograph shows them greeting, with the salute of uplifted rifles, the rising sun, and shouting their *banzai* in the Emperor's name.

Round the public tanks in the *onsen* buildings may be seen large boulders from the neighbouring ravine. They are used by the hardened habitués of the soothing waters who place them on their knees at night to save them from "turning turtle," and drowning in their sleep! Such persons will often spend three or four weeks in succession in the baths, and that, practically, without a break. My friend Professor Chamberlain mentions the case of a similar kind, near Ikao, where the old caretaker stays in the bath the whole winter through. The genial old Saito Shidzuma, the proprietor of Shirahone, did the honours for us with exceeding courtesy and attention,



O. M. Poole, Phot.]

Shirahone Onsen.

[To face p. 216.

and enthusiastically announced that a recent visitor, an official of the Home Department, had assured him that the healing springs were undoubtedly impregnated with radium. The gentleman in question was known by a name signifying "the silk hat of affluence," and doubtless this title was regarded as of happy omen when the cheering declaration was made! At any rate, it was possible to assure our old friend that its main constituent was calcium sulphides, and that its temperature near the source was 130°. As we left he gave us his benediction in the form of another Alpine staff, duly branded with the *onsen* mark. He told us that my old route *viâ* Ōnogawa was some miles the longer of the two available, and with a better path, but if we cared to go by the shorter, 15 miles to Shimajima, we should find its scenery more romantic, although the *gake* (precipices) were a thing not to trifle with. Soon we plunged into a dark ravine with the pleasing title of *Oni ga jō* ("the devil's castle"), from the face of which a cascade issues as from a window, recalling on a smaller scale the cliffs high above the Gasteren-tal in the Gemmi route above Kandersteg.

The romantic beauty of those 15 miles it is, for the most part, almost impossible adequately to describe. Perhaps the gem of this picture gallery of Nature is at the spot where a path turns off to Ōnogawa and the Nomugi-tōge, on the right bank of the river, by the foot of a magnificent cliff hung with creepers and towering above the little tea-house of Nagawa-dō. Here the road to Shimajima broadens, and its surface improves. A pathetic reminder of the cost of the traveller's comfort stands by the

wayside—a memorial stone to a number of workmen who, four years ago, in the midst of their labours, were overwhelmed by an avalanche of rock and earth from the cliffs whose base they were cutting through. The unusual appearance at this moment of a number of handsome oxen still further recalled the Gemmi route with its reminder of the herdsmen killed, with their cattle, by the great avalanche of the glacier of the Altels, high above the pastures of the Spitalmatt. Next in impressiveness to this spot, perhaps, comes the magnificent bluff that projects itself boldly into the Adzusa valley as one nears Inekoki, a rival, though on a far grander scale and in lovelier surroundings, to the famous cliffs that overshadow the Derwent in the Matlock glen in Derbyshire.

At Shimajima we found a "cast off" carriage awaiting us. It had been ordered for 3 P.M., and, to be quite in time, its owner had arrived at 10 A.M. "Time is money" is a proverb here that conveys no meaning whatever.

Myōnichi—like *mañana*—though nominally signifying "to-morrow," may more wisely be allowed the more elastic interpretation of "any time between now and Christmas." Still our driver wasted but little of our time on his way, and Matsumoto saw us again—this time, for our present convenience and to our intense subsequent regret, deposited on the floor of the Yōrō-kwan. Its position entitles its claim to be the "Station Hotel," but its condition belies the translation of its name, "The Support of the Aged," assuming that, for such, a reasonable amount of repose should be their nightly portion. The Buna-jaya on Tateyama had revealed many possibilities of the

murdering of sleep in midnight Japan; but here such resources were increased beyond belief. Mosquitoes, fleas, smells of every variety and intensity, barking dogs, rumbling trains, chattering *nesan* (domestics), and coolies chopping wood, all contributed their quota to our evening's entertainment. Now we *knew* we were in the pathway of progress, with the blessings of civilisation at hand. Perhaps, however, the greatest surprise of all, before we left, was the appearance of a mounted khaki-clad gendarme, who suddenly appeared from nowhere as we sat on the edge of the matted floor of the porch. Dismounting, he called for the landlord, and abruptly inquired who these "foreigners" were—"Because," he explained, "if they are *Doitsu no hito* (Germans), *I have special orders to take care of them!*"

As we pursued our dusty, sultry journey by the Kōshū-Kaidō railway Fuji-wards that day (25th August), two topics afforded special food for reflection as we watched the behaviour of some of our fellow-travellers, and listened to some of their remarks upon the Great War. In neither respect were they wholly representative, though typical of many who acted and thought after their manner. As to the behaviour—one marvelled that so frequently in railway travelling the middle-class Japanese are seen at their worst, and could not help wondering why, with neatness and care in their own delightful and artistic homes, they could cultivate habits so offensive to all ideas of consideration and "nice feeling." We were passing through the great vineyard region of Japan, on the east edge of the Kōfu plain. Grapes were being freely consumed in

the compartment (there was no first class on this line), yet not one of the Japanese took the trouble to deposit the skins in the "cuspidores" at his feet, or even put them out of the windows, wide open in the heat of summer noon—all merely threw them on the floor or dropped them on the seat at his side. At least one person chose to use the wash-hand basin as a spittoon, nor did he display sufficient thought for others—or for decency—to wash it afterwards! The gist of the comments on the war was that it needed the spirit and the help of Japanese forces to drive the Germans on the Western Front in France and Flanders back to the Fatherland.

As time went on, and as the views of the Japanese in general began more definitely to crystallise, it became increasingly clear that very varying attitudes were adopted by different classes of the people. Little was understood in England, however, as to what those attitudes were, since only the official view was considered of sufficient importance to merit publication in the British press at home. That view, of course, was wholly "correct," and it was realised that Japan would prove entirely loyal to her pledges as embodied in her Alliance with Great Britain. But beyond all this there was much calculated to surprise and to disappoint those in our country when aware of the attitude of a large number of educated Japanese people and of military men, whose voices, though not heard among ourselves, were clearly raised, and were listened to with attention by many of their own fellow-countrymen in Japan.

The columns of the *Japan Chronicle* from time to time threw much interesting light on the way the war

was regarded by various sections of the population, and showed that in the earlier part of it a large number of the Japanese — possibly a majority— believed that the Teutonic powers would gain the day. Most of the popular enthusiasm died down after the capture of Kiaochau, but in various journals articles by military writers stated quite freely their belief in Germany's invincibility. Addresses were even given to the senior students in some of the schools to the same effect, with distinct disparagement of British efficiency and belittling of British efforts. In some of the schools a paper is stated to have been set for translation from Japanese into English, which declared that the military education of British recruits "consisted of the elements of the military exercise which is found in the curriculum of our middle schools." Gradually, however, a change in popular opinion began to manifest itself, as France showed her citizen army at Verdun could successfully resist the heaviest blows that Germany could strike, and as Great Britain was found able to raise a great and gallant army out of a "nation of shopkeepers." A well-known Japanese military attaché, after considerable experience at the front, was able not only to speak of "the marvellous qualities of the French '75's," but to declare his belief that the British infantryman was the finest foot soldier in the world.

Generally speaking, the financial and commercial classes from the first appear to have inclined to the British side, but when one turned to a survey of the attitude of many of the University professors and military officers, a very different state of affairs was

at once to be observed. This was very clearly and frankly stated in an outspoken article by a distinguished representative of the Imperial University of Tokyo, Dr Masaharu Anezaki, Professor in the College of Literature, and lately Lecturer in Harvard University. The article originally appeared in the pages of the *New East Review* for June 1917, and attracted considerable attention. It was entitled "Japanese Sympathy with Germany: a Candid Statement." He remarks that though technically Japan is at war with Germany, yet a feeling of admiration for her is pretty general among the Japanese people; and that though most of the leading *papers* are anti-German, yet a large proportion of the *people* themselves, though somewhat vaguely, are pro-German in sentiment.

The story of the rise and progress of German influence in Japan dates from the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Prior to that, Japan had employed French officers to model her modern military establishment, but the German victory induced her to change her system, and German instructors were now called in. Later on, under the guidance of Prince Ito, it was the German constitution and jurisprudence that were adopted as most congenial to Japanese tastes, and adapted to Japanese needs; and just as it was from Germany that Japan had first derived her medical science, so subsequently from Germany also she adopted her modern natural science and philosophy. At that time the Imperial University of Tokyo was the only one of its kind in the Empire, and the foregoing influences moulded it almost entirely on German lines. The students who were sent

abroad by the Japanese Government mostly went, when possible, to German universities: indeed, "going abroad" to study was almost synonymous with "going to Germany" for that purpose. As the University of Tokyo was practically the only national source of supply of candidates for posts in the official and educational world, it was natural that those spheres of activity should be largely influenced by German methods and culture.

By degrees, but very thoroughly, the atmosphere of official and scholastic life thus became saturated with the ideals of their German instructors, and in no less degree did the military machine itself partake of the same characteristics. So closely were those models adhered to that at one time, when the volunteer system was inaugurated, side by side with universal conscription, the shoulder straps of the volunteers were black and white (the *Prussian* colours), so closely did the military authorities of the day imitate their instructors, just as the Imperial Japanese Navy, down to the smallest details of a bluejacket's uniform, follows the pattern of the naval organisation of Great Britain.

Professor Anezaki points out that, while the opinions of the avowed pro-German militarists of Japan have been undergoing a gradual change, it should be recognised that a good deal of their pronounced expressions of sympathy have not been due so much to their own personal predilections as to the fact that their own prestige is in a certain sense at stake. They have identified their own views and principles with those of their German models and mentors, and the downfall of the latter might involve

the question of an entirely fresh organisation of their own military methods.

An interesting article entitled "The European War" appeared in the *Japan Magazine* in December 1917, in which Captain Marquis Mayeda (head of the former Daimiate of Kaga) dealt with his own personal impressions after two years' experience as an Attaché on the Western Front. He speaks with admiration of the offensive power and spirit of the allied forces in Europe, which he maintains were "in no way inferior to those of the Japanese, and in some cases much superior. . . . We cannot any longer be proud of the pre-eminence of our fighting spirit. . . . There is no doubt that the French and English have shown an equal, if not superior, fighting spirit in this war to the Germans. The landing forces at the Dardanelles failed in the strategy, but not in the spirit, of their offensive. Indeed, in this war the troops of Europe have displayed a fighting spirit and a general valour unsurpassed in all previous wars."

Dr Anezaki, in his "candid statement," draws attention to the deeply-rooted character of pro-German sentiment in the institutional life of modern Japan as threatening with serious danger the further development of constitutional government, of free and sound education, and of the social life of the Japanese people, more particularly in respect of their moral training.

The warning is no new one, for he first struck the note some seventeen years ago when studying in Berlin, and he recalls the amazement, indeed the doubts of his sanity, expressed by friends who considered it incredible that a man studying in Berlin

itself could publish such adverse criticisms of German *kultur*. But he is able to point with some force to the justification of his attitude in the consequences of that *kultur* both in the war itself and in the course of events of which it was the inevitable outcome.

Finally, Dr Kazutami Ukita, the well-known historian and educationist, and also editor of the famous *Taiyō*, points out that one of the gravest results of German success in the war would be its effect on education in Japan. He states that the way in which some Japanese journalists and statesmen have been dazzled by the strength and courage of Germany is already manifest in its pernicious influence in Japanese literature. "Nothing," he says, "will show the world more clearly the effects of German thought and policy than her discomfiture in this colossal struggle. Thenceforth the place of the German speculator and weaver of dangerous theories will be taken by the practical and humane Englishman, and by the idealism of the Frenchman, to the betterment of education and progress everywhere."

A frequent inquiry addressed to the present writer has been as to the extent of Japan's military support of her allies. Perhaps the geographical remoteness of the operations which resulted in the downfall of Tsingtau somewhat obscured its valuable results, in removing all further Teutonic menace in that part of the world. The financial assistance afforded to Great Britain and other of the allied Governments, though useful, was on a scale quite dwarfed by the immense figures to which we in Great Britain have been accustomed when gauging our own contributions to the common cause, both

at home and abroad. Moreover, the extent of the very valuable help given by the Japanese flotillas in policing the Pacific, or in the Mediterranean, has been necessarily largely enshrouded in secrecy. It is, however, not clearly realised here at home how greatly the distance of Japan and her people from the sphere of conflict, in a geographical sense, contributes to a sense of aloofness from its moral issues, and from a vital apprehension of the overwhelming interests at stake.

It would appear that the possibility and the desirability of active Japanese military co-operation on the European battlefields have been more strongly advocated in France than among ourselves. The views set forth have been characterised, however, more by their earnestness and sincerity than by their practical realisation of the virtually insurmountable difficulties in the way of carrying them out. A writer in the *Figaro* explains that the most suitable route for the transport of a Japanese army would be across the Pacific to San Francisco: across the United States to New York: and finally across the Atlantic! The scheme has only to be stated in order to realise its impossibility. No force that Japan considered worthy of its reputation, and likely victoriously to uphold its prestige, could be so transported; and anything that *was* capable of transportation would not be held adequately representative. As the *Japan Chronicle* has already explained, the Japanese Government quite early in the war decided that it would not be feasible to transport a great mass of troops to the scene of operations—*firstly*, because of the large amount

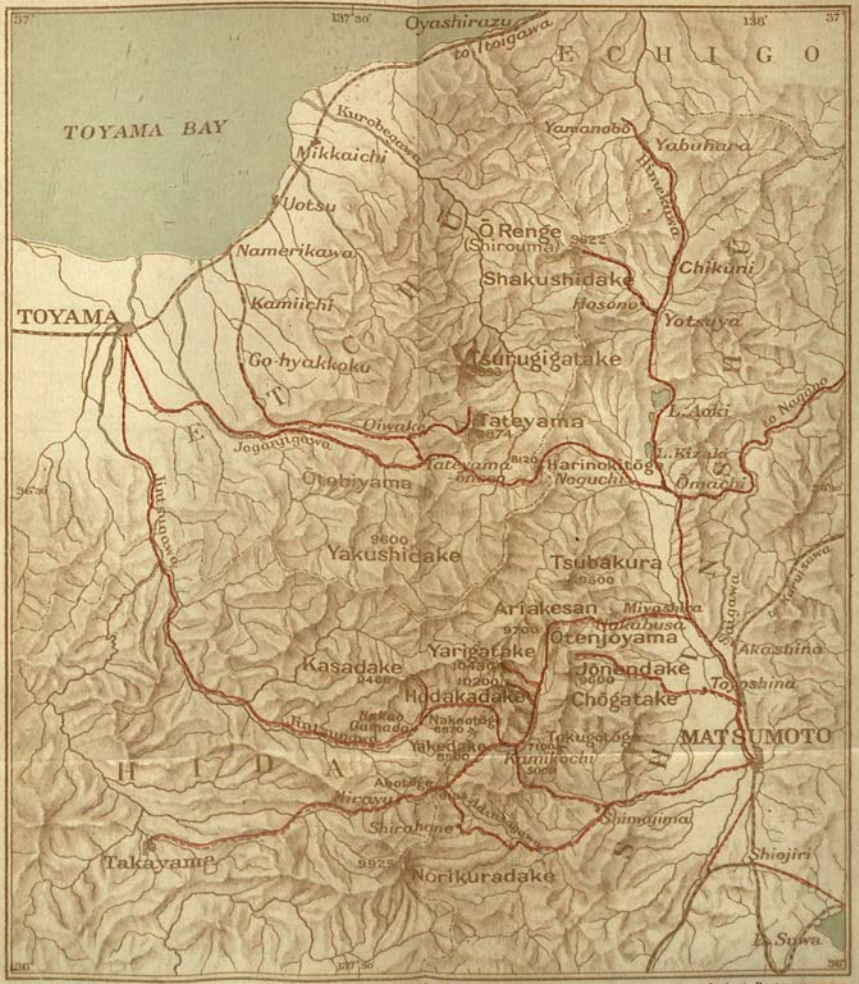
of shipping that would thereby be withdrawn from the world's carrying trade; *secondly*, because of the difficulty in supplying the troops so far away with the special equipment and ammunition, and the needed food, entirely different from that of European soldiers; and *thirdly*, because of the difficulties of the Japanese language, and its interpretation between the various officers amongst whom continual communication would be necessary.

With these facts in view, the Japanese abstention from sharing in the burden of fighting and suffering on European battlefields is quite intelligible. What is not so satisfactory, however, is that Japan, having made immense profits out of the war, and having therefrom derived an unexampled and undreamed-of condition of prosperity, so many of the people of her commercial classes should resent the idea of sharing the financial burden due to the trade restrictions unavoidably imposed upon them. As the *Chronicle* justly observes, it was not unnatural that those classes, through lack of interest in the war, should complain when their exports were limited, as to certain goods, by the British Government, on the ground that the tonnage space thus saved was needed for foodstuffs; but what was especially disappointing was that the Japanese Government should be induced to support the agitation: for the result was that the diplomatic pressure brought to bear compelled concessions such as virtually nullified, in the case of some exports, the object of the embargo proclaimed. With a wider education of public opinion on the part of those in authority, and a deeper realisation of the moral responsibilities,

and of the common interests involved, amongst the people, a more just, generous, and unselfish spirit of self-sacrifice for the common cause is sure to be increasingly displayed by a united, loyal, and chivalrous nation like the Japanese.

Meanwhile, there is distinctly wholesome food for our own reflection in the frank and suggestive observations of the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, one of the leading journals of Japan, quoted in the *Times* of 14th July 1918, upon the attitude of various English party politicians and agitators at the time of their country's deepest need for united and unselfish patriotic co-operation: "Many things which have happened in Europe since 1914 cannot be understood by the Japanese mind. At the beginning of the war the common belief was that it was a fundamental principle of human life that patriotism should be absolute, allowing no room for the discussion of questions that were vital before the war, but to our great surprise British politicians and publicists continue freely to discuss other things than the war and boldly to attack the Government. Some declare that the responsibility for the war should be divided between Germany and Britain; some persistently advocate peace, attacking Imperialists as the enemy of humanity. There are even those who boldly advocate strikes to realise Socialistic principles."

THE NORTHERN JAPANESE ALPS.



CHAPTER XI

THE HUMAN INTEREST

As one looks back upon a quarter of a century of growing familiarity with these romantic regions of Alpine and sub-Alpine Japan, the most striking feature imprinted on one's memory is that of the unique combination they offer of an endless variety of natural beauty of the highest order with a *human* interest rarely, if ever, met with in other Alpine lands to the same degree or of a similar character. For it is there that one has found human nature in some of its most unsophisticated and most unspoilt aspects. All that is artificial and materialistic in our vaunted "twentieth-century civilisation" has, mercifully, not yet laid a paralysing hand on those finer instincts and that inborn simplicity of some of the most friendly and intelligent peasantry in the world. Their natural kindliness of heart and courteous bearing, an almost universal readiness to help and desire to please, as one gradually gained their confidence and grew to understand the influence of ancient superstitions and old-world ways—all this can only be fully appreciated by those who have enjoyed a long intercourse with them and shared together many varying experiences in both sunshine and storm. In

the case of several of the hunters and fishermen who were my most frequent companions during an acquaintanceship of twenty years or more, a really almost affectionate understanding grew up between us; they were much more than so many *gōriki* (mountain porters) those faithful comrades and helpers of mine, Kamonji, Chokichi, and the rest—

> "Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,
> That ever with a frolic welcome took
> The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
> Free hearts, free foreheads."

There is something in the open and communistic character of the daily life of these people—for with them privacy is an almost unknown and unthought-of thing—that tends to make them natural and considerate, and that develops self-restraint, resourcefulness, and patience. They were men of no education, but they showed great interest in my country, and sometimes asked most thoughtful questions about it. The "headmen" of the various districts usually possessed some sort of map of the surrounding country, and my companions quite readily came to understand the use of those I carried when once explained to them. The headmen, of whom the *ku-chō* is the chief official of an urban district, and the *son-chō* is a kind of village mayor, are amongst the most valuable assets of that wonderful social organisation so dear to the Japanese heart, and so thorough in all its workings. The quickness of the average Japanese mind engenders a remarkable aptitude for mastering details, and in the course of some famine-relief work in which I was engaged some years ago in Northern Japan, I found it possible to obtain,

T. Z. Takano, Phot.]

Kamonji at his "Bessō," near Hodaka.

[*To face p.* 230.

almost at a moment's notice, through the *son-chō* of any given village, the minutest kind of information as to the circumstances of any particular family.[1]

In some of the remoter hamlets of Alpine Japan, the traditions of ancient custom and the practices of internal social administration are at times exceedingly interesting and quaint. At one hamlet, when exploring the fine mountain Akaishi-san, in the Southern Alps, I found the heads of households were all women. I was informed that life for any male outsider who ventured to intermarry there was foredoomed to be both bitter and brief.

The rule there (*Onna-taka*, "Women's Hill") is one of a heavy hand as well as a sharp tongue. Sometimes one was told of a village that it was notorious as *Kaka-denka* (lit. "a woman's throne"); this, too, indicates a masculine spirit housed in a feminine form. On more than one occasion my hunters or I came across the remains of some unfortunate who had met that fate which, of all ends, is perhaps the most repellent to a Japanese—a violent death followed by no burial. One such was found on *Chō-ga-dake* ("the butterfly peak"), not far south-east of Yari-ga-take. He proved to be an outlaw whose fellow-villagers had expelled him from their midst years before for his violent deeds and quarrelsome disposition. Some such kind of mutual discipline was often absolutely necessary for the common good; and it was usual, in the case of persistent and incorrigible evil-doers, finally to be struck off the village register, presented with their birth certificate, and then expelled from the community, never to be allowed to return. Such a person found himself

not only without a home but practically without hope in the world, for it was almost impossible to get help or employment or even shelter elsewhere; he became virtually a *hi-nin*—a "no man," *i.e.* a human being without the rights or privileges of a member of state, village, or family, and the horror of that prospect in Japan, above all lands, only the Japanese themselves can fully understand.

In some of the remoter valleys the domestic institutions are of a very primitive character. In that of the Shirakawa, in the "island province" of Hida, the heads of families have, or until lately used to have, quite despotic power. Only the heir, who was usually the eldest son, was allowed to marry. The other sons formed "irregular" unions, of which the children were adopted into the family of the mother. Whole families dwell under one great patriarchal roof, not only including brothers and sisters, but also uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, grandchildren, etc., often to the number of forty or fifty souls. The three-storeyed houses are of a corresponding size ("Murray," 9th Ed., p. 270).

By a curious coincidence, in each of the three periods during which my holiday explorations in the Japanese highlands were carried out, the armies of Japan were engaged in a great war with a foreign foe—China, Russia, Germany, in turn. There was much to be learned from intercourse with the kindly folk who dwelt in the fields and valleys and remoter hamlets within the mountains, as to the part played by true "country life" in moulding the character and influencing the habits of a truly warlike, though by no means a bellicose, people. In feudal Japan the

tillers of the soil ranked next in social status to the *Samurai*, and above the merchants and the mechanics. Even to-day, more than half the population lives, in a very real sense, "on the land," and it is their connection with its subjugation that most strikingly illustrates those finer characteristics of the Japanese people which they share in so large a measure with their Chinese teachers—their great patience and perseverance, ingenuity and skill. They have much native intelligence, tough constitutions in reasonable surroundings, and exceedingly temperate habits. They are very cheerful at their work, most of which keeps them in the open air nearly all the year round, excepting in the severe winter weather experienced in the more unfertile regions of the north and north-east. It is only natural that, as in the case of the French to-day, a people who so largely live "on the land" should by a natural instinct be ready defenders of its safety. Some of the finest fighting men of Japan are to be found among its peasantry—hardy, stolid, patient, and unafflicted with nerves. Patriotism is almost a born instinct with them—at least some of the earliest lessons they learn at their mother's knees are those that taught by the stories told of the great warriors of the past whose deeds they are bidden to reverence and to seek to emulate.

In many other ways does Japan take care to develop the spirit of her children in an atmosphere where patriotism and religion are inseparably mingled. The most famous of strictly national shrines is the Yasukuni-jinja at Kudan, in Tokyo, erected to the memory of those who have died for their country on active service. Here, every autumn, solemn rites

are held to celebrate their sacrifice, while popular dramas are staged and religious dances performed with the object of bringing home the lesson of the community of those present with the departed in a fellowship of great deeds and unselfish devotion to the country's cause. This appeal to the innate desire of the young to emulate the achievements of the heroes of other days is in Japan as widespread as it is sure. In great towns and in country villages throughout the land there stands the *Kagura* stage, hard by the shrine of some great and famous warrior, whose mighty deeds on frequent festivals form the subject of dance and song for the inspiration of the rising generation. The *Kagura*—or *o Kagura*, or *mi Kagura* (for the very name has a religious significance and stands for the "seat of the *Kami*, or Gods")—is pre-eminently *the* dance of the patriotic cult of Shintō. It forms one of the most ancient religious rites of Japan, and probably antedates the arrival and influence of the Buddhism that came from the Asiatic mainland. Many of the dances are over a thousand years old, and in the case of a lively, impressionable people like the Japanese, with whom patriotism is for most a passion and for all a religion, have undoubtedly exercised a far greater influence than is usually realised by the more prosaic European. One of the most typical and striking can be witnessed at the ancient shrine known as the Kumano-jinja (*jinja* = Shintō shrine) on the Usui-tōge above Karuisawa (cf. *Japan Evangelist*, Nov. 1917). It is dedicated to Yamato-take no Mikoto, one of the prehistoric heroes fabled to have fought and subdued rebellious tribes nearly eighteen hundred years ago, and is entitled

Tsurugi no mai, or "Dance of the Sword." The sword referred to, of which a copy is used in the dance, is the famous *Kusanagi* or *Murakumo*, which forms one of the imperial regalia of Japan. The purpose of this particular *Kagura* is to teach in a highly dramatic form the lesson of how the "divine" ancestors fought for and conquered the land for their descendants, to whose keeping they have now committed it, and that the "Gods" are always on the side of those who are prepared to strive and to suffer for their sacred heritage.

Some one has remarked that in the Russo-Japanese War the Russians were immeasurably outnumbered by their opponents, since to the actual forces of the Mikado in the field against them were added that innumerable "cloud of witnesses" of the spirits of their valiant ancestors, whose aid they invoked, and in communion with whom they undoubtedly were able to fight and to conquer a brave but ill-led foe, a foe whose *morale* wholly lacked the inspiration they themselves derived from the consciousness of a "Cause" and of invisible spiritual helpers. The *Tsurugi no mai Kagura* is usually performed during war-time, and is looked upon almost as a kind of "Mass" on behalf of those fighting for their country.

A sympathetic study of such performances help us to feel that those who support them are in their own way acknowledging their dependence on divine aid for the safety and prosperity of the land, and for its defenders. Working on this patriotic spirit, a paternal government has set itself carefully to cultivate initiative, quickness, and intelligence. The

true soldierly virtues have always been kept to the fore in the ordinary curriculum of the Japanese school. *Mutatis mutandis*, the ideal of the Japanese soldier hitherto has been that once set forth by the old *Daimyō* of the Otono clan to his *samurai*:—"You must die by the side of your lord, and never turn your back on your foe. If you die at sea, let your body sink into the water; if you die on the hillside, let it be outstretched on the mountain grass." No one can have watched the bright-faced little toddlers of five and six years of age celebrating in their own fashion some victory during the two really national wars of the last quarter of a century, without realising how much those childish rejoicings stand for—the fact that within those small forms there lies enshrined the essence of a moral character produced by parents who themselves are the product of bygone generations born and brought up in the most thoroughgoing ideals of loyalty and self-sacrifice.

Since some three-quarters, or more, of Japan is mountain-land, it is only natural that the most marked physical features of the country-side should strongly influence the character of the majority of the dwellers therein. To have watched—and sometimes, as one has been constrained to do, to help—a knot of hill-men struggling with a heavily-laden wagon on the apology that too frequently does duty for a Japanese country-road, is to learn that what these men do not know about that kind of haulage is hardly worth knowing. A distinguished British "gunner" officer[1] who had exceptional opportunities of forming a

[1] Capt. (now Brig.-Gen.) B. Vincent, R.H.A., in a paper at the R.U.S. Institution, 1905.

considered and authoritative judgment during the Manchurian campaign, stated that "the Japanese artillery were exceedingly quick to adapt themselves to the conditions of the war, and though handicapped with an inferior gun, and by miserable ponies in their gun teams, yet by bravery, skill, and ingenuity managed to hold their own against better armed and more mobile adversaries." Sir Ian Hamilton also remarked that, "in districts where long marches, over a route chiefly leading along goat-tracks or across pathless gullies and crags, each man having to find his own way and to meet his company again on the far side, it was the native mountaineering habitudes of the lower ranks that led them by the least inaccessible line of country: their likeliest rivals under such conditions would be our Pathans or Gurkhas led by British officers." As a matter of fact, "the Japanese infantry"—so many of them men from the hills—"have, in mountainous country, as compared with other infantries, some of the attributes and capacity of cavalry." To those who for years have lived and travelled with and shared the ups and downs (both literally and figuratively) of these mountain men off the beaten tracks in Japanese highlands, such facts occasion no surprise: the man is largely what the mountain has made him, in spirit and in body too.

In the spring of 1912 I had the honour of being invited to deliver a public lecture in Tokyo, under the auspices of the Japanese Alpine Club, at a hall lent by a Government department, on "Mountaineering and Exploration in the Japanese Alps." Among the large and sympathetic audience, the majority of

whom were University and High School students, I was informed that there were holders of fifty tickets applied for by the War Office. Possibly this famous organisation, which is nothing if not practical, saw in the mountaineering movement something worth encouraging among the educated men of the rising generation, in view of its value as a means of training for the future leaders of Japanese warriors in prospective, or at least possible, campaigns on the Asiatic mainland. It is, indeed, this severely practical feature of administrative official Japan to-day that has had so much to do with the success of Japanese arms in its modern wars in Eastern Asia. Underlying all the love for the arts and refinements of life so deep-seated and so widespread among the people at large, their leaders themselves are characterised by a very practical and unprejudiced common-sense; and a sound military system has been evolved, with infinite pains and labour, which inspires general confidence. When once a definite object has been decided upon, it is prepared for with the utmost care and pursued with unflagging determination and energy. An unrivalled discipline, excelling that of even Germany itself because of its more intelligent character, is unquestioningly accepted, and never throughout the nation's wars is it found to be relaxed in the slightest degree: for Japanese national discipline is a plant of ancient growth, and has its roots embedded deep down in the very heart of the people. Informing and inspiring all this is that unquenchable enthusiasm—call it "patriotism," "military ardour," *Yamato damashii* ("the Japanese spirit") at its best, or by any other name—which, as one watches the

little Japanese lads marching with their flags on some holiday excursion or at some popular festival, singing lustily (if somewhat unmusically!) their patriotic songs, quite clearly teaches one that any foreign invader who should attempt a landing on the soil of Japan will be compelled to reckon, literally, with every man, woman, *and* child upon its shores.

Many were the occasions on which, during those modern periods of strife, such incidents and facts as the foregoing forced one to further thought and inquiry as to the influence of environment, tradition, and training upon men, among whom one could not move as an interested spectator of their comings and goings, or as a companion of travel, without admiration and sympathy. How does this adaptability to surroundings, this industry and patient self-restraint, this general and uncomplaining acceptance of novel and often disagreeable conditions, which enables these men to take the rough with the smooth so cheerfully and make them such congenial and helpful comrades both in sunshine and storm—how does it all work out in the moulding of the soldier-man of modern Japan? What are the processes by which those who carry on the work set about it, in turning out that finished article which has, justly, commanded the respect and admiration of an astonished and inquiring world of onlookers at their past achievements? On one occasion during the war with Russia I watched the embarkation of 8000 Japanese soldiers for a port "somewhere in Eastern Asia." Each man wore a tiny sprig of cherry-blossom in the front of his cap, given him

by the friend or relative seeing him off, and I was reminded of the Japanese proverb, "*Hana wa sakurani, hito wa bushi*" ("As the cherry-tree is the monarch of flowers, so the warrior is king among men"), since it is the cherry, and not the chrysanthemum, that really is acknowledged as the true national flower of this land of flowers.

Not a trace of a tear was to be seen on the faces of the women-kind as they bowed their final farewells, though, as one married woman afterwards admitted to my wife, "We often cry all night when we are alone."

Later on, as one found oneself traversing the busy fields of the country-side, and passed through the little hamlets nestling in the solitudes of the quiet, sequestered glens of the great mountains, the same spirit invariably showed itself — a quiet, resolute purpose in the departing soldier, and a cheerful pride on the part of those bidding him God-speed.

Years later, when one found oneself a frequent spectator of the "send-off" on the platforms of some great London railway terminus, or witnessed in passing the scenes of which many a public-house formed an inglorious centre, it did compel one to look back regretfully upon the simple dignity and self-restraint of the Japanese crowds of ten years before. In both cases the soldier was all right, it was the behaviour of his friends that gave, in each case, its peculiar flavour to the scene in which he was the central figure.

No one could be brought thus into contact with the warrior of Japan—the finished product of the training that has been at work upon material moulded

by age-long traditions and informed by a spirit of intensely national type—without wishing to learn something of the process of that training. It may be of interest to glance at some of its leading features as we know them to-day.

For the substance of most of the following chapter I am indebted to my friend Major J. W. Marsden, R.A., sometime Acting Military Attaché to the British Embassy in Tokyo. Both before and during the present war, Major Marsden has had unusual opportunities of studying, at first hand, the subject with which it deals.

CHAPTER XII

THE MAKING OF THE SOLDIER IN MODERN JAPAN

WITH the Japanese people, the profession of arms has long held the highest place in popular esteem, and, as a natural result, the two occasions that mark the outstanding epochs of the soldier's career are marked with fitting ceremonies, the forms of which are minutely prescribed in the Army Regulations. Each has its own moral value, for it helps both to increase his own self-respect and also to lend dignity and impressiveness to that particular phase of his military life which it ushers in. The first of these occasions is when he joins the colours, and the second is that when he subsequently returns to civil life after service with them is concluded.

There is little glamour about his profession for the ordinary Japanese soldier. As I have mentioned, the strictest discipline is enforced, and he is kept at work from morning till night with his hours carefully regulated according to a detailed programme.

Recruits, during their first four months of training, are allowed out of barracks only on Sundays, and then usually in small groups under the care of an N.C.O. After he has completed his

drills, however, and been mustered into the ranks, he has a little more freedom. There are no such things as ordinary regimental bands, though there are several military bands stationed in some of the larger garrisons.

The interior of the barracks is dreary, according to Western standards, but all is very clean and well-ordered. Both by instinct and habit the Japanese are personally the cleanest people in the world, and certainly this is true of the Japanese soldier, who also several times a week attends lectures on hygiene and sanitation. All the arrangements of barrack life are carried out on strict utilitarian principles: there is neither time nor money for picturesqueness, and the absence of those details which serve to lend attractiveness to service in most other armies, especially continental ones, is to a European stranger a very striking feature.

It is the constant aim of the authorities that, from the time the recruit joins the colours, he shall never lose sight of the fact that he is a soldier of the Empire. From the very beginning of his training, the military spirit is fostered to the utmost; and when a man passes out to the reserve, steps are still taken to continue to cultivate it by the agency known as the "Reserve Soldiers' Association."

This association is a Government organisation of the greatest importance and influence, and every reservist is obliged to join the branch connected with the place where he goes to live on leaving the colours. It publishes a magazine called *Comrades*, which, by including articles of military interest, aims at

keeping its members in touch with military developments. The objects of the association are many and various, and include such as the following :—

Dissemination of information about the army, and the encouragement of the military spirit among young people, and those who have not yet entered on military training.

Rendering of assistance to reservists or recruits, and to their families, widows, and orphans in times of need.

During manœuvres, the local branches assist the military authorities in the matter of billets, supplies, local information, etc., and also send their members, when away in training, the little linen "comforts' bags" which contain underclothing, tooth-powder, picture-postcards, writing-materials, etc. Funds are obtained by levying a small contribution on all the members according to their circumstances. Being a State organisation, and an indispensable adjunct to the army, it possesses great prestige among a people always brought up to respect authority, and its influence penetrates into the life of practically every community in the land.

With regard to the ceremonies, already mentioned, of "Joining the Colours" and "Leaving the Colours," since they have a considerable moral force of their own, some description of their chief features may now be of value and interest.

A. *Joining the Colours.*

The usual date for the entry of the recruits on their period of training is at the beginning of

December, and the ceremony may fittingly be described in the terms of a memorandum recently issued by the commander of a certain regiment with headquarters not far from Yokohama. The memorandum, after stating the number of men in the new draft, runs as follows:—

"The recruits assembled at 8 A.M. on December 1st on the parade-ground outside the barracks. . . . They presented a steady and satisfactory appearance." (The details given as to physique include the following measurements:—Maximum height, 5.7½; minimum, 5.0½; mean, 5.4; maximum weight, 156½ lb.; minimum, 110 lb.; mean, 133¼ lb.).

There seemed to be little appreciable difference between the measurements of the town-bred and country men respectively. Before the recruits were allowed inside the barracks all were subjected to a searching medical inspection, after which they were led inside, and changed into their uniforms. While this was going on, the regimental commander gathered together the men's friends (who usually not only give them a cheering "send-off" but most of whom also accompany them to barracks and witness the ceremony of inspection), "and explained his wishes as to their treatment of the new-made soldiers. They were also spoken to by the battalion and company officers, and allowed to inspect the barracks, after which they were handed the civilian clothes, money, and valuables of the men, to take them home."

Apart from the medical inspection immediately before entering barracks, the recruits go through a preliminary examination some months earlier, of which, in the case now being described, the C.O. observed,

"The remarkable increase in the number of those temporarily unfit is regrettable." The figures given were, percentage of sick—15; made up of trachoma, 10 per cent., and venereal diseases, 5 per cent. The former is said to be more common in mountain districts, especially among the poor, while the latter is shared by all classes. Although a general increase is noticed by the casual observer in the stature of the rising generation in Japan (partly due to the fact that the lower limbs are able to develop more freely now that school children are becoming accustomed to sitting on benches, instead of on the floor, when at school), still, from time to time, lugubrious articles appear in the Japanese newspapers as to the noticeable deterioration in physique. The statistics on which these conclusions are based are generally those derived from the examinations for military service.

A good general idea of the way the recruit is looked after, during the period of his training, will be gathered from the kind of letter usually circulated among the families of the men by the regimental commander. In passing, it should be mentioned that, apart from the *practical* lectures on hygiene and sanitation by N.C.O.'s, there are others of a *moral* character by company officers on ethics, discipline, patriotism, etc., and these form a most important feature of the training of the Japanese soldier: to a certain extent they are really the expansion of the teaching which began at home and was continued throughout his life at school. Such lectures commonly take place on Sunday morning, in place of a "Church Parade." In a typical letter

of the kind referred to, the commanding officer speaks in the following terms :—

"I have the honour to inform you that Mr —— has joined the regiment under my command, and *has duly handed himself over to my care.* From to-day he has been enrolled as a soldier of the Empire, and I beg you will have no anxiety on his account. During his stay in barracks he will be under the orders of officers . . . *who will act as your substitutes* in his education and training. . . . This education comprises a varied curriculum, and from the time that he rises in the morning to the time that he sleeps peacefully in his bed, his work and his meals are regulated by a given signal, which he obeys together with his comrades. He will be taught diligence and precision. It is only those who, before enlistment, have led idle lives that will find military service irksome. Although the discipline is not crushing, there is one thing which is indeed difficult to learn—that is, the Military Spirit, or *esprit de corps* as this discipline of character is called: it stands out pre-eminent above all other training. Both in peace and in war it is only the man who is perfect in this . . . that can truly be termed a fine soldier.

"It is of great advantage, in this branch of training, that the company commander should have a personal interview with the relatives of the recruits. . . . I will therefore mention a few points to which I wish to draw your special attention.

"1. It is impossible briefly to explain all that is meant by the 'Military Spirit.' It may best be understood by a civilian to comprise straightforwardness, uprightness, honesty. In the army, every effort is made to foster this ideal. For this purpose the company commander stands towards the recruit in the relation of *parent*, and, as such, studies his disposition, ordinary conduct, idiosyncrasies, habits, and physical weaknesses. He tries to improve what is good, and to eradicate what is bad." (This reminds one of the similar arrangements and ideals in the Swiss army. A well-known Alpine guide, of unusually high character and intelligence, told me he held the position in his own regiment of "Company Mother." To such as he that splendid force doubtless owes a great deal of its

thorough and solid efficiency.—W.W.) . "It is requested that parents of recruits will give frank details as to the character of their sons to the company commander: they need have no fear that their secrets will be betrayed.

"2. His duties will not be beyond his powers; but if in the midst of them his spirit fails; if he becomes depressed; if, to use a vulgar phrase, his 'spirit stinks'; if he cherishes an effeminate disposition—then his training will become distasteful, and he will drop behind his comrades: on breaking the regulations he will be punished, and may eventually become a habitual criminal. . . . The chief causes of crime, in the majority of cases, are to be traced either to wine or women (which are followed by dishonesty and debt), or to the receipt of bad news from home, which plunges him into anxiety and melancholy: there are, indeed, no other causes than these. . . . Write to him, therefore, from time to time, words of encouragement, and when he comes home on leave do your utmost to keep up his spirits, and to infuse courage into him against his return to barracks. . . .

"I will now enlarge on the topic of wine and women. I particularly request you to refrain from sending the man money, for it induces him to acquire luxurious habits, and to become addicted to wine and women, and to pile dishonesty on dishonesty; to commit all sorts of irregularity, and to do irreparable injury to his physique, for which his posterity will suffer. . . . On the one hand, the man who receives money from his family acquires extravagant habits among his poorer comrades, while, on the other, those who receive no pocket-money become covetous and, finally, corrupted.

"It is almost superfluous for me to explain that at the time of joining the colours the recruit receives a complete outfit of all that is necessary, including underclothing and toilet requisites. The men cut each other's hair with the clippers, and a bath is provided daily.

"The food furnished is rather better than that eaten by the middle classes of the neighbourhood in which the troops are quartered: it is measured out to each man, and, to ensure that

it is wholesome, it is always inspected by the medical officer before being served out.

"Clocks are provided in barracks, and all important times are notified by bugle-call. It is therefore not necessary for a man to have a watch for his pocket.

"If he falls sick he at once receives medical treatment and all necessaries are provided gratuitously by the Government.

"If he breaks anything in barracks, or does other damage, he need not pay compensation. If his boots or clothing need repairs, that can be done in barracks.

"Every ten days he draws his pay as pocket-money, so that if his tastes are not extravagant he can live very comfortably. . . . As previously intimated, money sent to the recruit becomes his enemy. I beg you, therefore, on no account to send it to him. . . . The contents of this letter I have made known in a speech to the gentlemen who accompanied the recruit, but, for the benefit of those who were not present, I forward this advice in writing. . . .

"Signed .....

Regimental Commander."

It is the duty of the local branch of the Reserve Soldiers' Association to explain this letter to the recipient, and to assist him in carrying out its instructions. In a country like Japan, where, as is well known, the people have the greatest respect for authority, such a communication carries considerable weight. Nevertheless, in his remarks on the liberal scale of the recruit's pay, the commanding officer appears to take a somewhat optimistic view. Though the cost of living in Japan is still comparatively small, the sum of 3s. 2d. per month (about 1¼d. per day!) seems anything but a liberal allowance for men of twenty years of age, and upwards. As a matter of fact, however, the request for friends to abstain from

sending pocket-money is frequently ignored by those who can afford to send it, and it is often remitted through some acquaintance in the town where the man is stationed, but seldom through the post office, as the regimental authorities from time to time make inquiries there in order to catch any possible offenders.

As a rule, recruits do not find military training as irksome as they anticipate, the main hardships being, at first, the strange and uncomfortable European boots and clothes, insufficient food, and gymnastic exercises. Although the food is of rather better quality than the poor are accustomed to, there is less of it. Also, the Japanese rustic, who usually develops a stooping gait from bending under heavy weights, and when working in the fields, finds military physical exercises, which entail stretching and straightening out the limbs, a most painful process. The fingers, too, of an agricultural labourer are apt to become crooked, and the effort to make them supple and straight also involves a good deal of discomfort.

On the day they join the colours, the recruits are lectured by the company commanders on "The Seven Duties of the Soldier," after which they take the oath, "I will faithfully observe the seven duties of the soldier which you have just read," and bow to the portrait of the Emperor. They are then formally received by the commander of the regiment into its ranks, and are read the "Imperial Rescript to Soldiers," which reminds them that the Emperor is the Supreme Commander of the National Forces, and sets forth the moral ideals to be aimed at by them. This is done with a good deal of ceremony, the recruits

being drawn up facing the rest of the regiment, and the commander taking his stand by the colours between them.

B. *Leaving the Colours.*

For this ceremony, also, the whole regiment is paraded, and, after announcing the liberation of the time-expired men, the commander harangues them on their duties as reservists. A copy of the speech is then given to each man, and within a day or two they return to their own homes. In this address the word "you" is, in the original, "children," in keeping with the regulation that the colonel of the regiment occupies the relation of father to children. It runs somewhat as follows :—

"You have now completed your training and have become efficient soldiers of the Empire. . . . You will keep its lessons for ever in your hearts. . . . Now that we are parting I pray that you may prosper, and, as a farewell gift, I offer you some advice.

"1. In modern military organisation, the reservists greatly outnumber the soldiers in the active army. Therefore, as a supplement to the active army there exists a 'Reserve Soldiers' Association.' To-day, you who have completed your training are being transferred to the main portion of the National Forces, but you will never have finished with liability to Military Service. I wish to impress this upon you so that you may fortify your characters accordingly.

"2. The spirit of the Imperial Rescript to Soldiers is not solely the possession of military men, but it is the *Spirit of Japan*. You will therefore cause it to dominate your whole life, studying it carefully, and basing your whole conduct upon it. Make your lives pure, and offer them as a votive light to that Spirit.

"3. After your return home, you must work your hardest

for the welfare of the Reservists' Association, which exists solely for the purpose of fostering the military spirit of our country. You must discourage frivolity, ostentation, and those dangerous principles which lately have shown a tendency to spread. It is by taking the lead in acting up to the teaching of the Rescript that you will best be able to convert your fellow-countrymen to purity and honesty."

Some instances of the dishonest practices here referred to as "dangerous principles" are then given, such as the shirking of work by workmen, commercial frauds, thefts of the "comfort bags" sent to soldiers on active service during the Russo-Japanese war, etc.

"Especially must you be on your guard against luxury and ostentation. Do not try to dress in a style above your income. . . . Take well to heart the 'Rescript on Frugality,' and so save our country from luxury.

"By being diligent in your daily occupations you can best fit yourselves for war. As your prosperity increases, you increase thereby the prosperity of Japan. In proportion as a country becomes rich, the necessity for an efficient army increases. . . . Pay great attention to the rules of hygiene, so as to be physically fit for any emergency. If it were possible, I should like to give each of you a new suit of uniform, but owing to financial circumstances I am unable to do so. But a new regulation has been issued by which all soldiers are to be sent back to their homes in uniform. This is to be returned through the post to your Regimental Headquarters.

"In conclusion, I wish you all a safe return to your homes. Please send me a post-card to tell me of your safe arrival."

The ideal relationship between the leaders of a national army and the nation from which that army is recruited, was touchingly expressed by the late

General Nogi in a poem composed shortly after the fall of Port Arthur :—

"A million soldiers of the Emperor went forth to attack the mighty foreigner. By field and fortress the slain became heaped up mountain-high. With what shamefacedness shall I, who led them, present myself before the parents of those warriors who died? How many of the vast multitude that went out remain to return with songs of triumph?"

An interesting subject for speculation is afforded by the question as to how far certain tendencies of modern civilisation are likely to affect the fighting value of the Japanese soldier. Hitherto he has impressed professional observers of his bearing in actual fighting, especially in infantry attack, as one who—whether officer or private—"saw red" all the time. His utter disregard of life, quite apart from other characteristics, in itself has rendered him a most formidable foe. He has always "played for his side," and been ready, often eager, to perish by the thousand to promote the success of the operation of the moment. His behaviour during the later attacks on Port Arthur afford a classical illustration of this. * But with the growth of those tendencies referred to, which serve to emphasise the value and the sacredness of human life, and which pay increasing attention to the alleviation of human suffering, together with the increase of "Individualism" in many forms—such considerations as these lead to the conclusion, or at least the suggestion of it as a possibility, that the Japanese soldier has now reached the zenith of his effectiveness, or rather of his most formidable characteristic as an actual combative agent. The above considerations

are naturally such as will make their influence felt on the rising generation of the soldiers of Japan, and in course of time probably modify both his conceptions of self-sacrifice and of his methods of fighting, though they need not in any way lessen his loyalty or lead to any real diminution of his readiness to spend and be spent for his native land.

But, when all is said and done, it is the early training in the *home* that lays the foundation for those high ideals of loyalty and obedience that mark the Japanese soldier in after life and service. In a discussion some years ago, on his remarkable qualities of endurance, bravery, and indifference to hardship, the late General Kodama, Chief of Staff during the Russo-Japanese War, laid significant stress on this paramount factor in the following terms: "When we speak of the achievements of the Japanese soldier, we must not forget that it is not the *men* of Japan who are altogether responsible for these deeds. If our men had not been trained by their *mothers* that everything must be sacrificed on the altar of duty and honour, they would not have done what they have to-day. "The Japanese women are very gentle and quiet and unassuming (we hope they may never change), but *they are very brave*, and the courage of our soldiers is largely due to the training they have received, as little children, from their *mothers*. The women of a land play a great part in its history, and no nation can ever become really great unless its women are, before all things, courageous, yet gentle and modest. *Japan owes as much to her women as to her soldiers.*"

CHAPTER XIII

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN JAPAN

In a most suggestive and illuminating article on "Japan's Debt to China" (*Nineteenth Century*, February 1905), Professor Giles reminds those who are apt to write somewhat loosely on Japanese civilisation and culture, of an ancient and pertinent Chinese adage, "When you drink of the water, think of the spring." For there are few forms of activity in art, literature, religion, or material achievement, up to the last century, to which this indebtedness does not apply. With many instances of it the thoughtful student will be more or less familiar, but probably the last sphere of such activity to which he would expect it to apply would be that of active sport and physical recreation.

As a matter of fact, many sports were once quite common in China[1] which have now disappeared from the national life, and are only to be met with in the records of books, although in a modified form a number have been adopted by the Japanese for their own purposes and adapted to their own ends.

The Chinese are an eminently peace-loving people, and yet the art of *Boxing*—which also included a form of wrestling—was practised by them several centuries before the Christian era, and, more surprising still,

[1] Giles, *The Civilisation of China*, p. 151, etc.

its most accomplished exponents were subsequently to be found among the priests of a Buddhist monastery founded about A.D. 500. A military work of the sixteenth century defines the chief features of the art as follows:—"The body must be quick to move, the hands quick to take advantage, and the legs lightly planted, but firm, so as to advance or retire with effect. In the flying leap of the leg lies the skill of the art; in turning the adversary upside down lies its ferocity; in planting a straight blow with the fist lies its rapidity; and in deftly holding the adversary face upward lies its gentleness." It was undoubtedly from the successors of the monks referred to that the Japanese themselves obtained the art represented by modern *jūjutsu*, a term practically equivalent to the old Chinese title of "the gentle art."

Football was played in China at an early date also; at first with a ball stuffed with hair, but later on, from the fifth century, with an inflated bladder covered with leather. In an old description of the game we are told that more than seventy different kinds of kicks were practised, and it is stated that the winners were rewarded with flowers, fruit, wine, and rich brocades, while the captain of the losing team was flogged, and suffered other indignities. This sport also the Japanese adopted under the name *Shūkiku*, and history tells of one of the early Emperors who, falling on evil days, made a precarious living by giving lessons in the game at which he was famous for his skill. Sanetomo,[1] the

[1] The Taikō Hideyoshi and the great Shōgun Ieyasu were great exponents of the game.

profligate Minamoto Shōgun, early in the thirteenth century, was also noted as a football enthusiast. Moreover, one Narimichi,[1] a "Minister of State," is said to have devoted no less than seven thousand consecutive days to practice at the game, until his skill and agility attained such a pitch that, while kicking the ball, he was able to pass along the backs of a row of servants with no more inconvenience to them than the hopping of a hawk would have caused! But this was in the Heian era (A.D. 800-1200), the latter days of which were marked by fantastic extravagance and luxury beyond belief.

Polo is mentioned in Chinese literature about A.D. 710, and was either introduced by the Kiang Tartars or from Persia. It long remained one of the most popular sports, and even women were taught to play it—on donkey back! This, too, found its way to Japan, where it soon became *the* game of the aristocracy under the name of *da-kyū* ("ball-striking").

Nevertheless, the era of such manly sports as these in China has long since passed away, although some few athletic exercises have survived, and until recently archery has been regarded as an accomplishment half-divine, while kite-flying has reached a very high standard of skill. But for the last five hundred years or so athletic recreations have been discouraged owing to their exclusion from the new system of examinations in which all tests of physical endurance and skill were eliminated. Contact with the West, however, has introduced new ideals of life and

[1] Brinkley, *Japan*, I., 193. Another expert was said to be able to land the ball, quite noiselessly, in the centre of a small invisible table, hidden by an intervening cart.

education, and some of the most popular gatherings in many of the large cities of China during the last five or six years have been the local and national athletic "meetings."

The second of the Far Eastern "Olympic Games" was held in Shanghai some years ago, and Chinese champions also took part in the third at Tokyo in 1917. The moving spirits in these have mainly been found in the Christian schools and colleges, the Young Men's Christian Associations, and in returned students from abroad now teaching in Government schools. But at present the youth of China has to look to its former pupils for an example, since Japan has outstripped her ancient teachers, and, in the Far East, for the time being, leads the way in athletics of almost every kind. For the influence of Western ways on modern Japan has by no means been confined to the more serious activities of life. The rising generation has already begun to feel and respond to its stimulus in the field of outdoor sport and physical recreation. In Feudal Japan such pursuits were seldom followed for the sake of pleasure; they were utilised, in the thoroughly practical Japanese way, as a means to a definite end, and were almost entirely confined to the *Samurai* or *Bushi*. [The Japanese soldier of feudal times was called indiscriminately by either of these titles—*samurai* is derived from the Japanese word *samurau*, "to guard," of which *shi* is the Chinese equivalent. The prefix *bu* = "military," so that *bushi* and *samurai* are practically synonymous.] Exercises such as fencing, wrestling, and swimming, etc., were known as *Bujutsu* or *Bugei*, *i.e.* "military accomplishments,'

and were solely cultivated with a view to efficiency in the field during the internecine strife of the feudal age.

Since the dawning of the Meiji era, however, this outlook has changed, and the young Japanese of to-day is beginning to practise outdoor sport of various kinds for its own sake. Before discussing this modern development, it may be of interest to glance at some of the more popular physical exercises in vogue at an earlier period.

Fencing, known as *kenjutsu*, or *gekken*, is claimed to date back as far as the reign of the alleged "Emperor" Suijin—about two thousand years ago! Whatever may have been its original form, it has certainly developed on different lines from the fencing of other nations, though in certain respects it suggests a combination of some of the main features of our old English single-stick and quarter-staff "play." It was held to be an essential feature in the training of every *Samurai*, in days of constant internecine strife, and proficiency in it was often found to afford a surer way to advancement than any personal talent in other directions. The sword of the *Samurai* was looked on as the embodiment of his soul, and with it he was always quick to avenge even the slightest apparent insult. Many popular stories illustrate the swordsman's skill. One test was to stand a *hashi* (chopstick) on end and cleanly sever it as it fell. It is related of one *Bushi* that to try the temper of his new blade he stationed himself at a street corner, and so deftly decapitated a passer-by, of the "common herd," that not till the unfortunate man turned the corner did his head fall from his shoulders!

One of the most remarkable changes that brought the feudal system to a close was the voluntary yielding up, in 1871, of the *Samurai's* two swords. The extent of this sacrifice as an exhibition of loyalty could only be measured by the preciousness of the privileges so willingly abandoned for the common welfare at the call of the State.

On the introduction of more modern methods of military training *kenjutsu* fell into almost entire disuse. More recently, interest has revived in it as a means not only of physical recreation but also of mental discipline, especially among soldiers and students, while it is practised energetically, for practical purposes, by policemen and prison warders. During the Middle Ages the Zen sect of Buddhism gained great influence over the *Samurai* class. One of its chief aims was the attainment of entire self-control by contemplation, and its tenets were held as a method of gaining that self-restraint and alertness of action in sudden emergencies which was prized as the highest virtue of the complete *Bushi*.

Modern Japanese fencing employs two-handed swords of split bamboo, and the hits which chiefly count are those on the right arm, right side of the trunk, on the head, and the thrust at the throat. It is not, however, mere physical skill that is most highly valued, but self-control and presence of mind.

The alertness of the expert fencer, with the weird, wild cries incidental to the contest, serve to render a good bout most interesting to the European onlooker.

Japanese wrestling, known as *jūjutsu* or *yawara* ("the yielding art"), is said to have been originally

introduced from China in the seventeenth century, although there is a legend that some form of the art was so popular, in much earlier times, that a dispute as to the succession to the throne was settled by the rival claimants, sons of the dead Emperor, in a contest of *jūjutsu!* At the close of the feudal era, however, it fell, like *kenjutsu*, for a time, into disuse, but some thirty years ago it was revived under a somewhat different form called *jūdō*, by one of the leading educationists of modern Japan, Mr Kanō Jigorō, Director of the Tokyo Higher Normal School. Mr Kanō not only revived, but reformed, the art, by eliminating the more dangerous features of the older system, while he combined the most characteristic methods of the various schools of pre-Meiji times. He developed the system as a means both of physical exercise and of mental discipline, and in the course of a few years *jūdō* has not only established itself firmly in Japan but has gained many ardent followers in Europe and America. Of these the most distinguished has been Mr Roosevelt, who found time to take lessons even during his strenuous tenure of the Presidency of the United States. More or less successful efforts have been made to introduce it into English Public Schools and among the Metropolitan Police, whilst lessons are also given at several establishments in London. At nearly all the secondary and higher grade schools in Japan *jūdō* is a regular part of the curriculum, and private clubs are to be found all over the country. The special training hall founded by Mr Kanō in 1886, under the title of Kodo-kwan, in Tokyo, is now the recognised centre of the movement, and is supported

by some of the most influential and wealthy of the public men of Japan.

The great aim of *jūdō* is so to turn the strength of an opponent to one's own advantage that the weaker man may not only control the movements of the stronger, but that the antagonist may be put entirely out of action without inflicting permanent injury. It is regarded mainly as a means of self-defence, and it is made so by overpowering the opponent in one of three ways—by throwing him down; holding him down on the ground unable to move; or striking him with the hand or foot in such a way as to bring him to the ground. As in *kenjutsu*, mental concentration and self-control are essential features of *jūdō*, for to utilise the strength or the errors of an adversary to the full, alertness and self-reliance are absolutely indispensable.

The public exhibitions of wrestling, known as *sumō*, are in a sense more akin to gladiatorial contests than a physical recreation, for they are carried on rather as public exhibitions of strength and skill on the part of a professional class of a peculiar type, chosen primarily for their size and weight. The most famous displays are those which take place in Tokyo, in January and May, in a great amphitheatre in Tokyo, holding over 13,000 people, called Kokugi-kwan.[1] It adjoins the famous temple of Ekō-in, near Ryogoku-bashi, in the grounds of which such displays were given in former times for the purpose of providing temple funds. The contestants are divided into two camps, each of which is subdivided into various groups in order of talent. The

[1] Both buildings were burnt down at the end of 1917. The amphitheatre is to be rebuilt in the style of the Coliseum at Rome.

highest class of all is styled *Yokozuna* (the "champion of champions"), and the members of this alone are allowed to wear round the waist the much-coveted festoon of straw. The privilege of granting the title is held by the Yoshida family, who have been official umpires for many centuries, and the "champions" at present so distinguished are three in number: Hitachi-yama of the "East Camp," and Tachi-yama[1] and Umegatani of the "West Camp." In olden days wrestlers were often the special protégés of various *Daimyō*, much as was Charles, the Duke's wrestler, in *As You Like It*. The most minute and elaborate rules govern the proceedings in the sanded ring, and the various tricks and dodges employed in the wrestling itself are said to number no less than two hundred.[2] The shop windows are filled, at the time of the displays, with photographs of the champions, whose vogue is even more popular than that of the reigning *geisha* of the period. Their combined obesity of form and frequent sensuality of feature tend to place them in a class quite apart from the ordinary Japanese, and can make very little appeal to ordinary European tastes in physical beauty.

Swimming was another of the most popular physical recreations of the *Samurai*, and was practised according to the varying methods of the different "schools" founded by famous swimming masters of the past. During the summer holidays "meetings" are organised by some of the Universities and schools all over the country, for swimming is one of the most

[1] Retired from the "ring" in 1918.

[2] A considerable amount of religious ceremony and imagery is connected with this. Cf. *Japan Evangelist*, Feb. 1918, p. 53.

popular of all sports. In some places "trick" competitions are held, partly for the encouragement of soldiers in exhibitions of skill of practical value. An expert is expected to be able to tread water so steadily as to enable him to hold a fan in one hand while writing on it a poem with the other; or to load, aim, and fire a rifle at a fixed target, and then, after diving, to reload and repeat the exercise.

The tendency, however, to-day is to encourage tests of endurance rather than of skill, not only in swimming but in the case of long-distance running, in mountain-climbing, etc. Such competitions have frequently been promoted by some of the leading newspapers like the *Asahi*, *Jiji Shimbun*, etc., and even ascents of Fuji-san have been included in this category. As such contests are too frequently undertaken with insufficient training and inadequate food, the most serious consequences have not seldom resulted.

From the end of the fifteenth century onwards to the close of the feudal era, *Archery* was a favourite pursuit and almost universally practised, long after the introduction of firearms. To this day the left and right hands are commonly called the "bow hand" and the "eye hand" respectively. Some of the most famous of Japanese heroes are the masters of the bow, and wonderful are the stories told of their strength and skill.[1] The temple of *San-jū-san-gen-dō*, in Kyoto, is noted as the scene of some of their most astonishing feats. The grand test was the number of arrows that could be shot from end to end of a corridor or verandah, 396 ft. long and 16 ft. in height, at the back of the building, between sunset

[1] Brinkley's *Japan*, II., iv.

and sunset. The record is held by one, Wada Daihachiro, who is said to have succeeded with 8133 shafts as against 4920 which fell short. The combination of strength and skill required for such a feat goes to show that Japanese archers had few, if any, superiors at this warlike sport. Nowadays its popularity has almost died out, except in some of the schools, and among a few of the veteran survivors of the old feudal days, or where, at roadside ranges, blunt-headed arrows are shot at drum-faced targets as a mild and harmless pastime that has all but had its day.

Turning now to such athletic sports as are a result of the modern intercourse of Japan with the West, we find that these are increasingly practised as recreations, as distinguished from the older physical exercises followed as a means of military training, although lack of suitable facilities and climatic hindrances must always limit the spread of the popular field-sports of England and America. The difficulty and expense of making and keeping up proper grounds for *Cricket*, and the length of time needed for playing the game, are an effectual bar, and, moreover, by the Japanese it is voted as "slow" in itself, although there are excellent grounds and keen exponents of the game in the large "foreign" clubs, at Yokohama and Kōbe.

Football is played by some of the High Schools, in a more or less desultory way, and the Keiō University of Tokyo has been able, several times, to beat the Yokohama Club, under Rugby Union rules, usually as a result of hard training and steady perseverance.

Lawn-tennis is growing in popularity, even among

girl students, and the Tokyo (International) Tennis Club includes some Japanese players of considerable skill. The most expert of these, Mr Kumagae, has recently toured in America, and gained the Championships of the Central States, New York State, and Newport.

Rowing has long been a favourite pastime among students of the principal Universities and High Schools of Tokyo, and some of the crews of the Yokohama Rowing Club have several times lost to the better trained crews of the Imperial University, on the broad waters of the Sumida River.

But of all the strictly exotic athletic sports derived from the West, it is *Baseball*, the national game of the United States, that has made the most successful bid for favour among the more active youth of Japan. The first club was founded about 1886, by some of the officials of the Shinbashi railway station in Tokyo, but it was a memorable victory gained, ten years later, by the Tokyo First Higher School over the "foreign" club in Yokohama that really helped to stir up an enthusiasm in the game which has since so grown that baseball is now by far the most popular of outdoor sports among students of all classes. Their chosen champions not only frequently outplayed their "foreign" opponents in Japan itself, but they have also gained most creditable victories over the "Nines" of some of the American Colonies and Universities whom they have met both in the Philippines, Hawaii, and the United States.

Party feeling in some of the University matches runs extraordinarily high, and at times the excite-

ment has risen to such a pitch on the part of their supporters — a curious characteristic of baseball contests above all others—that the games have been left unfinished. Apart from the risk of over-excitement, there is something in the quickness and constant movement in this sport that appeals very strongly to youths and young men who are disinclined to spend much time on games, but who, while they are playing them, throw themselves so entirely, body and soul, into the fascinating pursuit.

A striking proof of the practical bent of the Japanese mind is afforded by the rapid growth of the popularity of Winter Sports during the last few years and the useful ends they are being made to serve. Few Europeans are aware of the heavy snowfall under which large tracts of country are often deeply buried in the north and north-eastern districts of the main island. Indeed, a section as far south as the interior plateau of the prefecture of Kōchi, in the island of Shikoku, is sometimes termed the Tosa Tibet, so effectually is it snow-bound and shut off from intercourse with the outer world.

In such regions various native forms of *crampons* (*kana-kanjiki*) snow-shoes and snow-boots are in common use, but now the introduction of *Ski* from Scandinavia promises a revolution not only in the world of outdoor recreation but also in the sphere of business activities of a more prosaic kind.

Ten years ago, a colleague of Mr Kanō (the famous Director of the Tokyo Higher Normal School) was sent to report on physical training in Sweden. One result of Mr Nagai's mission was

the subsequent introduction of ski-ing into Japan. An Austrian military officer, Major Von Lerch, was in the winter of 1910-11 attached to the 13th Division of the Japanese Army, then stationed at Takata, in the snowy province of Echizen on the northern outskirts of the Japanese Alps. This district, though exceedingly hot in the summer, is notorious for a winter snowfall which sometimes completely buries whole villages. Major Von Lerch, an expert ski-runner himself, undertook to train a number of Japanese officers and physical drill instructors in some of the Middle Schools, in the use of ski. The sport gained a rapid popularity wherever suitable snow was accessible, and in many mountain districts in the north and north-west of Japan it is practised for useful purposes. The enterprising postmaster of Takata, where the first Japanese Ski Club was organised in 1911, had his assistants trained in the art, with the results that the postmen, telegraph boys, etc., have exchanged the hardships of winter toil for the delights of a novel and congenial sport. Its value is proved by the fact that the telegraph and telephone wires of the region, notorious for the frequency of interruption through heavy snowfalls, are now always in good repair. The most interested exponents of ski-ing have been army officers and journalists, and the Takata Ski Club so increased in popularity and membership that its title was ultimately changed to that of "The Ski Club of Japan."

Three attempts were made in 1912 to ascend Fuji-san on ski. On the first occasion one member of the party was killed; the third attempt proved

successful, although the last portion of the climb was accomplished on foot.

Probably one reason why Japanese ski-runners have made such rapid and easy progress is because the foot of the ordinary person is so strong and so natural in form, not having been always subject to the cramping and weakening effect of leather boots.

The best ski-ing grounds are those of Takata, and of Goshiki Onsen, a noted "hot spring" on the slopes of Adzuma-yama, near the city of Fukushima in the prefecture of that name, at both of which semi-foreign hotel accommodation is available.[1]

The best skating is to be had on the famous lake of Suwa, north of Kōfu, where the principal "meetings" are held. The lake, which is almost circular in form, has a diameter of about 4 to 5 miles, but is said to be only some 40 ft. in depth. The ice usually attains an average thickness of nearly a foot, but an odd superstition restrains, or used to restrain, the country-folk from venturing on it until a crack appeared, attributed to the agency of either Inari-sama, the Fox-Goddess, or of foxes themselves running across. The surroundings on a clear winter's day are highly picturesque, with the great peaks of some of the Southern Japanese Alps to the south, and the dazzling cone of Fuji raising itself over the lower encircling hills of the Kōfu plain.

Other excellent skating grounds are the lakes of Haruna, above the famous spa of Ikao, and of Shōji at the north-west foot of Fuji, but the latter, though the ice is good, is somewhat inaccessible.

[1] The sport has lately been introduced into Hokkaidō (Yezo) with considerable success.

CHAPTER XIV

RURAL JAPAN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

It has been already observed that just as there are two distinct Japans—the ancient and the modern—to be seen side by side to-day, so there is a rural as distinguished from an urban Japan, where the differences are so complete and so significant as to make them absolutely separate entities. Until the "globe-trotter" on the beaten tracks develops into the traveller in the unfamiliar and unspoilt country-side of rural Japan, he will quite fail to grasp the power of national organisation and the real significance of the national strength, as well as to appreciate some of the most unusual and charming characteristics of what is in many respects the more interesting half of the population, the *inaka no hito* (the people of the country-side).

Amongst the quaintest and most entertaining features of the real *inaka sodachi* ("country-bred") folk, is the tenacity with which they hold on to that observance of the times and seasons which has been handed down to them from ancient days, in nearly all agricultural operations.[1] For instance, nearly two-thirds of the cultivated lands of Japan is devoted to

[1] Cf. "The Japanese Peasant" (*Japan Magazine*, vol. viii., Nos. 8, 9).

the rice, most precious of all cereals, and it is the sowing and transplanting, as well as the ingathering, that are seasons of so much importance and rejoicing. All is done according to strictest rule, for the Japanese peasantry are the most conservative of folk. The sowing *must* take place on the eighty-eighth day of spring, which is also the eighty-eighth day of the year, since the *old* lunar calendar of Japan, which is observed by the rural population, begins on the first day of spring, the old *Shō-gwatsu*, or New Year's Day. Before sowing, the rice-seed is soaked in salt water for a week, washed in fresh water, and then dried, after which it is planted in well-watered "nursery" beds. A few weeks later, at the end of May or early in June, it is transplanted into irrigated "paddy" fields in small bunches which are placed about a foot apart. This transplanting (*ta-ue*) is an occasion of great rejoicing amongst the farming-folk, and songs of especial appropriateness, known as *ta-ue-uta*, are sung, just as we associate particular hymns with harvest-tide at home. Most momentous of all periods, however, is that of late August or early September, when the *Ni-hyaku-tōka* ("two hundred and tenth day") draws near. For too often the ripening of the plant is apt to coincide with the dreaded typhoon that marks the break-up of summer, and incidentally the destruction of much else. Japan is not only the third most important rice-producing country in the world, but its rice in quality stands first. Only those who have wandered observantly among the country folk and listened to their chance conversations in the summer months can appreciate the all-importance, even in these days of industrialism, of the yearly rice-

crop to the nation. From the 210th day to the 220th is a period of intensest anxiety, of mingled hopes and fears, through which the bulk of the population passes from year to year.

The chief festivals of Japan that mean most are the ancient ones connected with the life of the country-side, and it is from them that one learns the significance of agriculture to the people as a whole. The official ones dealing with so-called "historical events" are mostly modern, and, outside the large towns, have far less hold on the popular imagination and sentiment. A certain amount of confusion, moreover, is apt to result from the observance of both the official Gregorian calendar and the popular lunar one, for quite frequently the rural post office, village office, and school will be found using the one, while the old-fashioned farmer-folk still adhere to the other. Consequently the New Year festivities of the peasantry will be in full swing a month or so after those of the modernised city-dweller have passed and gone.

Some years ago the Government prohibited the publication of the old-time calendars, which had hitherto been printed either separately, or side by side with the Gregorian; still a certain number are to be found in surreptitious circulation even to-day.

To the Japanese farmer, our January, which is for him the closing month of the year, is a somewhat "slack time," when he tidies up and finishes off odds and ends of work, such as twisting fresh supplies of straw-rope, making spare *waraji*, and repairing leaky, storm-tried roofs. This done, he can face the New Year, which ushers in *his* spring-time, ready for a fresh round of annual toil. The real business, how-

ever, of the New Year is the celebration of its round of festivities, and to that he devotes himself with immense activity and thoroughness. It is then that the drab, dull externals of the country-folk are seen for once at their gayest and brightest. The village theatre, if there be one, advertises its cheapest and most exciting plays, and at the village temple the most eloquent discourses are delivered by the parish priest or some "select" preacher who is sure to "draw."

On the seventh day of the New Year is consumed the *nanakusa-kayu* ("seven-herbed porridge"), a sort of gruel alleged to ward off forthcoming ills; and a little later the *kagami-biraki* ("mirror opening") takes place, when the flat, circular cakes known as *kagami-mochi* are offered to the divinities of the local Shintō shrines, and then partaken of by the worshippers. The pounding of the rice in mortars with heavy wooden mallets is a familiar sight and sound at many cottage doors during the early days of the opening year. On the 15th of the first month the New Year decorations of pine, bamboo, and plum, etc., with the sacred straw ropes called *shime*, are ceremoniously burnt up by the village lads, the rite being known as *sagi-chō*. An important date is the first day of the second month (old style), when at the festival of Inari-Sama, the Goddess of Food, services of supplication are held on behalf of a favourable rice-harvest later in the year. Inari-Sama (about whose sex there is some ambiguity) is sometimes spoken of as the Fox-Goddess, being popularly identified with her servant the fox. In view of the all-importance of rice to the peasantry, it is not unnatural that this divinity should be held in such honour, and that the gatherings

connected with the festival should partake of the nature of a communion, a eucharist, and a love-feast. The little red *torii* dotted over the rice-fields are put up in honour of the fox, whose picture is often pasted on cottage door-posts as a charm of great effectiveness.

With the growing attractions of town-life for the country-bred, the farmer finds it increasingly difficult to engage the labour needed, and when March arrives, the month when such contracts are made, it is apt to prove an anxious time. A young labourer will get about £1 a month. In the middle of the month is celebrated the *Higan*, a week of prayer at the local Buddhist temples in honour of the departed who have passed to "the other side" (*hi-gan*), the Nirvana of Buddhism. Fresh flowers now decorate the graves of kinsfolk, and new tablets are placed in the ancestral shrines.

A charming celebration comes on the 3rd of March (old style), when the *Hina Matsuri*, or "Doll's Festival," is held, the delight of every little maiden, who thus early learns the use and management of the tiny models of domestic furniture and the dolls that decorate the homes of many. It is regarded as a preparation for the days when she herself will have children to bring up and a household to manage.

In country districts liable to river inundations, a service of intercession is often held this month at the shrine of the River-Goddess to supplicate her protecting care over the fields and farms of the peasantry against the time when, with the melting of winter snows or the heavy occasional rains of spring, the torrents swell the parent streams in the cultivated plains.

A notable instance is the *Miyuki no Matsuri*, held early in April at Kōfu, in connection with the Fuefuki-gawa, the chief tributary of the Fuji-kawa, whose irregularities the dwellers in that fertile plain have such cause to dread.

April is the time, as has been mentioned, for sowing the new rice; the farmer in Shinshū and other silk-producing regions gets ready for the precious worm; and the young bamboo shoot *taki no ko* ("baby bamboo") is ready for the market: in flavour and colour it somewhat resembles our artichokes, though rather harder. In many Buddhist temples the 8th of April sees small images of the infant Buddha exposed for libations of *amacha*[1] to be poured over them. The day is celebrated as his birthday, and the rather sickly liquid is sometimes taken home for internal use, or as an external defence against the ravages of insects when smeared on the lintels and doorposts, the usual place of prophylactic charms.

The "merry, merry month of May" is quite one of the busiest of the whole year in rural Japan, and in its varied activities nearly everyone has a share. Barley and wheat are ripening fast, and tea is ready to be picked. The chief festival now celebrated in many a village shrine is that of the God of Hail-storms, for it is these crops, with the mulberry, that are apt to suffer most sorely from such dreaded visitations. Curiously enough the mulberry plantation is supposed to be almost immune from lightning, and there is a favourite fiction that to call out "*kuwa*

[1] A sweetened liquid made from the *amacha* (Hydrangea Thunbergii).

bará" ("mulberry grove") in a thunderstorm will protect the speaker from its stroke. A Japanese farmer would read with some feeling the story of the "plague of hail," when "*the flax and the barley was smitten, for the barley was in the ear and the flax was bolled*" (*i.e.* in bud)—Exodus ix. 31. A Japanese writer has observed that nearly every product of importance is confided to the care of its own peculiar guardian divinity, and if the interests of the farmer of Japan are not protected by higher unseen Powers it is not for want of supplication. To the thoughtful and sympathetic observer of the cares and efforts and manifold preoccupations of these simple-hearted thrifty folk, there often appears a more constant sense of touch with the influences of an invisible world. The reasoning of the Apostle Paul at Lystra is one that makes a more ready appeal to such children of nature, to whom nature means so much, than to the superior person who looks no farther than his own hands and the machinery he manages as the source and controlling power of the products on which his whole livelihood depends. So the rustic of the fruitful plains and vineyards of Kōfu is doubtless one in spirit with those who on the well-watered, fertile country-side of Lystra heeded the exhortation: "He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."

At many a country recruiting centre in May one sees the crowds of newly called conscripts gathering in their smartest attire for the medical examination which, when passed, will lead seven months later to

enrolment for their period of military training. May 5th to 7th is the "Boys' Festival" (*Tango no Sekku*), when huge paper carp are flown on tall posts to indicate the family of that house includes boys. The carp swimming up a waterfall is regarded as the emblem of successful effort in life, in which it is hoped those boys themselves will emulate its example.

The harvesting season of various crops begins with June, when occasionally the school children are allowed out to help the hard-pressed farmer, who needs all the aid that can be given, even to that of "the cat's paw." Thus early, as in the case of so many arts and crafts that have hitherto been practised at home, does the small Japanese receive almost untaught that practical education that comes from watchful and intelligent observation, and co-operation in some small degree with the serious outdoor activities of older people. And in this way does the early struggle for existence, in many forms, serve to develop and mature the mental faculties and sharpen the wits of the Japanese lad years before most English boys would have given such matters a single serious thought. At this time in rural Japan the landscape is like a busy hive, and wears its most animated aspect. Only the sick and bedridden then are inactive, for June is usually a month of very heavy rain, and each fine day has to be filled to the full with unceasing toil. The most striking scene is the long rows of barelegged folk of both sexes and all ages bent double and half knee deep in the muddy water of the paddy-fields, engaged in the slimy occupation of transplanting the young rice-shoot tufts. While a second crop of tea is in some districts ready to be

picked, there is the busier task of planting the upland rice, the sweet potato, millet, and soy-beans.

With much of the lowland under water for the rice-crop, a considerable amount of fishing of a modest kind is possible, a sort of eel (*dojō*), and a carp-shaped fish known as *funa*, being the commonest catch. The cool of the evening of the now hot summer days draws the younger folk abroad, and the really soft sweetness of the *yokobue* — the Japanese flute—is often heard over the surface of the well-watered land. For this is the favourite time for practising this somewhat plaintive instrument, when the sound is held to travel better in the damp air, reflected from field to field.

It may be mentioned here that the art of instrumental music has hitherto been almost exclusively confined to women in the home, priests in the temples, and blind persons employed from house to house. And most Europeans familiar with it will agree that the fact it is not much more widely practised is a thing to be thankful for. In spite of Mr Lafcadio Hearn's early rhapsodies of the "bird-like voices of the Japanese" when *singing*, we are inclined rather to agree with Miss Agnes Bacon[1] that the vocal music of the people is "rather modelled on the shrill, rattling chirp of the insect than after the fuller notes of the bird's song." The normal voice of the Japanese, especially of children, is usually exceedingly pleasing, but the singing voice is a strained, unnatural falsetto, the result of much physical effort and real suffering.

As the various crops begin to ripen, the birds

[1] Cf. *Japanese Girls and Women*, p. 34.

and insects are ready to prey on fruit and grain of every kind. All over the fields are seen little paper flags inscribed with charms against their depredations. These are known as *Mushi-yoke* ("vermin dispellers"). They are bought at various village temples, but the most efficacious are held to be those sold at Togakushi-san, the romantic shrine near Nagano, on the spot to which the ancient divinity Tajikara-no-Ō is said to have hurled away the rocky door of the cave in which the Sun-Goddess Amaterasu ("the Heavenly Shiner") hid herself from the insults of her brother Susa-no-Ō. (As I have had pointed out to me in Central Kyūshū, some 500 miles away, the alleged site of the cave itself, Tajikara's powers as a thrower must therefore have been quite out of the common, and need some Japanese Pindar worthily to sing them in odes of proper Isthmian style.)

Rustic occupations in July are usually of a cheerful character, for now the fruits of the peasant's toil are being gathered in fuller measure. The barley harvest has been reaped, threshed, and winnowed, before being packed away for future use. The threshing with bamboo flails gives fairly strenuous exercise, but it is a cheerful occupation and everyone works with a will, the men shaded with a hat of wooden shaving while the women's hair is tied about with a *tenugui*. This over, the vacant fields are prepared for a crop of vegetables, and towards the end of the month the rank grass on many hillsides is cut for cattle fodder, for in the mainland of Japan there are practically no hayfields as we know them, though in Hokkaido (the island of Yezo) the

conditions more nearly approximate our English pasture-land. The last three days or so are usually given to rest at home, and to work of a communal kind in the mending of bridges and roads in a general tidying up.

The wayfarer trudging through rural hamlets along the dusty summer roads will notice in nearly every cottage—open to catch the least breeze that may be moving—a busy loom clacking to and fro. In the "Weavers' Festival" of *tanabata* on 7th July (new style), nearly all the peasants therefore have a share. It is based on a Chinese fable, and relates to the love story of a weaver-girl and a herdsman, condemned for the remissness of the girl in weaving the garments made for the offspring of the "Emperor of Heaven," to dwell apart on opposite sides of the "Celestial River"—the Milky Way. They are now only allowed to meet on the 7th night of the 7th moon, when poetic effusions on paper fastened to bamboo sticks are set up in their honour.[1]

The middle of July (old style) is marked with the most moving of all the festivals known to the country-side, the *Bon Matsuri*, to which we have already referred. At the end of it comes the special holiday for the farmers' lads, and for those who have no silkworms to tend there may be a trip up Fuji-san, to Ōyama, less exacting, or to the caves of Benten-Sama, the Sea-Goddess of Enoshima, if the distance be not too remote. This is the hottest month, corresponding mainly to our August, and rain is needed for the ripening rice-crop. In times of drought the rite of *amagoi* is performed, of which we have

[1] *Things Japanese*, p. 437.

already spoken, in various ways. Another form of "sympathetic magic" employed is where the farmers make their own intercessions, instead of by proxy, and will often spend the whole night long at the shrine of some powerful local divinity in prayer or in continuous lustration in the water, icy cold, of some cascade close by.

Later on, the early autumn harvest keeps the farmers busy in gathering the crops of millet and buckwheat, and in "lifting" the sweet potato from the ground. With the September typhoons we are already familiar, and the all-importance of the 210th and 220th days. At the precise period when it is the gentle breeze that the rice "flowers" need, just then the peril of the autumn storm is most threatening, and it is the festival of the God of the Winds that becomes for the moment the celebration of the hour. A little later, the danger overpast, the autumn fields are golden with the ripening grain, and the air is almost spring-like in its quiet radiance and tender beauty. A Japanese writer, speaking of the sentiments these delightful days evoke, does so in a way that shows again how different are the canons of musical taste as yet between themselves and us: "The voice of the shrike now sounds across mellowing autumn fields in praise of sunny days, and *his poems the rural people love.* No wonder he feels poetic, for all the fields are now waving with golden rice . . . and *the singing insects are playing their last tunes of the season.*"

About 17th October (new style) comes the harvest festival of *Kanname-sai*, the first of two connected with that most important event of all the Japanese

peasant's year. It is a species of ingathering of the first-fruits, and is held at different centres on varying days. The first gathered rice is now offered at the village altars, while the *Kagura* dance is held near the village shrine to entertain the guardian divinity in grateful acknowledgment of his kindly care, and this thought is impressed on the children by the closing of the schools to set them free to keep the festival with all its gaiety and song. The fact that neighbouring villages often hold their celebrations on different days, like English country parishes at harvest-tide, enables the inhabitants of each to share the rejoicing of their neighbours, and makes for a friendly community of interest and neighbourly good feeling.

The complement of this great festival is found in that of *Nii-name-sai*, when on 23rd November (new style) the Emperor tastes the new rice that has been offered at the great shrine of the Imperial Ancestors at Ise. Golden persimmons hang heavy on the orchard trees, the red dragon-fly flits to and fro in the clear autumn air, and in the districts on the north-west coast, and farther north, rosy-cheeked apples give an unfamiliar touch of colour to the scene. The maple leaf is now changing "from glory to glory," and whole hillsides and tree-clad ravines are ablaze with an almost overpowering wealth of crimson and gold. The gorgeous riot of colour must be witnessed to be believed.

One of the most popular of the festivals of autumn, less observed in crowded towns than in the country-side perhaps in these days of "progress," is that of Ebisu, the god of industry and wealth. His favour is still sought fervently, and his name held

in honour. The old style October, on the 20th day of which the feast is celebrated, is sometimes known as the "godless" month, since all the 8 million divinities then desert their own peculiar shrines, and gather at the great Shintō shrine in Izumo, on the west coast. Ebisu, however, is left behind in his own, since, as he is said to be deaf, he never hears the call to depart. This festival is kept with two-fold energy, partly because, as the god of wealth, his favour is ardently desired by nearly all Japanese, and partly because, on the basis again of sympathetic magic, it is believed that one who controls the gifts of prosperity will naturally wish to be courted with every outward sign of merriment and enjoyment of the good things of life. There is something philosophical in the attitude of mind that leads the rural folk to make their religious festival a bright and joyous affair in the belief that their guardian divinities are most pleased when they themselves make the greatest show of happiness.

As winter draws on, the farmer's toil of necessity grows less exacting. The crops disposed of, perhaps he takes a brief holiday, and on his return a supply of dried fish is laid in store against the cold weather ahead. Scarcely any meat is eaten, partly from the ancient religious prejudice of vegetarian Buddhism, and partly on the grounds of scarcity and expense. Exceptions, however, are occasionally found in the case of a hen that has been killed by a weasel which has sucked her dry of blood, and partly in some districts where by a naïve "pious fraud" an elastic conscience finds an excuse for a novel feast of "strong meat." In this

a deer is styled a "mountain whale," and therefore may be considered for the purposes of food a kind of fish. Fish being permitted even to the devout Buddhist, he need have no scruples in consuming this novel dish, which he does with complete satisfaction, and no doubt an untroubled conscience. At the end of November the time-expired soldiers who have completed their time with the colours return home. A band of alleged music greets the former at the nearest station, and in triumph they are conducted to the village temple and given a formal welcome home, and then comes the farewell "send-off," with similar celebrations, of the new conscripts now called up for their training, usually two years with the infantry, and three if they belong to artillery or cavalry.

The last month of the year is one of the dullest and least attractive of the yearly round of rural Japan. The December fields are faded and shabby, the leaves fallen, and much of the landscape lonely-looking and dull. In many a hamlet each cottage is ransacked of all its rags, and all such odds and ends are sorted out and carried to the rag-market, usually held about the middle of the month, where they may be exchanged for tools and implements of agricultural use. Where new ones need not be purchased the old ones are furbished up and prepared for the never-ceasing round of toil for the forthcoming year.[1]

Of all the characteristically British institutions most admired by our Far Eastern allies, it is our Navy and our Police Force that appear to have most

[1] Cf. "The Japanese Peasant" (*Japan Magazine*, vol. viii., Nos. 8, 9).

impressed so many of their keen-eyed representatives in their visits to our country. The modern Japanese is "out for" efficiency, and he feels that in these he has something to learn from and a standard worth aiming at. Nowhere has he beheld anything to rival the magic of that broad uplifted hand of the London "Robert" controlling and directing the conflicting currents that sweep to and fro in the busiest stream of human activities the world can show. The particular virtues of the *junsa* of Japan have a somewhat different and less exacting field for their exercise, and shine most in other surroundings. But many years of close acquaintance with the *rural* constable as one has met him on his beat on country bye-ways, or calmly trudging his solitary round in the scattered hamlets of Alpine Japan, have never failed to reveal him as a friend to whom one could look for wise counsel and willing assistance. The courtesy, dignity, and self-control so almost invariably his characteristics are the outcome, in most cases, of the age-long traditions of the *Samurai* class from which he has, at least in the past, largely been recruited. When in 1871 the *Daimyō* gave up their feudal estate and retired into private life, their retainers, the *samurai* (or to give them the title by which they are more usually known to the modern Japanese, the *shizoku*), found themselves, Othello-like, with their occupation gone. Then came, in their extremity, the opportunity of a sagacious and paternal government with its task of the provision of an efficient constabulary, for in these *shizoku* was the very material to hand. Time and the issue have justified the experiment. In spite of the comparatively cheap

cost of living in rural Japan, the pay of the force, averaging some £20 to £40 a year, is but a mere pittance. It is curious, though notorious, that the two most important classes of public servants in Japan are the most inadequately paid—the policeman and the pedagogue. Yet, in the case of the former at least, it is really remarkable what value the State gets for its money. The total strength of the force is some 42,000, about twice the number of the Metropolitan Police of the London district with its population of 7 to 8 millions, and of these the city of Tokyo, with its 2 millions, claims not quite 4000 men of all ranks.

The differing circumstances and surroundings of the town and country constabulary naturally tend to develop certain characteristics accordingly, the latter, with greater leisure and a less sophisticated public to deal with, being more ready to unbend and be friendly. The main feature in common, however, is the universal courtesy and dignity which are scarcely ever wanting whatever may happen.

In an entertaining discourse delivered years ago by Mr Arthur Diosy before the Japan Society, when dwelling on the advantages of its membership, he stated that he had "found that the mere mention of the words *Rondon Nippon Kyōkwai* [meaning "The London Japan Society"] brought every policeman up to the salute." It is to be feared, however, that inasmuch as scarcely any member of that admirable force had ever even heard of such a body, the respectful attitude assumed was solely due to the innate politeness which never deserts a Japanese policeman, even when suddenly addressed by a European in a language he did not understand!

Perhaps some light may be thrown on the question by recalling the instructions issued by the police authorities some years since, for the guidance of the general public in their dealings with European travellers in Japan. The unconscious humour lurking in some of the precepts suggests that the person responsible for drafting them did so somewhat feelingly. They run as follows:—

"No criticism should be made, either by gesture or words, regarding the language, action, or attire of foreigners."

"Foreigners are most sensitive regarding cruelty to animals, therefore special attention should be given to this matter."

"It should be remembered that ladies will not take off their hats, even in public places; and that it is the usual custom for a man and wife to walk the streets hand in hand."

"When a foreigner pulls out his watch and *looks at it*, you should think that he has business elsewhere, and that it is time for you to leave."

"It is a mistake to suppose that foreigners will always respond to an application for a loan of money."

Probably no harder counsel of perfection was ever addressed to a naturally polite and hospitable country-folk than the first of these. As has been observed elsewhere, there are not a few localities—country inns in particular—where the fact that foreigners, usually German tourists, had already passed that way, was at once noticeable in the inferior manners of the natives over whom they had left their trail.

Next to the men who have been one's tried companions and trusty helpers in the mountains themselves, it is the country policemen to whom one's indebtedness is chiefly due, and which is hereby gratefully recorded.

In the old days, before Treaty Revision had abolished the use of passports for country travel, the writer with two English friends was on one occasion about to leave a railway station on the Tōkaidō for the exploration of Ena-san, a fine mountain far up the Nakasendō road, when the inevitable policeman appeared from nowhere and demanded the documents before he could allow us to proceed. A deliberate perusal was followed by the observation that this was not permissible—the passports only permitted travel in the "Thirteen Provinces round Fuji," and our mountain, being in that of Mino, was not situated in any one of these. This was a crushing blow. However, pulling ourselves together, we asked if he had ever climbed it himself? "No." Then could he tell us the best way of getting at it, and was the Nakasendō practicable for *kuruma* as far as Nakatsugawa, near the foot, and if so, could any be hired? He would inquire. His personal interest and kindly instincts being now thoroughly aroused in a new subject, his attention was not only diverted from official scruples, but so entirely were these ignored that, thanks to his intervention, we were speedily trundling on our way in the forbidden direction in vehicles chartered by him at a much lower rate than we ourselves could possibly have obtained. It might be here added for the relief of his official conscience that subsequently we found

the passports were in error, for Ena-san proved to be not only in Mino but also a view-point from which Fuji was clearly visible.

The concluding stage of the journey was enlivened by a similarly entertaining experience. A spring typhoon had imprisoned us for three days in a little hut on the margin of the winter snows of Fuji-san, during which the time-limit of my passport expired. This fact was duly pointed out by the village policeman on our subsequent arrival at Gotemba, after traversing the mountain on our way to Miyanoshita. At the moment of his appearance I was sitting in comfort in the "honourable hot bath," and from 10.30 P.M. that night until 10.30 A.M. the following morning the discussion continued, with but brief intermission, as to my right to make my way to Miyanoshita direct, where I expected to find official permission to prolong the passport. Against this he contended I must take the first train back to Kōbe, my starting-point 300 miles to the west. At last a bright idea enabled him to solve the difficulty. "We will now order you to proceed to Kōbe; leave the village, therefore, by its western end, but when you get out of sight you can cross the railway by a track that curves round and will enable you to rejoin your friends on their way to Miyanoshita, in the fields beyond." So all ended happily, for I am sure that the official desire to "save face" in a formal dilemma was no whit stronger than the personal anxiety to be of service even to an alien at his mercy, but in distress.

Some years later, when traversing the Northern Japanese Alps "from end to end," I fell in with

a charming little constable, one Yamazaki, near the foot of Ō Renge (known otherwise as Shirouma-dake), for whom the obliging police-inspector at Itoigawa had counselled me to look out. He proved to be not only a person of great spirit and enterprise, but a most pleasant companion; and withal he so liberally interpreted his official instructions to "look after the Mr Foreigner," that he never left me, night or day, until I vanished from his "beat" nearly a week later. During our stay in the primitive little *yuba* of the Renge Onsen, he lay by night on the floor immediately beneath my hammock, but when I chanced to roll out and land on him somewhat heavily as he lay snoring peacefully below, his only comment on the unexpected interruption was the apologetic "*O jama wo itashimashita*" ("I am so sorry to have been in your honourable way!")

The combination of a strong sense of official responsibility with a natural and spontaneous solicitude for the safety and welfare of the public, renders the Japanese rural *junsa* an object of quite unusual interest, and a subject of grateful and abiding recollections. It is difficult, in these days, to realise that when first the Japanese national constabulary was organised, it was from Germany that its first instructor was imported. His task, we may be sure, was performed with that Teutonic thoroughness that has so generally, and quite naturally, impressed the Japanese imagination. It is, nevertheless, a relief to find that even those influences have been unable to stifle or to impair the dignified courtesy and helpfulness towards strangers that one invariably meets with, at any rate, off the beaten

track. Never shall I forget the energy and thoroughness of my first policeman friend, Hasegawa, to whom, in earlier wanderings through Alpine Japan, I went for assistance and advice in the exploration of the fine peak of Akaishi-san, in the Southern Alps. How he bustled about till he had laid hands on the very man I needed, indeed the only one of any use: with what anxious solicitude he repeatedly came to inquire, during my absence, at the place where I had last been seen, since stress of weather in the mountains had delayed my reappearance on his usual round!

On some occasions one has encountered him in graver mood — on the track of the burglar, the murderer, or in charge of that seldom-seen individual, a really drunken rustic. One's interest, it is true, was humanitarian only—not directly personal! yet the kindness of pity tempering needed sternness was seldom wanting.

Your pay, my rural Robert, is far from what you deserve, but your dignity and efficiency lend distinction to your office. Perhaps it is often the moral aspect of your position that helps you to tolerate its material disadvantages. Whether your beat confines you to rural hamlets, or leads you on lonely wanderings in the shadows of the great mountains, too often you may find that "the policeman's lot is not a happy one," but here and now you have at least one grateful debtor, and in thankful acknowledgment I salute you—"*Sayōnara.*"

CHAPTER XV

THE GREECE OF THE FAR EAST

Modern Japan and Ancient Greece—Parallelisms in their Scenery, Superstitions, Folk-lore, and Social Life.

In the course of a suggestive essay by Mr Lowes Dickinson on the "Civilisation of India, China, and Japan," he observes that Japan is the only country he has visited which reminds him of what he supposes ancient Greece to have been. While his first illustration of the similarity, "the perfect proportions" of the men, is hardly a felicitous one, some of the points of resemblance he instances are distinctly appositely chosen. The Japanese theatre he considers "more like the theatre of ancient Greece than anything now extant," with its audience in their loose, white robes (those robes he was evidently unaware are not usually "white," however, but in the heat of summer); "the magnificent posing of the actors; the chant in which the text is declaimed; the dance; the choice, for subject, of ancient heroic legend—all these are striking points of resemblance." This resemblance is one which has already been pointed out by Professor Chamberlain and others, and it is probably not due solely to the coincidence born of independent ideals

and origin. As in nearly all other spheres of art, Japan has undoubtedly borrowed considerably in that of dramatic representation from China. On the other hand, China herself would appear to have been influenced by extraneous models. Writers on the Chinese drama have not only in their turn shown the striking points of resemblance between its lyric character and that of the Greek plays, but also that there is reason to believe the former has been distinctly influenced by the latter. The Chinese play itself was originally religious, but subsequently became more devoted to historical subjects, and with representations also of the life and occupations of the people in times of peace, as well as the exploits of their heroes in war.

The Chinese drama was developed at a comparatively late date—the latter end of the Tang dynasty (A.D. 720-905). By that time the Greek drama had already been transplanted and had grown luxuriantly in India. The whole idea of the Chinese play is Greek—the mask, the chorus, the music, the dialogue, the scene and the act, all are Greek. The whole conception of the play is foreign, although the language and the details are Chinese. The main influence that led to its development was the increasing stream of foreign actors and musicians all through the age of the "Golden Tartars" (cf. *Things Chinese*, by J. Dyer Ball, p. 707). Again, in Japan as in ancient Greece, there is a universal prevalence of art—"Every common thing is beautiful." How true that dictum is was one day charmingly illustrated for the present writer by the sight of a farthing Japanese bottle, which in its native land had been used for *sake*

(rice "beer") but was now elevated to a place of honour, and not unworthily so, on the summit of a costly cabinet in a gorgeous English drawing-room.

Speaking of a further similarity between the two peoples, Mr Dickinson adds that "the points in which the Japanese character and creation are unlike and inferior to the Greek depend upon their comparative lack of intellect. The Greeks were the originators in the West of philosophy and science" (a statement which needs, surely, some qualification in view of early intercourse with Egypt and with Crete), "and their literature is as remarkable for its intellectual content as for its æsthetic form. The Japanese have originated nothing; they took all their ideas from China; and their literature and art are curiously unintellectual. . . . If, in a word, Japan is the Greece of the East, it is a Greece without Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles, Thucydides. . . . Yet the foundation, so to speak, is the same. The same temperament, passionate and æsthetic; only a lack of the critical and constructive power of mind." The Japanese justly claim credit for their assimilative ability in adapting so completely to their own particular purposes what they have adopted from an alien civilisation, and in transfiguring at home, by the touch of their own native genius, much that in the past they have borrowed from abroad. There are, nevertheless, no more unsparing critics of their innate lack of creative power than some of themselves. Mr Uchimura Kanzo writes,[1] in his essay on "Japan and the Japanese," as follows :—"In no other respects are we more conspicuously deficient than in grandeur

[1] Chap. I., p. 5.

and causative originality. The literature we possess is a meagre thing compared with that of any advanced nation, and even that which we possess is strongly tinged by thoughts other than ours."

With regard to Mr Dickinson's generalisations, perhaps some of them would have been modified on a longer and closer acquaintance with the Japanese people in their own land, but he was certainly justified in his main conclusion that "the resemblance between them and the 'ancient Greeks' is more than superficial." It is, moreover, a resemblance capable of far wider and more detailed illustration than he was able to offer as the result of a few weeks of intelligent observation on the sights and impressions gained by a passing traveller on the beaten tracks. These illustrations are sufficiently numerous and striking to deserve some closer attention, as emphasising the more interesting points of similarity between both the countries themselves and the character and customs of their peoples. The topics that more readily suggest themselves are the scenery, the "superstitions" and legends, and the social life and institutions common to the Greece of the age of Pericles and the Japan of early Meiji times.

I. The geographical features of Japan have much in common with those of ancient Hellas. In both there is the same combination of mountain, valley, and plain, a deeply-indented coastline with its bays, peninsulas, and islands off the coast. Few places inland are not comparatively close to the mountains, and none are really far-off from the sea. In each case the configuration of the country conduced to the formation of small communities, and to kindle

the spirit of independence; for just as Greece was in a political sense not one country, but a multitude of independent states, often exceedingly small and always jealous of their individuality, so, until the immense changes wrought by the transformation, during the last fifty or sixty years, of intercommunication between the inland provinces of Feudal Japan and those on the coast, many of those provinces had their own types of people, with quite distinguishing differences of appearance, dialect, customs, and characteristics. Satsuma with its people in many ways resembled Sparta with its Lacedæmonians, both in inaccessibility of geographical position and in character: both were stern, dour, unliterary, and somewhat harsh to strangers. The dullness of the Bœotians finds its counterpart in that of some of the remoter peoples of the northern provinces of Japan; while Athens, intensely social, literary, and comparatively liberal in its intercourse with the outer world, has its own parallel, *longo intervallo*, but not wholly a remote one, in the Kyoto of the Tokugawa days, or earlier.

In the case of each country the land was on all sides well protected, and yet also open to the sea; and in each case (apart from the temporary seclusion of Japan during the Tokugawa era) there was free access for commerce and civilisation from early times, while the art of navigation was cultivated to an extent that bred a race of hardy and capable seafaring folk. In each case the soil of the country, generally speaking, is only moderately fertile, a fact conducing to the industry and comparative frugality of the majority of its inhabitants.

Cattle were not numerous in either country, and were bred mainly for purposes of labour, and the long stretch of seaboard yielded a great variety of fish.

In Sir James Frazer's monumental work on *Pausanias* he quotes an ancient proverb about Cape Malea (the most south-eastern extremity of the mainland of Greece and of Europe) in allusion to the perils of the surf and the storms that beat upon its cliffs and its shores—"When you have rounded Malea, forget your home." One catches an echo of this warning in the already familiar title of those surf-beaten granite cliffs on the Sea of Japan, *Oya shiradzu, Ko shiradzu* ("In your perils here forget both parents and children").

Mr Freshfield has reminded us in "Classical Climbs" (*Alpine Journal*, vol. xxii.) "that Greece contains many regions and varieties of scenery," and that "not only did the diversities of its landscape correspond to its ancient divisions, but they were the cause of those divisions." How very true this is of a number of the old provinces of Feudal Japan proper, until quite recently, will at once be realised by any student of the historical geography of the country, from Satsuma in the extreme south to Aomori in the north. The internecine strife of the old *Daimyō* is full of illustration of what the great mountain barriers have done in perpetuating the various characteristics of many clans, and in effectively maintaining the political differences that so often marked them.

It is as true of the Japanese to-day as of Greeks of old that "a study of their natural surroundings is a clue to their history."

What Tozer wrote in his *Geography of Greece* he would have written of Japan had he been fortunate enough to be able to study it with the same closeness and enthusiasm: "The most characteristic feature of Greece is its mountains" (for, as I have already pointed out, nearly seven-eighths of Japan itself is mountain-land). "They ramify through the whole country, and form a part of every view. When the poet Gray spoke of Greece as a land—

> 'Where each old poetic mountain
> Inspiration breathes around,'

he laid his finger on what is most distinctive in the Greek landscape. The names of its mountains occur continually in the Greek poets from Homer downwards. A great part of its mythology gathers round them as the home of the gods, and the most frequent scene of their intercourse with men; on them in great measure depends the character of the nation and of its several branches; and they constantly modify the course of historical events, and especially of military operations." When, as Mr Freshfield writes in *Mountains and Mankind*, we see how the Greeks "seized eagerly on any striking piece of hill scenery, and connected it with a legend or a shrine"; how "they took their highest mountain, broad-backed Olympus, for the home of the gods; their most conspicuous mountain, Parnassus, for the home of poetry"; and how "they found in the cliffs of Delphi a dwelling for their greatest oracle, and a centre for their patriotism"—when one remembers all this, one has but to substitute such names as that of the far loftier "peerless peak" of Fuji-san,

to whose sacred summit-shrine the white-robed pilgrims toil by their thousand in sunshine and in storm to worship, or of those still holier fanes in far-off Ise in Yamato ("the mountain land"), where only the Emperor himself or some chosen representative of him may enter, on behalf of his people, to hold converse with the spirits of the "Divine Ancestors," in order to see how close a resemblance exists between the influence of similar physical surroundings on two peoples endowed with the like characteristics of a lively, artistic, and impressionable nature. And when we are told how the "superb buttresses in which Taygetus breaks down on the valley of the Eurotas were used for other purposes besides the disposal of criminals and weakly babies, how the middle regions . . . are frequented to this day as a summer resort by Spartan damsels, and the very top looks down from a height of 8000 ft. on the twin bays of the southern seas," we seem to be gazing on those bands of Japanese maidens—hardier and more adventurous than their fellows—who now dare venture to transgress the old cordon imposed as a half-way limit by the old Buddhist contempt for woman on sacred peaks, and to climb to loftier heights than those of Taygetus for the purposes of a pleasant, albeit pious, pilgrimage.

In one particular, however, a marked difference exists in the far less well-watered character of modern Greece, as compared with Japan, to whose countless torrent-dinned ravines and mountain streams the richness of its wonderful and varied vegetation owes so much. Of Greece this cannot be said, though Mr Freshfield and the late Mr F. F. Tuckett, the

chief travellers of distinction who were personally acquainted with the typical scenery of both Greece and Japan, have told me that there is no doubt that ancient Hellas was far more richly wooded and bountifully watered than is the case to-day, a fact which seems now clearly established.

Nevertheless, there are many isolated prospects described by Pausanias and those modern travellers who have followed in his steps, notably the British scholars and explorers already mentioned, which appear to the present writer to bear a striking mutual resemblance. Indeed one cannot lay down Sir James Frazer's fascinating volume on *Studies in Greek Scenery, Legend, and History*, without feeling that had Pausanias been able to pursue a similar itinerary in the Land of the Rising Sun to that which he followed in his "Description of Greece," he would have furnished us with descriptions of scenery and observations of the folk-lore and legends of Japan that would in a hundred separate instances have been, *mutatis mutandis*, equally true of either of those beautiful lands.

The late Mr Tuckett, when walking with me in some of the hill-country to the west of Kōbe and elsewhere, frequently exclaimed upon the close similarity of the landscape to various parts of modern Greece he knew. And it is almost difficult, at times, with the word-pictures before us in which Sir James Frazer describes some of the more striking scenery on his travels in the footsteps of his great predecessor, to resist the impression that one is not enjoying the perusal of the journals of a fellow-wanderer in the romantic glens and bright, sunny plains of Central

Japan. Some instances, selected almost at random from *Studies, etc.* (ed. 1917), may serve to illustrate the parallels more clearly.

On p. 334, we have a description of the Gorge of the Ladon up to the bridge of Spathari. "The river here forces its way along the bottom of a profound gorge hemmed in by high, wooded mountains, which in places descend in immense precipices, feathered with trees and bushes in their crevices, to the brink of the rapid stream. The narrow path runs high up on the right or northern side of the gorge, sometimes overhung by beetling crags, and affording views, now grand, now almost appalling, down into the depths of the tremendous gorge, and across it to the high, wooded slopes or precipices on the further side." In almost identical terms I had already attempted to convey an impression of the walk up the lovely valley of Nakabusa, between the towering ridges of Ariake and Ōtenjō.

On p. 252, the picture of the Sanctuary of Poseidon in Calauria suggests nothing more vividly than the exquisite prospect from "The pine-tree where the painter threw away his brush" in despair (*Fude sute-matsu*) over Nōkendō, well called the "Plains of Heaven," between Sugita and Kamakura: "From the Sanctuary . . . at a height of about 600 ft. above the sea, beautiful and wide prospects open between the wooded hills. . . . We look down on the sea, with its multitudinous bays, creeks, promontories, and islands stretched out before us, and framed as in a picture between the pine-clad hills on either hand. A fitter home could hardly have been found for the Sea-God, whose favourite tree

—the pine—still mantles the greater part of the island."

The springtime view of Taygetus across the Spartan vale recalls the prospect of the Northern Alps of Japan beyond the westward bounds of the Ōmachi plain, or that of the great serrated and snow-crested outline of Shirane-san from the vineyards of Kōfu. To Sir James, the "union of luxuriant verdure with grand mountain scenery in the valley of Sparta recalls the more famed but not more beautiful Granada . . . basking under the bright sky of Spain, and the snowy range of the Sierra Nevada lying like a great white cloud on the southern horizon" (p. 273). It was this same far-off prospect of the Spanish "snowy range," as seen on a clear, bright winter day from off the southern coast of Spain, that at once presented itself when first the long, snow-seamed ridge of the distant Japanese Alps greeted one's eyes over twenty years ago. And one need ask no closer description of the lovely lakes of Nishina (Aoki, Ejiri, and Kizaki) on the way to the snowy fastnesses of Shirouma in the Northern Alps of Japan than this: "Where shall we look for the harmonious blending of grand mountains and sombre pine-forests with a still, pellucid, shallow, but not marshy lake, tufted with graceful water-plants, such as meets us in Stymphalus?" (p. 313).

The parallels must not be pressed too closely, and it should not be forgotten that the mountain scenery of Japan to which reference has been made is on a grander scale, generally speaking, than that of similar landscapes in Greece. But remembering the influence of man's environment upon his early

Shirouma Range from near Ōmachi.

[To face p. 302.

religious beliefs, and upon his outlook on nature, we shall expect to find in these respects, also, some points of close resemblance between the rural Japanese and those who dwelt in similar surroundings in Hellas. In this expectation we shall not be disappointed, and for confirmation we will turn once more to our storehouse of illustration in Sir James Frazer's suggestive pages, of the legends and lore of ancient rural Greece. In this connection he shows us that the interests of Pausanias on his travels were mainly antiquarian and religious, and that what he does describe is little more than the antiquities of the country and the religious traditions and ritual of the people. And many of the customs and legends he records are just what would have struck him in the same sort of surroundings and circumstances of even later-day Japan. When he tells us of the husbandmen running with the bleeding pieces of a *white* cock round the vineyards to avert the black squall that comes crawling up across the bay, one is reminded of the old-fashioned Japanese rustics who slew a white dog in the bed of a stream to bring fine weather.[1]

As we see the old Greek priest "making rain" by dipping an oak-branch in a spring on the holy mountain (p. 24), or sacrificing for rain at the altars of Zeus and Hera (p. 248), scenes rise before one of the modern Japanese priest offering his *amagoi* ("intercessions for rain") at the village shrine in some secluded hamlet in times of drought, or of the band of hunters practising their "sympathetic magic" by lighting fires, discharging guns, and calling on the gods above to quench the desecrating flames with the

[1] *Japanese Alps*, p. 163.

needed showers: they were but the counterparts of those peasants who on Mount Ortholithion, time out of mind, performed certain ceremonies in seasons of drought.

When (p. 25) Pausanias tells us how the Trœzenian maidens used to dedicate locks of their hair in the temple of the bachelor Hippolytus before marriage; or that Megarian girls laid their shorn tresses on the grave of the virgin Iphinoe; and how lads of Phigalia cropped their heads in honour of the river that flows in the deep glen below the town—I recall the weary climber I once met, approaching the shrine on the 10,000 ft. summit of sacred Ontake, carrying the black tresses of a woman's hair sent up in fulfilment of a vow; I remember the stupendous coils of rope, half a foot thick, the votive offerings of pious women in a far-off province, who, unable to contribute money itself to the building of the great Higashi Hongwanji temple at Kyoto, thus provided the most precious gift they could bestow. Those who know what the tresses of her hair mean to a Japanese woman will appreciate this sacrifice the more readily. Till lately it was the custom, on widowhood, to cut them off entirely and never allow them to grow afresh. In olden times an adulteress was often deprived of her hair and dismissed from her family and her home. I have before me a photograph of a group of tired-looking fishermen whom we, homeward bound in a French mail-steamer, picked up in their sinking boat off the coast of Japan, each one with a large bare patch on the top of his head where he had cut off the hair and cast it abroad in the height of the typhoon, as a sacrifice to the God of the Winds.

The visitor to the lovely islet of Miyajima in the Inland Sea will recollect the prohibition of either birth or death taking place on its sacred shores, and in Pausanias he will read (p. 26) the notice that the same restriction applied within the sacred grove of Æsculapius at Epidaurus; also that at the temple of Zeus at Olympia no woman might ascend above the first stage of the great altar, just as on several of the sacred mountains of Japan her sex was rigidly excluded from ascending beyond the *nionindō* ("woman's way"), a limit above which she was held not pure enough to go. On one of these, indeed, (Tateyama, in Etchū), there are two spots where for her impious insistence she has been turned to stone,[1] just as Pausanias avers was sometimes the fate of evil-doers in the good old days before his time (p. 70).

That "the benefactors of mankind were often raised to the rank of divinities" in those days in Greece is but a commonplace of Japanese legendary lore and capable of numberless illustrations.

In the writers of some of the charming diaries of Japanese travel such as the *Tosa Niki*, compiled nearly 1000 years ago, Pausanias had his followers. What is said of him is often no less true of many of them:—"The mountains which he climbs, the plains he traverses, the rivers which he fords, and seas that he beholds shining in the distance . . . hardly exist for him, but as they are sacred to some god, or because they call up some memory of the past, some old romantic story of love and death" (p. 32). "If he looks up at the mountains it is not to mark the snowy peaks glittering in the sunlight against

[1] pp. 53, 200.

the blue . . . it is to tell you that Zeus, or Apollo, or the Sun-God is worshipped on their tops, that the Thyiad women rave on them above the clouds, or that Pan has been heard piping in their lonely coombs." "The most revered of all the relics described by Pausanias seems to have been the sceptre which Hephæstus was said to have made, and Agamemnon to have wielded. A priest who held office for a year guarded the precious relic in his house, and offered sacrifices to it daily. And this practice was carried on in the native city and in the lifetime of the enlightened Plutarch! *Truly the extremes of human nature sometimes jostle each other in the street.*" They do in Japan *to-day* when one observes that the sacred cars (*mikoshi*) in which the gods are periodically taken for a ride have had their lofty dimensions curtailed in order to avoid collision with the telegraph and telephone wires in the busy streets; or when on the summit of sacred Fuji-san, one can turn at early dawn from the sight of a fully-equipped and most up-to-date meteorological observatory, or of a post office, to watch an old, white-clad pilgrim bowing his head and clapping his hands as he pays his morning adoration to the glories of the Rising Sun.[1]

The men who fell at Marathon were not only worshipped as heroes by the people of that place, but the youths of Athens, Pausanias tells us, used also to bring their wreaths to the tomb and worship there with sacrifice (p. 170). In nothing could there be closer spiritual and patriotic kinship between those lads and the normal Japanese schoolboy of to-day.

[1] p. 64.

On the "Boys' Festival," we have already seen the shops full of arms and banners and martial display that serve to keep alive the loyal ardour that is part of the inborn spirit of the youth of Japan. No stories are so familiar or so welcome as those that tell of the achievements of the warriors of bygone times. No festival is more moving and inspiring than those of the *Yasukuni Jinja* ("the Shrine that guards the country's peace"), or, as it is also called *Shōkonsha* ("the Shrine where the Spirits are invoked"). It stands in a commanding position in Tokyo, and the Japanese regard it as their Westminster Abbey, for there loyalty and patriotism are glorified in the worship of the most famous of those who have died in their country's cause. Twice a year, in spring and autumn, when nature is looking her loveliest, festivals are held to which the Emperor sends special envoys with his offerings. The ceremony is mainly of a military kind, and in the great "Museum of Arms" hard by are the trophies of a hundred fights, with arms and equipment that serve as visible mementoes of the gallant dead, whose spirits are invoked in grateful memory of their sacrifice.

Irresistibly one's thoughts are carried back across some three-and-twenty centuries to the similar scenes enacted in the beautiful suburb of Ceramicus, the Westminster of Athens. There, too, a great crowd of mourners and spectators is gathered about the grave of those heroes whom Athens delighted to honour with public burial at the close of some victorious campaign. In the memorable and moving speech which Pericles himself once delivered on such an occasion, we have not only "one of the noblest

monuments of antiquity," but the very embodiment of "the creed of Athens and of Greece." And no one can have listened to some of the discourses of men like Nogi when commemorating the martial virtues and loyal sacrifice of his soldiers at Port Arthur, without feeling that here more than anywhere else these two peoples are at their best, and most like to each other when able both to extol and to practise as their highest virtue the supremest ideals of self-sacrifice.

Perhaps the nationalism of Japan tends to be somewhat narrower in the scope of its outlook in such a case, than the spirit of the noble Athenian, yet there is still a world of meaning to which his *Yamato-damashii* ("the Japan spirit") can respond in the noble declaration:

"Ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἀγαθῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος."

II. In the suggestive summary of the characteristics of the Athenian people, at the close of his lucid and admirable description of *Life in Ancient Athens*, Professor T. G. Tucker has remarked on the comparisons that have been drawn between themselves and various more modern peoples. While observing that only in a fondness for athletics and bodily training dare we compare them with the English, he adds: "They also bore a very remarkable resemblance in many better respects to the Japanese." The observation is a very just one, and is not only capable of close illustration in many points of detail, but it seems worthy of an effort to indicate some of the more striking and interesting features of similarity as shown in the customs,

manners, and popular religious ideas and practices of the two peoples. An excellent general basis of comparison can be gained by noting the many parallels with the life of normal un-Europeanised Japanese that are encountered in the above delightful work. At the outset one must not forget the warning that it is a serious historical error to assume, as is commonly done, that "what is said of Athenian manners and customs . . . is to be said of the Greeks in general." In the course of various interesting observations by Lafcadio Hearn in *Japan, an Interpretation*, he frequently falls into this error, when speaking of the resemblance of early Japanese religious ideas to those of what he calls "the ancient Greeks."

He quite unwittingly, but completely, ignores the racial distinctions that existed in various parts of ancient Greece, and predicates ideas and characteristics of the whole people inhabiting the country which are frequently only true of a part. He moreover largely overlooks the fact that what may have been the state of religious and intellectual development at one period by no means represented that of an earlier or of a later age. When he speaks of the religious cults and social customs of the "Greek or Roman city of old time," he appears oblivious of the fact that the Athens, for instance, of the Roman Empire of the first century A.D. was a very different Athens from that of the days of Pericles, of Plato, or of Demosthenes, four or five centuries before.

In suggesting, then, the points of resemblance common to the Japanese and the "Greek," one may conveniently think of the former in a general way as represented by the ordinary type untouched by modern

Western civilisation, and of the latter as we find him, mainly in Athens, during the age of Pericles.

Just as the Greeks, as a people, were largely the result of the intermingling of northern invading immigrants, in prehistoric times, with a people already on the spot, and these two were again influenced by yet another tide sweeping in upon them, so the Japanese of to-day are an admixture of two streams of immigrants from the mainland of Asia, together with others who found their way from the south, probably by way of the Malay Peninsula.

While the Japanese received their art from the same Asiatic continent, so at least the early schools of Greek sculpture owed much to foreign, and especially to Egyptian, art.

While there was a considerable difference between the *mental* virtues, so to speak, of the Athenian and the Japanese, there was also a considerable resemblance in their *moral* ones of justice, temperance, and courage; and in both cases, to a large extent, it was law and "good manners" ("face")[1] that controlled action, rather than the deeper and worthier sentiment of right and wrong. Nevertheless, while the former was admirably endowed for thought and action, it is the Japanese who exhibits a higher capacity for self-sacrifice of the uttermost character.

In each case we have a man of moderate diet, largely vegetarian; and if the Japanese did not equal the Athenian in "high thinking," he certainly did not fall behind in "plain living." Both were modest eaters, and fish was the most valued food. What the olive was to the Athenian (who dedicated

[1] Jap. *memboku.*

it to Athene) so is rice to the rural Japanese, who worships Inari-sama, the Goddess of Food, as the special protector of the crops. In a land which supplied a frugal, simple, yet sufficient and wholesome diet, with a climate for the most part making for a sociable outdoor life, we find a people able to move about in the open, usually with the head uncovered, nothing but sandals on the feet, and with clothing generally simple and light. Preferring as they did, as far as possible, to spend most of their existence out of doors, their private houses cultivated shade rather than light, and contained no fixed fireplace except in the kitchen; each warmed his cold rooms with a movable brazier (the Japanese *hibachi* is but a charcoal fire box), and in a general way both adapted himself as healthily as circumstances would allow to his environment, though the peculiar geographical position of Japan renders it liable to greater extremes of heat and cold than Greece, as a whole, experienced. In each case, however, though the furniture of the house itself would be considered by us very scanty, there was a wonderful blending of gracefulness and utility. Tables were scarcely used except at meals, and they were brought in and carried out with the food and the vessels which contained it.[1]

In the social life of Athens of this age, there appeared to be little of the vulgar running after rich people that has become such an unpleasant feature of our own day and country, but in this too the Japanese have shown their dignity and good sense.

[1] The lady's hand mirror, of polished bronze, was circular, with decoration in relief upon the back.

Unfortunately, however, the love of luxury and ostentation, growing with increased wealth, is already beginning to produce regrettable results, as it did in Athens' later times. The appearance of the Japanese wartime *nari-kin*—millionaire—is a novel and not wholly attractive feature of the changing conditions.

The position of *woman* is a subject in which varied and interesting points of resemblance strike us, though here too one must not press analogies too closely. But as we look on the corresponding classes of society in both cases, such parallels as the following are significant and suggestive. In spite of the fact that each people produced women whose names are known to fame, in a general sense the practice of the seclusion of women was general, and, as a natural result, they became intellectually and physically inferior. What made matters worse was that their ignorance and inferiority were regarded as natural rather than acquired. The woman's business was that of housewife and house-mother; she received no education beyond such domestic accomplishments, and her place in both countries was inside the house. Indeed, a common term by which a Japanese has been used to designate his wife is "The thing which lives in the back part of the house!" Woman was, in general, both looked on and treated as an inferior being. In Plato, even, the special excellence of a woman is stated to be to keep house well and to obey her husband; Sophocles makes Ajax to remark, "Woman, women are adorned by silence"; and Xenophon maintains that it is her duty to "see as little, to hear as little, and to ask as few questions—as possible." (Singular as it may

appear, it was in the greatest age of Athens that women were most unimportant.)

In the amazing Japanese commentary on the "whole duty of woman," known as the *Onna Daigaku*, by a famous moralist, Kaibara, quoted by Professor Chamberlain (*Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Japan*, vol. x.), we are told that her lot is summed up in "the Three Obediences"—to her father, when unmarried; when married, to her husband and *his* parents; and, in widowhood, to her son. It is "rubbed into" her unsparingly that "the five worst maladies that affect the female mind—indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness—are found in seven or eight out of every ten women, and that the worst of them is silliness. From these arises the inferiority of women to men."

In both countries marriages were usually arranged by a professional matchmaker; but while the Athenian wife never passed entirely under the full power of her husband and was by law connected all the time more closely with her own family than with his, the case of the Japanese wife was exactly the reverse; she was regarded as dead to the claims and authority of her family, and in the marriage ceremony emphasis was specifically laid upon this point.

In both cases, again, divorce for the man was easy and for the wife difficult; but happily, also, in both the theory was much more strict than the practice.

Mention has already been made of some characteristic features of resemblance between the home of the Athenian and of the Japanese of corresponding social standing and means. Just as the original purpose of the lion's head on the door-knocker was to

scare away evil influences, so one sees on many of the lintels and doorposts of a Japanese house the printed figures of horses or sandals, to suggest that people are away on a journey and it is therefore useless for any ill to trouble to enter; or pictures of monsters of dreadful aspect to frighten them from attempting to do so.

Indoors, in the open middle space of the Athenian house, stood the domestic altar to "Zeus of the home," at which on appropriate occasions the house-father would officiate, surrounded by the family and the slaves. This is still the practice at least in the older fashioned and more devout Buddhist households, and few Japanese homes are without the little Buddhist or Shintō shrine with its offerings regularly set in their place on the appointed "shelf."

In the matter of his religion, the Athenian had a good deal in common with our Japanese friend. There is an interesting resemblance in the fact that each of them derived it in a similar way. Just as the "classical Greek" was the outcome of a blending of northern invaders with earlier inhabitants of the country, so Greek religion was equally the outcome of a blending of the two: hence many of its inconsistent, and even incompatible, elements. With the Japanese, too, his Buddhism came to him, over 1300 years ago, from Asia, and side by side with it there has existed that combination of ancestor-worship and still older nature-worship which together constitute the State cult of Shintō. There are naturally various types of "religious" persons in each case, and both can show us the extremes of those folk who are always consulting soothsayers and practising

exorcism, on the one hand, as well as the thinkers and philosophers who have grave doubts as to who or what the "gods" may be, or whether they really exist at all.

But our parallelism only deals with the average man and his typical creed. It is a creed that for the most part sits easily on both, and on the whole it has been a fairly cheerful and festive religion, delighting in holidays, processions, sports, and feasts. At the ceremony, soon after the birth of the child, corresponding in a sense to our christening, among the presents given to the little one will be charms and amulets to avert the evil eye.

The religion of the Athenian was closely akin to that of the Japanese whose profession is of the Shintō cult rather than of the Buddhist creed.

Of the divinities they worship, both will acknowledge there are some whom he supplicates for help and favour in the way of health, happiness, wealth, and success; whilst to others he is bound to sacrifice, because to neglect them is to run the risk of dire visitations and manifold ills.

Among the more devout and humble-hearted of either people, there are those like the white-robed pilgrims on the sacred peak of Ontake of whom I asked the significance of their white garments. "We are going," they replied, "to worship the Mountain God, but he will only hear the prayers of those who come with clean hands and pure hearts. That is why we wear these white garments." There were such as these in ancient Athens as there were in Japan of old, and are to-day.

Nevertheless, of the average person in either case

it is true that there is comparatively little connection between his worship of the gods and his moral conduct. The standard of purity, whether of "heart" or "hand," was mainly the standard erected by society and the law, and not an ideal standard made known through revelation. It is in keeping with this attitude that religion at Athens, as is the case with Japanese Shintō to-day, was made a matter of State concern, and put under the general supervision of duly appointed officers.

As to the mass of the Athenian populace, there was the same traffic in divination and the cultivation of those occult and ecstatic ceremonies[1] of which the present writer, twenty years ago, had many experiences in Japan, mainly among the members of those pilgrim societies who worship the divinities on the great sacred peaks, to whom also shrines are dedicated in some of the larger cities of the plain. With the Athenian, so with the Japanese, there was hardly anything which he might not dedicate as an ex-voto offering at a temple in token of his gratitude. With the former it would be for choice some costly cup of precious metal or choice work of art; with the latter, a magnificent lantern in bronze or in stone; or, with both, simply models or pictorial representations of the trade he pursued.

The attitude of the Athenian to the after-world was in many respects so identical with that of our Japanese friend that the following passage, quoted from Professor Tucker's book (p. 104), may be predicated, almost word for word, of both with equal exactness: "The comfort and honour of the

[1] *Japanese Alps*, chap. xiii.

dead in the region beyond death were held to depend upon the attentions paid to the corpse and to the place where it was buried. A ghost who had no posterity on earth was . . . in a lamentable plight in Hades. Apart from the pressure of public opinion and ideas of "good form," from the encouragement of the State, and from considerations of his old age and its environment, the citizen had this strong motive prompting him to undertake what otherwise he might have been disposed to avoid. Every citizen desired to leave behind him someone, not merely for the usual and natural motives, such as to continue his family and inherit his possessions, but, before and above all, to bury him and pay due honours to his body and his tomb." This was one of the most potent of all factors in inducing the Athenian, as doubtless often his Japanese counterpart, to accept the responsibilities and cares of the married state, which otherwise, to many, was a prospect anything but welcome.

I have elsewhere in this volume explained (in connection with the Nikkō suicides) that in the view of a normal Japanese the last and worst misfortune that could befall a human being was to be left an unburied and unhonoured corpse. And to this view the Athenian clung no less fervently: for he held that Charon would not receive him into his boat for the crossing of the Styx, and the poor ghost would be left to shiver, helpless and miserable, between the confines of the two worlds. The gifts placed in the grave by the Athenian were almost the same, and for similar reasons, as those provided by the Japanese, at least until modern times. There were similar

ceremonial lustrations with water. In either case the body might be either buried or cremated; if the latter, the remains were disposed of in identically the same way, and in connection with the ceremonial meal there would be the same eulogy of the departed. And though the Athenians apparently celebrated no such touching ceremony as the *Bon Matsuri* of Japan, yet they too, by the same natural instinct, regarded it as a duty to carry their offerings and decorations to the tomb, and to perform similar domestic ceremonies on the third, ninth, and thirtieth days after the death, and also on the birthday, of the deceased. The most important visits to the tomb with the Japanese, however, are the eleventh and thirty-fifth days, and the first and third anniversaries of the death of the departed.

O. M. Poole, Phot.]

Northern Ridge of Yarigatake.

[*To face p.* 319.

CHAPTER XVI

"ENVOY" TO THE MOUNTAINEERS OF JAPAN

In his delightful address to the British Association at Cambridge (*Alpine Journal*, vol. xxii.), Mr Douglas Freshfield quoted the declaration of love engraved by some mountaineer on the rocky summit of the Stockhorn, overhanging the Lake of Thun :—

"Ὁ τῶν ὀρῶν ἔρως ἄριστος,"

"The love of the mountains is best."

And it is especially to my colleagues in the Alpine Club of Japan[1] that I would venture to offer a closing word of greeting, by way of grateful acknowledgment for all that the beautiful mountains and the romantic valleys of their land have done for me; for the valued friendships with those mountaineers with whom I had the privilege of helping to found the club; and for the acquaintances I have made when climbing the peaks and traversing the glens where so many have given me so kindly a welcome whenever we have met in our common pursuit.

During the twelve short years of the life of Nihon Sangaku-kwai, the strides made by mountaineering, as a recreation, in Japan have reflected the national

[1] *Nihon Sangaku-kwai.*

upward progress of the nation itself in those many spheres of modern material civilisation which it has set itself to achieve. The Japanese have, through many centuries of their history, shown themselves true mountain lovers. Now the educated youth of the nation have begun to cultivate—and that with immense activity and success—the pursuit of a closer and wider acquaintance with all that the mountains have to bestow on them in satisfying the tastes of men of every type.

The pages of the Japanese Alpine Journal bear witness to the wide appeal the mountains make—to the scientist, artist, scholar, and athlete. It is a great misfortune that those pages form really a sealed book to the mountain lovers and mountain climbers of the Western world, written as they are in an unknown, and to nearly all such, an unknowable tongue. That the suggestive and poetic descriptions and interpretations of Japanese scenery by Shiga "Jūkō," and the fascinating and artistic writings on mountain art and mountain ascents by Kojima "Usui," should be hidden from the enjoyment of the English-speaking mountain-brotherhood is a deprivation as yet unrealised, it is true, but only too truly real. When the mountain could not come to Mahomet, Mahomet had to go to the mountain. Perhaps the progress of aviation may one day render it possible for British worshippers of mountains in many lands to fly to those of the Land of the Rising Sun in increasing numbers. But that day is yet distant, and meanwhile perhaps those greatest of the modern prophets of Japanese Alpine lore and beauty may make it possible for those desirable things to become

known to more of us through interpreting them to us in our own tongue.[1]

The increase of the popularity of mountain travel, and the growing enterprise shown by so many of the rising generation of modern Japan, are shown by the publication, with the latest number of the Japanese *Alpine Journal* (Nihon Sangaku), of an exceedingly comprehensive little pamphlet entitled *Tōsan no Chūi* ("Advice to Young Mountaineers"), a document of much interest and of real significance in the history of Japanese mountaineering. It not only shows that a school of mountaineers has arisen who have done a great deal of useful exploration in their own ranges, but who, having learned both the pleasures and the perils of the craft, are able to give to their younger followers the benefit of their own experience.

Tōsan no Chūi in some respects resembles the pamphlet issued by a special committee of the English Alpine Club some years ago, mainly dealing with "Equipment for Mountaineers"; but the scope of it is wider, and it is entirely original both in its source and in the application of the advice it offers to the inexperienced but enthusiastic would-be mountaineer. After pointing out the peculiar dangers in the higher mountain regions due to weather, avalanches, falling stones, and sudden thunderstorms, etc., detailed instructions are offered as to how those dangers may be either avoided or faced successfully. . . . Incidentally it is noted that European clothing is held to be better suited for serious active climbing than Japanese, and details

[1] I now learn that the Journal is to contain a section in English, edited by Mr H. E. Daunt.

are given as to the equipment and food most suited to the needs of native climbers under the peculiar conditions of their own mountains.

Speaking on the subject of the guides (*annai*) and porters (*gōriki*) it is necessary to employ, some excellent counsel is offered, which those European climbers who are ready and able to give far higher rates of pay than is warranted, and who thereby "spoil the market" for the less well-to-do, might well read in a spirit of considerateness for those who come after them.

A welcome feature is the insistence on the absolute necessity of tidying up after a bivouac, out of respect for Nature itself, and for the comfort of those next to occupy the spot. It is advice that is much needed and which will not fall on deaf ears.

The pamphlet concludes with an interesting comparison of the special characteristics of the Alps of Japan with those of Switzerland, and remarks that while most of the latter claim their victims from the dangers incidental to climbing itself, in the former the damage is largely due to the bad weather to which the high mountains of Japan is specially liable and which it is not always easy to foresee.

Those who, like the present writer, have kept some record of the disasters to mountaineering parties during the last twenty years, know only too well how true this is, and how urgently needed is the warning it conveys.

Quite apart from the tragedies on Fuji—to summer pilgrim parties, or to inexperienced and ill-equipped aspirants for fame on winter ascents—many valuable young lives, nearly always of the student

class, have been thrown away on less familiar peaks, through want of simple but indispensable precautions. The Shinshū Komagatake, Norikura, Yatsugatake, and Kimpuzan have all taken heavy toll, solely because either the likely dangers were not understood, or because the parties were ill-equipped and ill-provisioned for an expedition of an entirely novel kind. These sad stories are the result of conditions which, once clearly understood, can effectually be safeguarded by those who follow, and are seldom likely to be repeated. The mountain heights of Japan have far happier prospects to offer for those who seek their treasures in prudence and self-control. And with the increased knowledge of all the blessings of strength renewed and minds refreshed in the purer air of scenes that ennoble man's outlook on the world about him and the life he is called to live in it, it is to be hoped that the familiar peaks which of late years have become notorious for the tragedies of young and useful lives brought to a violent, unworthy, and untimely end, may soon be cleansed from the sinister associations too often, at present, suggested almost by the very mention of their names.

The *Tango no Sekku* ("Boys' Festival") of early May, with its myriads of bright paper carp waving in the springtime breezes, speaks of the successful and courageous struggle against life's difficulties that is expected from every lad that dwells under the roof above which the fish appears to be swimming up an invisible cascade.

So, for the new generation, may the climber's upward progress on a great mountain peak, in spite

of toil and danger unforeseen, offer its own suggestion of a brave, unconquerable spirit surmounting the difficulties and disappointments of human life. Perhaps such thoughts as these may growingly serve to banish the base thoughts and motives that have brought many a lad to the mountain-crest with the unworthy design of *throwing away* the life that God gave him, and which his country and his fellow-men have a right to claim.

We who go mountain-climbing are sometimes asked, somewhat sceptically, it may be, and perhaps a little sarcastically, "Well, are the pleasures worth the pains—do the delights you profess to enjoy really repay you for all the drudgery you appear to undergo?" Well, in the last resort no one can make another understand it all by mere argument, each must arrive at understanding by personal experience; it cannot be appreciated vicariously. In this, above all, it is truly a case of *solvitur ambulando.* For ourselves, at least, we know that there is a greater combination and variety of pleasures afforded by mountaineering than by any other single recreation known. It appeals alike to the athletic, the æsthetic, and the scientific tastes of men of all kinds. It appears to combine the chief characteristics of nearly all the popular active outdoor recreations of civilised peoples. There is something of the joy of sailing, in the consciousness of a sustained conflict with forces of nature that are measurable but never wholly dependable; something of the fascination of hunting, with the brief thrills of concentration on special efforts alternating with longer periods of movement in pursuit of an end of which the attainment is never

wholly certain. Each mountain ascent is, so to speak, a "final tie," and in it your own fortunes are nearly always shared by congenial comrades striving for the same end. Your own success is never won at the cost of another's failure. Moreover, there is the comforting thought that there is no form of really *active* physical recreation that can be kept up with real pleasure so late in life. The apprenticeship may, for serious active ascents, be rather a long one, but at an age when most other field sports are out of the question, and a man may be reduced to the solace offered by croquet or golf, the "call of the hills" can still be obeyed, and their delights enjoyed. The combined skill and experience of many an old mountaineer can often out-distance on a fairly difficult day's climb the combination of youthful energy and inexperience.

The artist, the botanist, and the geologist has each his own particular pleasures in the "great mountains," in addition; but besides, and in a sense beyond, the gratification of all these there is the satisfaction of moral aspirations and the helps to a man's higher being that our recreation has to bestow, and which no other single recreation *can* bestow to any extent comparable.

It teaches us the superiority of fixed purpose and steady perseverance to mere brute force; and we find that each single summit, and at times each single step, may have to be gained by patient labour, since wishing can never hope to take the place of working.

Again and again we learn the value of mutual helpfulness and the need of unselfishness, since

another's life may often depend on one's own nerve, steadiness, and strength. Rightly regarded and prudently pursued, our mountaineering will repay tenfold the toil it involves, in its gifts of renewed health of body, with a mind invigorated, and a spirit uplifted by closest contact with Nature in her most glorious aspects and in her grandest or her most gracious moods.

But, best of all, the closeness of the intimacy it entails, and the mutual responsibilities and pleasures shared, so often result in that best of treasures—friendships firmly based on the highest of mutual tastes and in ennobling experiences. Ever and again are we privileged to carry away from our happy toil among the "great mountains," and from our wanderings in "the everlasting hills," some fresh inspiration and courage for life's struggles, and, in a strength and a wisdom not our own, to tread more patiently the tortuous and difficult paths on the journey that lies before us. Surely, as Mr Freshfield has suggested, there is no worthier motto for the brotherhood of the mountains and for all who truly love the hills, than the noble words which embody the closing thought of Plato's *Republic*—"Believing, therefore, the soul to be immortal, and able to endure all extremes of good and ill, *let us ever hold fast the upward way*" (*τῆς ἄνω ὁδοῦ ἀεὶ ἐξόμεθα*).

Of those seeking honestly to think and to toil in that spirit, perhaps the aim at least of their life may be not unworthy of the epitaph engraved upon the last resting-place of a famous and faithful guide who perished in a gallant, though fruitless, effort to save the life of the traveller with whom he was

making the ascent of a noble Alpine peak—"Found Climbing."

Meanwhile we may fitly heed, and, while we are still able, respond to the kindly exhortation, with which Mr Freshfield closed the paper from which were taken the opening words of the remarks I have ventured to address to my friends, the mountaineers of the Nihon Sangaku-kwai—

> "Huc properate, viri, salebrosum scandite montem:
> Pulchra laboris erunt præmia, palma, quies."

INDEX

Abō-tōge, 171
Adams, Will, 50
Adzusa-gawa, 9, 152, 175, 215, 218
Agriculture, 11, Chap. XIV.
Ai-no-take, 127
Akaishi-san, 67, 291
Akasawa (Akasaka), cave, 157, 164, 166
Akashina, 182, 212
Alcock, Sir R., 52
Alpine Art, 33
Alpine Club (Japanese), 28, 32, 207, 236, Chap. XVI.
Alpine Journal (English), 155, 175, 297
(Japanese), 32, 320, 321
Amagoi (prayers for rain), 81, 142, 280, 303
Anezaki, Professor, 222
Arakura, 98
Archer, J., 90
Archery, 264
Ariaka Saemon, 200
Ariake-san, 143, 145
Arino, 74
Asahi Shimbun, 264
Asama-yama, 136, 138, 169
Ashikura (Etchū), 199
Ashiyasu, 75, 91, 113
Aso-san, 138, 163
Atkinson, R. W., 197

Baseball, 266
Basha, 68, 180
Batchelor, Dr J., 121
Bath (Japanese), 7, 149, 163
Baths (*see* Onsen)
Bears, 7, 121, 145, 164, 179, 204, 213
Belcher, H. W., 152
Birds, 8, 121, 130
Black-currants (wild), 159
Bon Matsuri ("All Souls' Day"), 147, 280, 318
Bonney, Dr T. G., Preface, 195
Botany, 9, 77, 115-117, 145, 155, 161, 164, 186, 204, 208
Boxing, 355
Bōzu-goya, 153, 164
Bryce, Lord, Preface, 175

Cattle, 9, 175
Ceramicus, 307
Chamberlain, B. H., Preface, 90, 110, 197, 292, 313
Chamois, 8, 117, 145
Charms, 279, 313
Children, 76, 189, 277, 307
China, Japan's debt to, 16, 293
sports and pastimes in, 254
Chō-ga-dake, 152, 231
Climate, 3
Confucius, 17
Cricket, 265

Dai-ga-hara, 104
Dance (*see* Kagura)
Daunt, H. E., 134

Denzuku-tōge, 98
Dickins, F. V., 40
Dickinson, G. Lowes, 292, 294
Drama, 293

"ENGLISH" shop-signs, etc., 58, 103
En-no-Shōkaku, 22, 49, 53

FACTORIES, 73
Fauna, 7
Fencing, 259
Festivals, 71, Chap. XIV., *passim*, 323
Fish, 9, 125, 147, 188
Floods, 72, 205
Flora (*see* Botany)
Football, 256, 265
Fossa Magna, 2, 135
Fox-Goddess (*see* Inari-Sama)
Frazer, Sir J. G., Preface, Chap. XV., *passim*
Freshfield, Douglas W., Preface, 4, 21, 47, 102, 135, 184, 297, 319, 327
Fujikawa, 69, 71, 87
Fuji-san, Chaps. III., IV.
  climbing competitions on, 34, 264
  ski-ing on, 268

GAMADA, 173
Gausden, F. J. S., 134
Gemmi, 219, 134
Geographical Society, Royal, Preface
Geology, 1
German influence, 50, 98, 137, 219
Giles, Professor H. A., 17, 255
Giraldus Cambrensis, 55
Glaciers, traces of, 189 *et seq.*
Goshiki-ga-hara, 25, 208
Gotemba, 57
Gowland, Professor W., Preface, 191
Gray, on mountain scenery, 30, 298
Greece and Japan, Chap. XV.
Gregorian Calendar, 272
Gyōgi Bosatsu, 72

HACHIŌJI, 67
Hakone, 63
  Guide-book on, 36, 41, 93
Hamilton, Sir Ian, 237
Harinoki-tōge, 197
Haruna, 268
Hayakawa, valley of, 89 *et seq.*
Hearn, Lafcadio, 48, 60, 309
Hettner, Professor, 192
Hideyoshi, 15
Hirayu, 171
Hirokawa hut, 79, 125
Hochi Shimbun, 57
Hodaka-yama, 142, 158, 178
Hokusai, 43, 45
Hōmura, 98
Hot springs (*see* Onsen)
Hō-wō-zan, 70, 111 *et seq.*

ICE-CAVES, 100
Inari-Sama ("Fox-Goddess") 269, 272, 301
Itoi-gawa, 188

Japan Chronicle, 133, 220, 226, 227
Japan Magazine, 224, 270 *et seq.*
Jigoku-dani, 202
Jiji Shimbun, 264
Jimbō, Dr K., 194
Jizō-dake, 116
Jizo-sama, 62, 163, 199
Jōfuku, 39
Jōnen-dake, 214
Jūjutsu (Jūdō), 260-262

KAEMPFER, E., 50
Kagura (Sacred dance), 234, 282
Kaigane, 67 *et seq.*, 125

Kajika-zawa, 87
Kamikōchi, 33, 35, 157, 163, 174, 215
Kamonji Kamijō, 151, 158, 164, 176
Kanō, Jigorō, 261, 267
Karuisawa, 135 *et passim*
Kasadake, 169
Kasumi-dake, 170
Kennaway, John, 90
Kōbō-Daishi (Kūkai), 24 *et seq.*
Kodama, General, 254
Kōfu, 70, 91, 112
Kojima, Usui, Preface, 29, 67, 140, 320
Koma-ga-take (Kōshū), 101, 134
Kondo, Shigekichi, Preface, 199
Koto, Dr B., 194
Kumagae (Tennis Champion), 265
Kurobe-gawa, 208
Kurokawa, 108

LAKE and Rastall, Professors, 194
Lakes, 44, 47, 100, 184, 188, 302
Lawn tennis, 265
Lerch, Major Von, 268
Lloyd, Professor Arthur, 25

MANNEM-BASHI, 94, 98
Maps, 12
Marr, Professor J. E., 195
Marriage, 313
Marsden, Major J. W., 241
Marti, Benedict, 35
Matsumoto, 132, 147, 180, 218
Mayeda, Marquis, 224
Milne, Professor J., 47, 190
Mineral springs (*see* Onsen)
Minerals, 6 *et seq.*
Mines, 6, 97, 99, 124
Miyanoshita, Preface, 289
Miyashiro, 141, 146
Momose (Nakabusa), 144, 212
Momose, Shintarō, 183, 210
Monasteries of the Levant, 54
"Monkey bridge" (Saruhashi), 68
Monkeys, 108
Moon-viewing, 178
Mother, Japanese, 254
Mulberry, 275
Murayama, 53
Murray's Handbook to Japan, 73 *et passim*
Music, Japanese, 145, 205, 278, 281

NAKABUSA, 143, 212, 302
Nakano, B., 134
Nakao, 174
Naoetsu, 198
Narada, 94
New East Review, 222
Nichi Nichi Shimbun, 228
Nichiren, 90
Nightingale, 8
Nikkō, Preface, 136, 137
Nionindō, 53, 305
Noguchi, 210
Norikura, 216
Norokawa, 78, 128

OBASUTE-YAMA, 102, 141
Ōi-gawa, 83
Oilfields, 6, 199
"Olympic Games," 258
Ōmachi, 183, 210
Omine-san, 53
Ōmiya, 46, 56
Ōmori, Dr F., 168
Onna Daigaku, 313
Onsen, 7, 96, 143, 172, 204, 212, 216, 290
Ontake-san, 5, 49, 304
Ō Renge (*see* Shirouma), 290
Oseki, Professor, 192 *et seq.*
Ōtenjō, 212 *et seq.*, 301
Outlawry, 231
Oyashirazu Koshirazu, 3, 104, 181

PARKES, Sir H. and Lady, 53
Pausanias, Chap. XV., *passim*

Penck, Professor, 193
Pericles, 307, 310
Pilgrims (Gyōja), 19, 27, 105, 107
Pinto, Mendez, 50
Plato, 326
Police, 219, 285 *et seq.*
Polo, 257
Polo, Marco, 50
Proverbs, 16, 27, 39, 41, 84, 240
Ptarmigan, 83, 107, 145

RAIN, prayers for (*see* Amagoi)
Rein, Professor J. J., 191
Religion, 314 *et seq.*
Renge Onsen, 182
Rowing, 266

SALAMANDER, Giant, 9
Sasagō-tōge, 69, 91
Satow, Sir E., Preface, 90
Scenery, characteristics of, 5, 295, 320
Schoolboys, 136, 139, 167
Senjō-dake, 129
Shakusonji, 141
Shiga, Professor S., Foreword, Preface, 184, 320
Shimajima, 149, 218
Shiwojiri, 102
Shirahone, 216
Shiraito, 47
Shirakawa (Hida), 231
Shirane-san, 66 *et seq.*, 302
Shirouma (Ō Renge), 182 *et seq.*
Shōji, 100, 268
Silk filatures, 141
Silkworm, 12, 184
Ski-ing, 60, 267
Snowfall, 3, 186
Soldier, training of, etc., 216, 233, Chap. XII., 276
Sports, winter, 267
Story-tellers, 132
Subashiri, 44
Suicides, 136
Sumō, 262
Sun-worship, 64
Suwa, 65, 269
Swimming, 263

TAKASE-GAWÁ, 154
Takata, 268
Takatō, 110, 131
Takeda Shingen, 15, 73
Tateyama, 119 *et seq.*
Taygetus, 299, 302
Timber, 10, 128
Tokugō-tōge, 151
Tosa Niki, 305
Toyama, 197
Tozer, H. F., 298
Tramcar, 101
Trout, 9, 81, 125
Tsubakura-dake, 145, 213
Tsuetate-tōge, 78, 114
Tsujimura, I., Preface, 212
Tsuribashi, 88, 94, 99
Tsurugi-dake, 203
Tucker, Professor T. G., Preface, 308 *et seq.*
Tuckett, F. F., 299
Typhoons, 63, 207, 281, 304

UCHIMURA, Kanzo, 294
Ueda, 141
Ukita, Dr K., 225

VINCENT, Brig.-Gen. B., 236
Vineyards, 70, 220

WAR, the Great, 211, 219
Water, erosive power of, 6, 185
Weston, Mrs Walter, 56 *et passim*
White, Oswald, 128, 133, 207
Winter sports, 267
Woman, influence of, 231, 240, 254
position of, 312
Wrestling (*Jūjutsu, jūdō*), 260-262 (*Sumō*), 262

YAKE-DAKE, 168 *et seq.*
Yama-biraki, 55
Yamasaki, Professor, 192
Yari-ga-take, 152, 164, 193
Yasukuni Shrine, 233, 307
Y.M.C.A., 258
Yokoyama, Professor M., 194
Yoko-ō-dani, 152
Yoshida, 46, 58
Yotsuya, 184

ZARA-GOE, 15, 207

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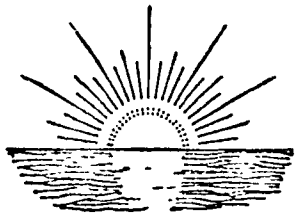

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